e Saturday Evening Post · August 13, 1966 · 35c

POST

SEP 14 '66

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Arthur Schlesinger Jr. on
Mc CARTHYISM

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By JAMES H. MEREDITH

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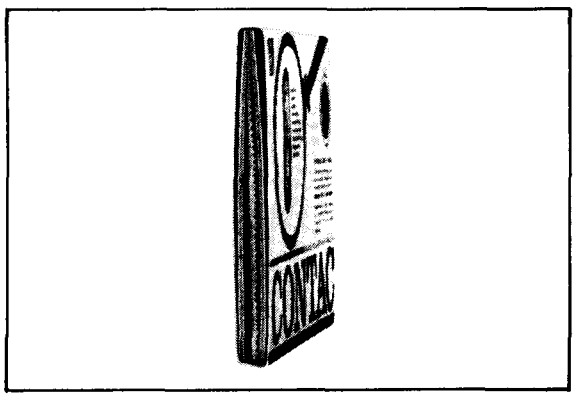

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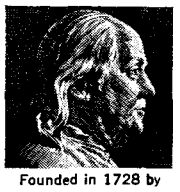
The Saturday Evening
POST



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About this issue

Lawrence Ritter

At the height of the 1962 crisis over JAMES MEREDITH's admission to the University of Mississippi, the *Post* asked him to write his own account of those bitter days and of his hopes for the future. His article, "I'll Know Victory or Defeat," appeared in the issue of Nov. 10, 1962; now, almost four years later, Meredith provides another chapter in his remarkable story. . . . Baseball fan LAWRENCE RITTER is chairman of the Department of Finance at New York University's Graduate School of Business Administration. When Ty Cobb died, Ritter realized suddenly that the old heroes were vanishing without having told what it was like to play ball in the early days. Armed with a tape-recorder, he set out in 1962 to find these half-forgotten old-timers. The men responded eagerly. Above, Ritter wears an old-time first baseman's mitt on his right hand, and a larger modern one on his left. . . . BILL DAVIDSON's article on weddings will be expanded into a book which Harper & Row will publish next spring. / Cover photograph by MATT HERRON.

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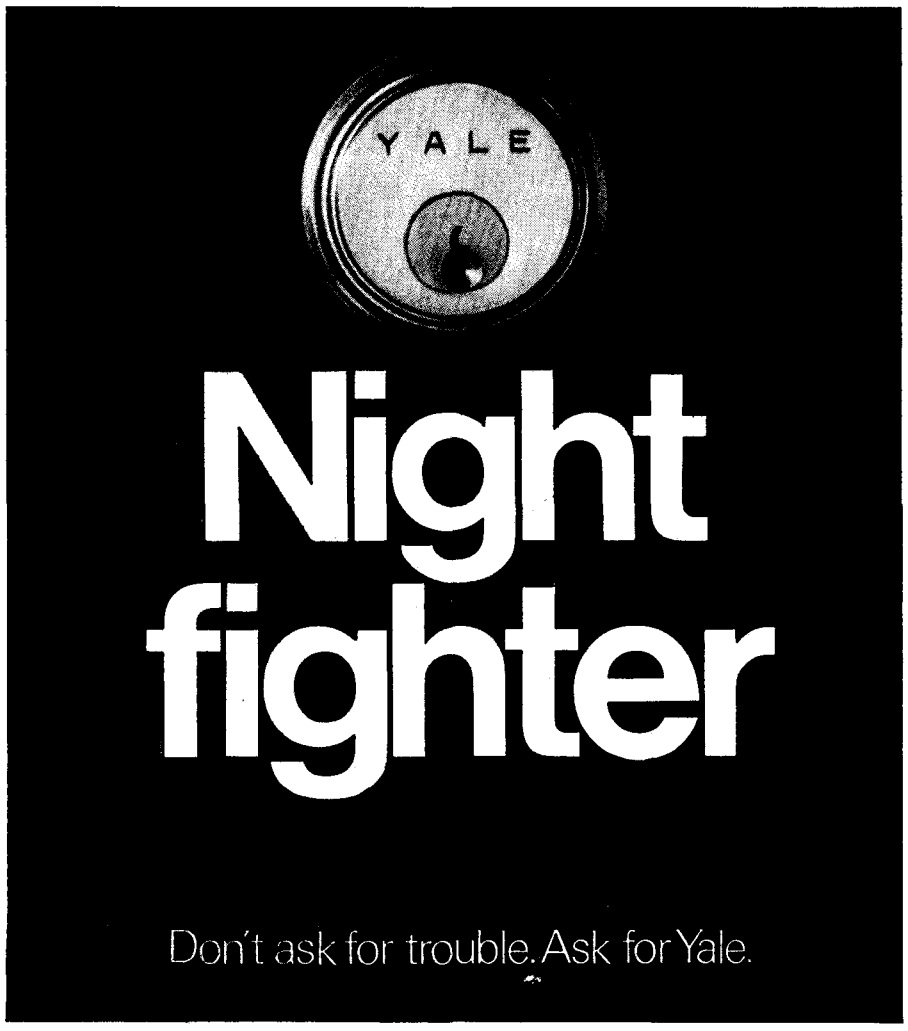

Letters

America's Americans

Dear Sir:
John Steinbeck's moving, searching study AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS [July 2] was a singularly responsible article. Thank you.

M. S. LEWIS
Woodbridge, Conn.

Dear Sirs:
We need the truth, and John Steinbeck sees it and calls it.

LAURENE B. CORK
Yucaipa, Calif.

Dear Sir:
After *eight* pages of egoistic outpouring, Mr. Steinbeck finally admits that he has been "putting off writing about the most serious problem Americans are faced with" and tells us that we suffer from lack of purpose and lack of direction. The reader really might be interested in this, but Mr. Steinbeck hastily signs off, leaving us with the placebo that we really aren't so bad after all.
This from one of the greatest writers of our times?

MILLICENT L. SCHMITT
Branford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:
AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS is an article that every American should read every once in a while just to be pulled back into perspective.

DEBORAH NIEMER
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Dear Sir:
Piquant and provocative indeed! Pungent insights collide with exasperating Steinbeckian hobbyhorses and idiosyncrasies in an excitingly readable analysis of what makes us Americans click—or fail to click.

BEN W. FUSON
Salina, Kans.

Joe Torre

Dear Sir:
Yes, Joe Torre is indeed a "tough old plate blocker" [JOE TORRE: THE LAST OF THE GREAT CATCHERS, July 2] but we get the giggles every time we see him perform in the Houston Astrodome, remembering how a former Houston *Post* sportswriter, full of sour grapes after Torre had been instrumental in the Braves defeating our beloved Astros, called him "that chicken catcher, Torre."

JUDY GOWDY SCHIEBEL
Houston, Tex.

Wacky spy caper

Dear Sirs:
THE WACKY SPY CAPER, by Barnard Law Collier [July 2], is probably the wildest thing I have ever read. Be it true, false or otherwise, it should be made into a movie. It makes all the spy satires sound as though they are meant to be serious.

T. L. ELLIS
Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Traveling light

Dear Sir:
Not since the Captain Horatio Hornblower series first appeared have I enjoyed any other serial story as much as Charles Portis's TRAVELING LIGHT [June 18 and July 2]. I hope he will continue to write about the adventures of Norwood Pratt. I'd like to learn more about his wedding to Rita Lee; if Grady Fring ever gave our hero any more trouble; if the World's Smallest Perfect Man ever repaid Norwood the $50—and a lot of other things.

ARTHUR J. NAQUIN
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sir:
Mr. Portis grows the most verdant situations out of his luxurious imagination. I will never be able to look another chicken in the eye without laughing—especially a Dominecker hen.

JACKIE WILLETTE
Monterey, Calif.

Gap twixt generations

Dear Mr. Lemon:
I just finished reading your article of July 2, DADDY IS A HIPPY [THE HUMAN COMEDY], and how true it is. I live in what would be considered an upper-class city, and I see many of my friends' parents going to discothèques and to other teen-age action spots. I often wonder—just who does the rock-'n'-roll generation belong to?

BRUCE LINTON
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Lord of the Rings

Dear Sirs:
When people go around calling themselves hobbits, and students form Tolkien clubs—and you publish an article about it [THE HOBBIT-FORMING WORLD OF J.R.R. TOLKIEN, by Henry Resnik, July 2]—the Lord help Middle-earth! Reading Tolkien is a private experience.

KATHLEEN C. KRUEGER
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor:
Greetings to hobbits everywhere—hope to meet some of you on my next visit to Middle-earth.

STELLA MARSHALL
Fairbanks, Alaska

Dear Sirs:
Elen síla lúmenn' omentielmo!* Your excellent article will introduce Professor Tolkien and his books to many not yet reached.

JAN HOWARD FINDER
Chicago, Ill.

**An old Elvish greeting: "A star shines on the hour of our meeting."—Ed.*

Dear Sirs:
The appeal of *The Lord of the Rings* requires no mystical analysis. Not only does it have the satisfying quality of reality down to the minutest detail; it gives courage and hope to the modern reader by portraying a deliberate struggle for good against evil as being both possible and successful.

ROBERT ARTHUR
Cape May, N.J.

Continued on page 6

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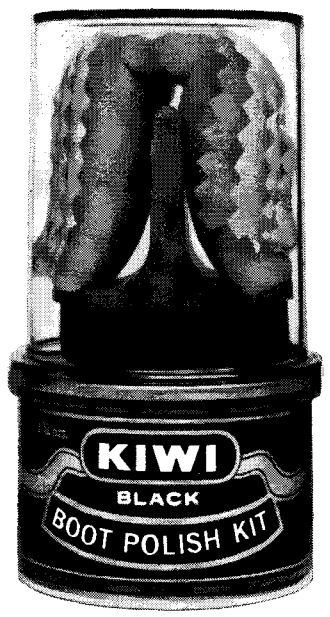

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Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. 109, Richmond, Virginia 23230.

Letters

Dear Editor:

Mr. Resnik describes Sauron the Dark Lord as an "evil wizard." On the contrary, he is *not* a wizard. He is a servant of Morgoth the Enemy, who was overthrown by the Host of Valinor to end the First Age. Sauron first appears in the Second Age to vie for supremacy of Middle-earth. The Wizards of Istari, like Gandalf, were sent to Middle-earth from the Far West across the Sea no sooner than the Third Age to stem the growing power of Sauron.

WAYNE MUNSON
North Haven, Conn.

Right to fight

Dear Sir:

A dyed-in-the-wool Southerner, I have been rather slow about going all out for the Negro, but I quite agree with John Oliver Killens—NEGROES HAVE A RIGHT TO FIGHT BACK [SPEAKING OUT, July 2].

If we can believe our eyes, in the June incident in Philadelphia, Miss., the law stood by while whites brutalized the Negroes. And only when the Negroes started fighting back did the police seem to become interested.

If the Negro has to arm himself in an effort to get the protection that the law seems unwilling to furnish, I for one will try to live in this dangerous environment.

R. E. ROSS
Ellijay, Ga.

Dear Sir:

The theory of nonviolence, although a bitter pill to swallow, at least rules out the lamentable prospect of violence begetting violence. Certainly firmness is needed in areas of the country where the power structure is not impartial. But firmness, even if successful, can only lead to limited gains.

The real prize of a society free from racial and religious prejudice will only be won with the cooperation and encouragement of the white majority.

HERBERT STEINER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

All I can say is bravo, bravo. It is very difficult to be a man in America under the best of conditions, and to be a *black* man is at times virtually impossible. But the first step is to let the world know that I must be respected, my home must be respected, my wife, my kids, *et al.*

GODFREY CAMBRIDGE
St. Anastasie, France

Sirs:

John O. Killens so eloquently expressed my sentiments. I too am a southern-born and reared Negro who attended separate but not-so-equal schools, who sat on the backs of buses and who sustained many verbal abuses from white bus drivers and citizens.

I do not hate (how miraculous!) but the scars will remain forever, and each day I am newly disappointed and angered by the many racist incidents in our country.

There are very few human beings who are Gandhis or Martin Luther Kings or Nobel Peace Prize winners. Thank God for Dr. King, but do not expect Negroes generally to be so endowed with his gift of nonviolent action and love.

MRS. ALMA C. NORMENT
Bronx, N.Y.

Pity whom?

Dear Sir:

I pity Stewart Alsop [PITY THE POOR PRESIDENT, AFFAIRS OF STATE, July 2]. The "poor President" thrives on power, politics, profits, and the purr of pious puppets. How about PEACE, MR. PRESIDENT?

MARGOT J. NICOLAUS
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Why not pity for the men dying in Vietnam as a result of this President's decision? The pity is that he cannot be retired to the ranch "to watch the Pedernales roll by."

ELIZABETH C. KNIGHT
Tenants Harbor, Maine

Dear Mr. Alsop:

May I shake your hand and thank you for your defense of the President. My two sons are both in line for almost immediate military conscription. Still, I believe Mr. Johnson is right.

HELEN GALLAGHER ARNSTEIN
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Spooks

Dear Sir:

Joe Hyams's account of "our first haunting" entranced our entire household, to whom I spiritedly read it aloud [HAUNTED, July 2].

DR. WAYNE A. HERSHBERGER
DeKalb, Ill.

Silly Sirs:

Joe Hyams, ordinarily a fine reporter, has been taken for a ride, and you are dopes to go along with him. It is significant that the "spirits" at his home never appeared to him or his wife, and came near them only when they first arrived and apparently surprised a "ghost" making final arrangements. As far as the noises are concerned—a "bugged" house can be made to give off sounds as well as transmit them to distant listeners.

R. S. DODSON JR.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Sir:

Joe Hyams is a "ghost dropper." Let me assure Mr. Hyams that if he has a medical apparition visiting with him he can consider himself fortunate. He has the only doctor in Beverly Hills who makes house calls.

SID DORFMAN
Bel Air, Calif.

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Our boss, Meg Rawls

Not long ago we visited a young A.T.&T. share owner.
We hope her questions and our answers may interest you.

Each year, across the country, Bell System management people visit share owners of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. They sample opinions, answer questions and explain the company's practices.

Share owners to be visited are selected at random. Their names and addresses give no clues as to business acumen or age.

James Thompson of Southwestern Bell Telephone, an Associated Company of the Bell System, was assigned to visit Miss Margaret Rawls of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. When he telephoned for an appointment, he was startled to find that she was seven years old. But Meg Rawls was in her best dress, hairdo and business mood when Thompson rang the doorbell of her parents' home.

The next hour and a half put Thompson through the hoops. The young lady's questions were basic and to the point. She wanted full answers and the figures that went with them. Finally, when Thompson stood up and shook hands, Meg decided that she was pleased with the way things were going in her company. For now, anyway.

Here are some questions Meg asked a few months ago. These answers go a little beyond Jim Thompson's. But not much. He says Meg wanted facts and our opinions.

"How many people work for the Bell System?"

The Bell System now includes nearly 800,000 men and women—more than the populations of Oklahoma City and Tulsa combined. But they work all over the country, and in all kinds of jobs. They're sort of a team. In the Associated Companies, they operate the local telephone service. At Western Electric, they make the phones. At Bell Telephone Laboratories, they invent new phones. Last year alone, 3000 college-trained young people joined the Bell System because they, like us, see an exciting future in the telephone business.

"What kinds of phones are there?"

Phones come in many sizes, styles an colors. Some are small for bedside tables Others can hang on a kitchen wall. The nev Touch-Tone instruments have push but tons for easier, faster calling and wil someday let you pay your bills by phone Trimline phones put the dial right in th handset. The Picturephone sets in Chicago New York and Washington let people se as well as hear on the phone. Data-Phon sets actually let machines talk to each othe at high speed. Other surprising nev phones are coming along.

"How many people own telephone stock like me?"

Nearly three million people are nov share owners of A.T.&T., parent compan of the Bell System. The United States i one of the few countries where you ca own part of the telephone company.

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Some of Meg's stock is more than half a century old, having been left to her by a great-grandmother. Some is recent, purchased by her father who is with Oklahoma City's Liberty National Bank and Trust Co. Meg's grasp of business is partly the result of overhearing her knowledgeable parents' discussions, and partly native curiosity. She earns money doing chores and weeding, spends carefully, knows her savings to the penny.

Touch-Tone®, Trimline®, Picturephone and Data-Phone are trademarks of the Bell System.

"Why do I get a check every three months?"

That's your dividend payment—your share of Bell System earnings. Only by a good return to you investors can we raise the money *we* need to give this growing country the service *it* needs.

"What does the Bell System do with all the money it gets?"

We spend it to keep our present services working well and to have more ready when and where they're needed. This is money spent on land, buildings, wire and cable, equipment and supplies—nearly $4 billion this year alone. Then, we pay our employees over $6 billion a year to work for us. They spend their money to buy things. This helps business all over the country. Taxes we pay amount to more than $2 billion. Dividends to you share owners are over $1 billion. Just like your family, we try to earn a little more than we spend. It takes profit to keep on being a lively, going, growing business.

"Why do we have to pay extra to call my grandmother in New Hampshire?"

Oklahoma to New Hampshire is what we call a Long Distance call, and it takes more of our wire and equipment than a local call around town. Even so, Long Distance is a lot cheaper than it used to be. In the past 30 years, there have been more than 20 reductions in Long Distance rates from state to state. The most recent was just last year and saved $100 million for telephone users.

We're working for Meg today. Someday, we'll be working for her grandchildren. Our scientists and engineers—indeed, all of us in the Bell System—are not content with good service today. We are planning better things for tomorrow, and then making tomorrow happen just as fast as we can.

AT&T Bell System
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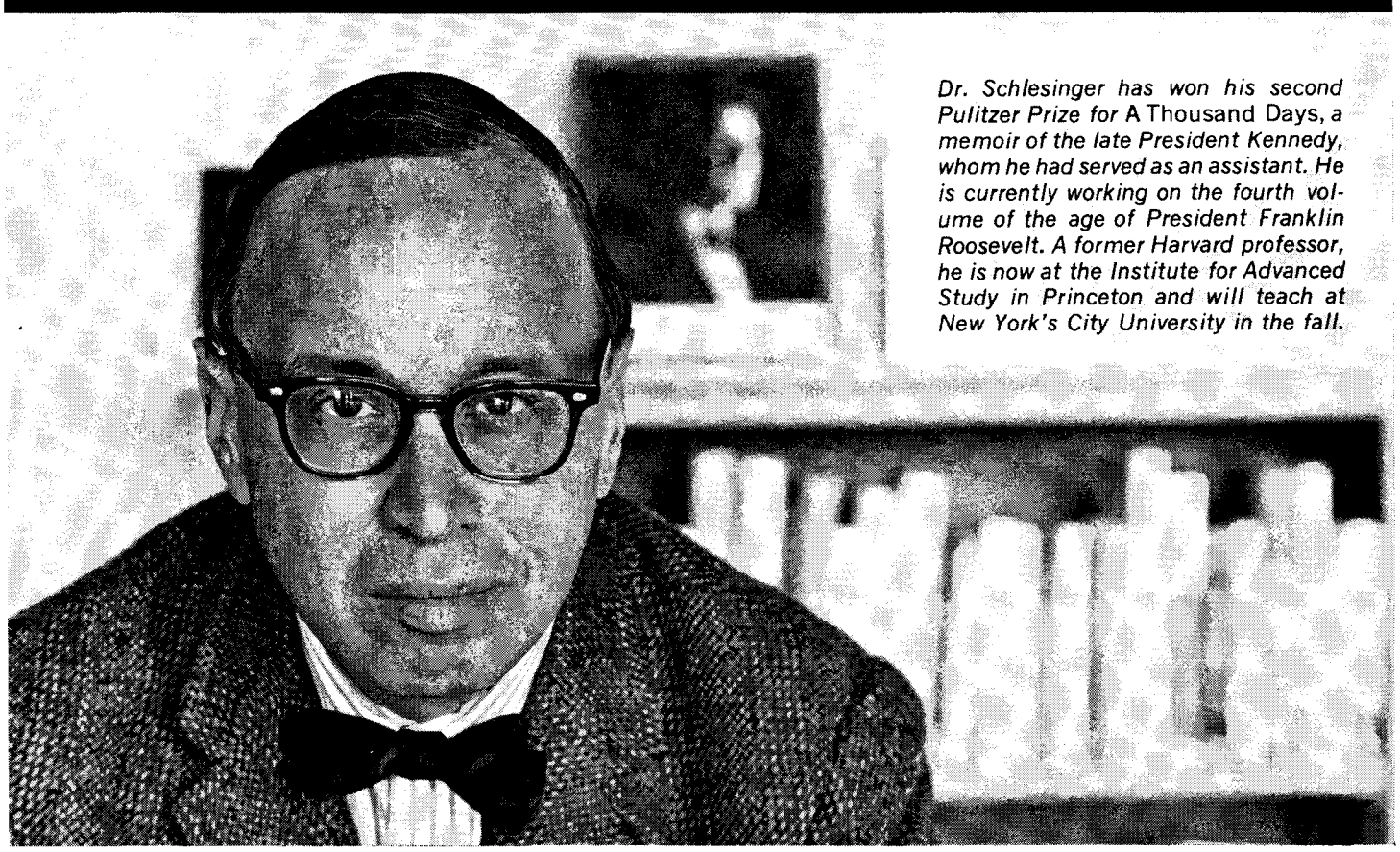

Dr. Schlesinger has won his second Pulitzer Prize for A Thousand Days, *a memoir of the late President Kennedy, whom he had served as an assistant. He is currently working on the fourth volume of the age of President Franklin Roosevelt. A former Harvard professor, he is now at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and will teach at New York's City University in the fall.*

McCARTHYISM IS THREATENING US AGAIN

By Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

American public opinion, the Louis Harris poll tells us, "is rising toward increased militancy about the Vietnam war and a get-it-over-with mood." No doubt this is so: The fear of a hopeless stalemate in Southeast Asia is evidently producing a hunger for drastic solutions. It is not so much hawks vs. doves any longer as it is people becoming simultaneously hawks *and* doves and saying, like Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, that we should either jump in with both feet or get out altogether. Among the early casualties of this get-it-over-with frenzy are likely to be our national equability, good temper, moderation and reason. And, as the frenzy gathers speed, it may well bring in its wake a new testing of the national faith in liberty.

The last such testing took place 15 years ago. The more venerable among us may still recall the havoc—so absurd in retrospect—which a single senator then wrought in the workings of our government and the atmosphere of our society. Now, though he was unquestionably talented as a demagogue, it was not the quality of his demagoguery alone which gave Sen. Joseph McCarthy his influence. It was the fact that his demagoguery incited and interpreted acute hostilities and frustrations among the American people—hostilities and frustrations generated, in the main, by our participation in the war in Korea.

All wars generate frustrations, but the Korean War was peculiarly frustrating. It was a limited war, and, though the reasons for its limitations were cogent, they were imperfectly understood by many Americans. Moreover, if Communists were killing Americans in Korea, why should Americans be expected to tolerate for a moment anyone at home who could be said to sound or look like a Communist? And some Americans who perhaps felt they ought to be in Korea found it easy to expiate their guilt and affirm their virility by joining Sen. McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade. It was not until after the Korean armistice concluded the frustrations on which the senator thrived that the nation began to awaken from the nightmare.

If history repeats itself—and history sometimes does—the war in Vietnam ought to produce something roughly comparable to the McCarthy phenomenon. The Vietnamese war is just as frustrating as the Korean War and a good deal harder for most people to understand. The Korean War was a clear-cut case of invasion across frontiers; it entirely lacked the dimension of internal revolt which gives the struggle in Vietnam its peculiar difficulties. Moreover, the United States fought in Korea as the representative of the United Nations with the unqualified blessing of most of the world, while today it fights in Vietnam substantially alone. And we had a relatively stable government as our partner in Seoul as against the military junta in Saigon.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the Government's policy in Vietnam. For our purposes one need only note that, for better or for worse, we seem to be moving toward a deeper involvement and a wider war. This, I believe, is the condition which we must anticipate and for which we must prepare. As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for the appearance of associated symptoms: the oversimplification of issues, the exchange of invective, the questioning of motives and loyalties, and the degradation of debate.

As this process continues, the emotional advantage will be increasingly on the side of the flag-wavers. Some of these will be tempted to pay off old scores as they wrap themselves in Old Glory. Thus the Georgia legislature has already refused a seat to a man, twice duly elected, because it disapproves of his views on Vietnam. Thus an American Communist who won the Distinguished Service Cross in the Second World War has been forbidden burial in Arlington Cemetery. Thus a lieutenant in the Army was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor (later reduced) and discharge from the service for taking part, while off duty and in civilian clothes, in a demonstration against the Vietnamese war. Thus a ninth-grade teacher who stood silently during a flag salute at a school assembly because he did not agree with the Vietnam policy was expelled from the American Federation of Teachers. Thus groups of protesters against the war have been beaten up in several cities; a federal judge in Philadelphia has demanded that all publicly supported colleges expel student protesters; various draft boards have terminated protesters' deferments, presumably on the weird theory that military service is a punishment; and children, too young to be drafted, have been suspended from high schools in Cleveland and Pittsburgh for wearing black armbands in mourning for the dead in Vietnam. Thus Sen. James Eastland of Mississippi has introduced a bill conferring broad powers to the State Department to restrict travel by American citizens overseas—and the State Department has called for surveillance of an eminent Harvard professor on his trips abroad. A former Vice President of the United States has even detected the hand of the unsleeping Communist conspiracy in the fact that the DuBois Clubs—the Young Communist League of the 1960's, so called after W. E. B. DuBois, the Negro historian who joined the Communist Party before his death—should have been given a name sounding so much like that of the Boy's Club of America. This, according to the vigilant Mr. Richard Nixon, was "an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

These are still relatively scattered incidents. But, as the sense of frustration grows, such incidents may multiply. They may create a climate where people begin to refrain from saying what they believe lest they get into trouble. Before we know it, we may be developing an atmosphere which only requires a new McCarthy to become a new McCarthyism. Certainly we should reflect a moment as a nation before we let Vietnam thrust us back to this.

What are the chances of preserving our national poise this time? For one thing, the intensity of the national administration's commitment to the Bill of Rights can make a vital difference. The reason why the Second World War (with a few exceptions, such as the internment of the Japanese-Americans) was comparatively unstained by assaults on civil freedom was the libertarianism of Franklin Roosevelt and his administration. Similarly, McCarthyism was more or less contained during the Truman years. It broke out of control only when the Eisenhower Administration brought an attitude of indifference to the White House and one of positive collaboration with McCarthy (Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, for example) to the bureaucracy. Today, while President Johnson has manfully spoken up for the right to dissent, one cannot be sure to what extent his heart is always in it. There were strange notes in his Honolulu attack on critics of his Vietnam policy as "callous or timid . . . blind to experience and deaf to hope," as well as in his later Chicago outburst about "nervous Nellies" who break ranks "under the strain" and turn "on their leaders and on their country and on their own fighting men." It is hardly prudent for any

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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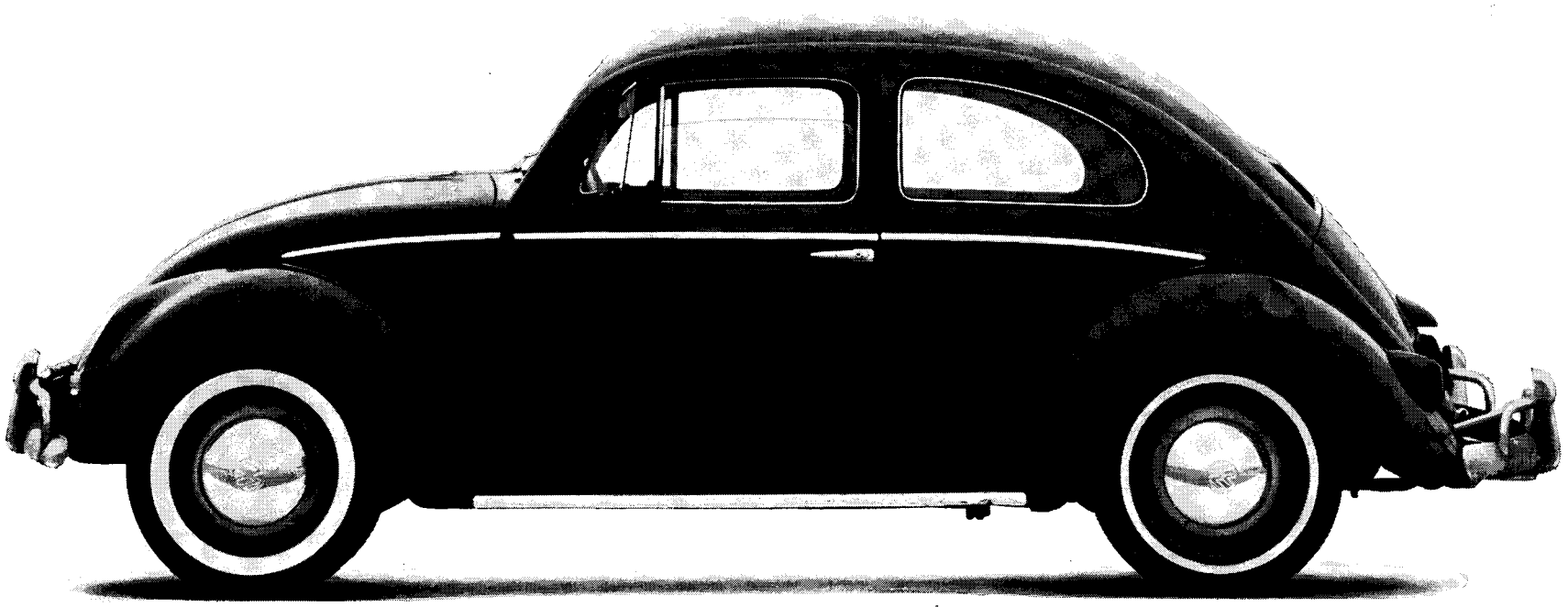
The most economical thing about a VW is how long it's economical.



This VW went 67,000 miles. And back.

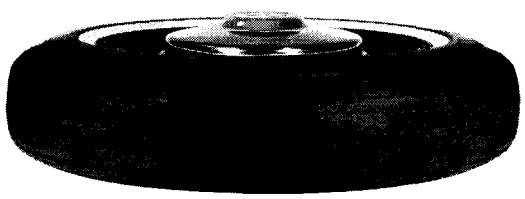
Unless you've been marooned on a desert island, you probably know the Volkswagen has quite a reputation for being cheap to run.

As a matter of fact, a lot of VW owners have turned into crashing bores by talking endlessly about it.

It may be boring, but it's true.

Almost everyone gets about 29 miles to a gallon of regular gas. (Some get a bit more or a bit less depending on where and how they drive.)

It doesn't take much oil to keep a Volkswagen going. And tires that go 40,000 miles per set is no special news. (They're built to carry almost twice the weight of the car.)



The secret of more tire wear: more tire.

There aren't a lot of repairs and adjustments to put up with, either.

Parts don't cost a fortune because so many of them are interchangeable from one year to the next.

And license plates and insurance generally cost less than for other cars.

All in all, a Volkswagen can save you a good $200 a year.

Not bad.

But the thing that really sets the VW apart from other cars is its low depreciation.

The difference is staggering.

The fact is, domestic cars depreciate 2 times as fast as a Volkswagen in only one year.

A one-year-old VW that cost about $1,700* now is actually worth more than many year-old domestic cars that originally cost $2,100.

Stick around; it gets worse.

A 5-year-old Volkswagen could be sold for as much as $900 if it's in reasonably good shape.

But that 5-year-old $2,100 car is now worth maybe $400-$500. Maybe.

So it doesn't take an Einstein to figure out what an ugly hole depreciation can put in your pocket.

Unless you buy a Volkswagen.

And one Volkswagen may be the only one you'll ever have to buy.

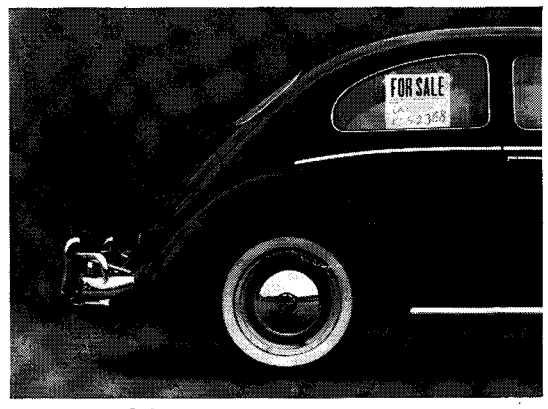
Say you buy a 1966 VW for $1,700.*

And say you save that $200 on running it every year and put it in the bank.

In 5 years or so, you can take that car (if it's in reasonable shape) together with the money you've saved to your local friendly Volkswagen dealer.

*Depending on accessories, local taxes and delivery charges.

Chances are you can drive out with a brand-new VW and not have to add a dime.



One of the nice things about owning it is selling it.

If you don't like that idea, there's another alternative.

Buy a '66 VW and just drive it.

No one will stop you from keeping the same VW for as long as you like. (No one will know the difference anyway; we never change the way it looks.)

So you can just go on saving all that nice money year after year and get rich at our expense.

Maybe the VW really can't make a poor man rich.

But neither can it make a rich man poor.

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So you finally took the step

Congratulations.

And welcome to the local chapter of Tampax tampon users.

We've been telling you for months that you would feel cool, clean, fresh, even in hot, sticky weather. We told you that you could swim anytime of the month. We promised you complete comfort during any activity. We even mentioned that Tampax tampons are so comfortable, you can't feel them in place.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

And now we promise you one more thing: no regrets.

Correction: one regret. Quite a few users have written us that their only regret was that they didn't turn to Tampax tampons sooner.

Look for a Tampax tampon Vendor in restrooms throughout the U. S.

DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY
TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

President to insist on a conception of unity which, on closer examination, means no more than obedient and unquestioning acceptance of government policy. There seems merit to the suggestion of Clayton Fritchey, who ran public affairs at the Pentagon in the early days of the Korean War: "President Johnson and his official family are all in favor of freedom of speech—they are only against the exercise of it."

Moreover, the Joint Chiefs of Staff 15 years ago unanimously opposed the escalation of the Korean War and thereby had a calming effect on national opinion. But today the Joint Chiefs seem just as unanimously in favor of the escalation of the Vietnamese war, with all that implies. And the State Department, which strove last time for rationality in debate, is this time actively implying that criticism of the war should stop because it cheers up Ho Chi Minh. Criticism of a war always cheers up the enemy, but I do not recall that any government official admonished Lincoln to stop criticizing the Mexican War on grounds that it gave aid and comfort to Santa Anna.

Another difference between 1951 and 1966 is that then the liberal and intellectual community was united in the determination to maintain rational discussion. Today some of its members seem to be vying with the reactionaries in advancing the cause of irrationality. I have in mind especially the phenomenon of mass demonstrations.

Mass demonstrations can, of course, be effective and useful when, as in the case of civil rights, the intellectual and moral issues are clear-cut and self-evident, when the demonstrations display and substantiate the evil, and when the need is to show the weight and urgency of the protest. But when issues are complex and ambiguous, as in Vietnam, demonstrations cannot display the evil; and the mass protests, in which the argument is carried by slogans, placards and epithets, lower the rationality of debate. This is, above all, a self-defeating tactic for intellectuals; for, if it becomes a competition in demagoguery and hysteria, the anti-intellectuals will always win. One hates to see intellectuals and liberals preparing the way for a new McCarthyism by debasing the level of public discussion.

These explosions of political irrationality, whether on the right or on the left, have a number of things in common. For one thing, both tend to express what has been an ancient national weakness—that is, a susceptibility to the conspiratorial interpretation of history. We have always fallen too easily for the notion that complex historical developments are the result of the machinations of little groups of nasty men. This is what historian Richard Hofstadter has called "the paranoid style in American politics." It expresses itself today in the notion on the right that the Communists are fomenting the anti-war demonstrations in the United States, not to mention the Buddhist protests in Saigon and Hué—even perhaps in the theory, cherished, alas, in very high places in our government, that what we face in Southeast Asia is a premeditated and homogeneous system of Chinese aggression. And it expresses itself in the notion on the left that our Vietnam policy is dictated by capitalists seeking to expand profits or by generals plotting a preventive nuclear war against China. Both sides refuse to see history as it is—an untidy and unkempt process, in which decisions are taken, not according to master plans, but in darkling confusion and obscurity, and where ignorance, accident, chance and stupidity play a larger role than Machiavellian calculation.

The explosions of political irrationality have another feature in common: The function in each case is more to provide psychic satisfaction than to advance the cause in whose name they take place—more to ventilate emotions than to influence events. Refusing a man a seat in the Georgia legislature or a grave in Arlington brings us no closer to victory in Southeast Asia than walking out of a commencement address or burning a draft card deters a President from dropping napalm bombs. The serious restraint on the movement toward a wider war has not come, for example, from the mass demonstrations. It has been mostly the result of the courage and force of individuals, whether in the United States Senate or in local meetings or community teach-ins, who, acting out of a thoughtful analysis of the drift of our policy, have succeeded in bringing into existence a serious debate on our choices in the Far East. It has come, not from the outpouring of emotion, but from the application of reason.

Yet if we have certain disadvantages today in comparison with 15 years ago, we also have certain advantages—most notably the memory of the earlier experience. McCarthyism gave the country a kind of inoculation, and the immunity has not yet worn off, as the voters of New Jersey showed last November in rejecting the effort to make Rutgers professor Eugene Genovese's enthusiasm for the Viet Cong the central issue of the gubernatorial campaign. A number of national figures, recalling the excesses of 15 years ago, are showing an admirable determination to prevent a repeat performance.

These figures are not to be found in the United States where they would be found in England—that is, in the so-called Establishment. It has become recently fashionable to denounce the arrogance of the American Establishment. But one sometimes wonders whether the trouble with the American Establishment has been so much its arrogance as its cowardice—in other words, its fear of acting as an Establishment should. The point of an Establishment, I take it, is to provide support for the established values and institutions of society. This has been the triumph of Britain's Establishment. It is impossible to imagine a McCarthy terrorizing British public life: The Establishment would not permit it.

But the so-called American Establishment crumpled up before McCarthy. The great leaders of American business and the bar said hardly a word in protest. One eminent figure—whom Establishment scholars have thought to be the chairman of the American Establishment at the time—actually suggested in a public speech that the inquiries of the McCarthy Committee were no worse than investigations of Alabama Sen. Hugo Black (now a member of the Supreme Court) into the public-utility holding companies in 1935. Let us avoid the illusion that the American Establishment will be much braver the next time around. The nation will have to look to stouter and more principled figures if it is to contain another epidemic of political panic.

One place to look, I think, will be Washington itself. Responsible men in public life recognize the damage that a new outbreak of national hysteria will do both to our sense of purpose and the world's confidence in our leadership. Thus Secretary Robert McNamara said, in what seems a tacit rebuke to overzealous colleagues, "Whatever comfort some of the extremist protest may be giving our enemies—and it is clear from Hanoi's own statements that it is—let us be perfectly clear about our principles and our priorities. This is a nation in which the freedom of dissent is absolutely fundamental."

So Sen. J.W. Fulbright of Arkansas has issued thoughtful warnings: "The longer the Vietnamese war goes on without prospect of victory or negotiated peace, the war fever will rise, hopes will give way to fears, and tolerance and freedom of discussion will give way to a false and strident patriotism." So Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts protested to the State Department over the surveillance of the Harvard professor and brought this particular form of snooping to an end. So Sen. Robert Kennedy of New York read aloud on the floor of the Senate an editorial from the Washington *Daily News* condemning the decision not to bury the Communist war hero in Arlington. "We learn from our mistakes," the editorial said, "—and one of the lessons is that to hate and harry the sinner to his grave is hardly in the American tradition." Robert Kennedy was later heard to say somberly that he did not think anyone now buried in Arlington would object to the holder of the Distinguished Service Cross lying there, so he could not see why veterans' organizations were so agitated about it.

And there is another difference between the United States 15 years ago and today—the increased size and weight of the academic community. Twice as many students are enrolled in our institutions of higher education as there were a short decade ago. By the end of the '60's there will be seven million students and half a million teachers in our colleges and universities. The result will be a formidable political constituency—well informed, articulate and active. And it will be a constituency for the Bill of Rights. For freedom of inquiry and dissent, if the general interest of the nation, is the class interest of the academic community.

I hope I am wrong in supposing that anger and frustration, welling up as a result of the Vietnam involvement, may portend another crisis of our national freedom. But if no such crisis comes, it will only be because individuals throughout the land take a clear and firm stand for sanity. "The men who create power," President Kennedy said a few weeks before he was murdered in the supreme act of political irrationality in our time, "make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness, but the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable." In retrospect, we have always regretted our spasms of repression and persecution; we have gained nothing from them—McCarthy never found a Communist—and have invariably hated ourselves in the morning.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

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WHY DO SOME YOUNGSTERS SHOW MORE PROMISE THAN OTHERS?

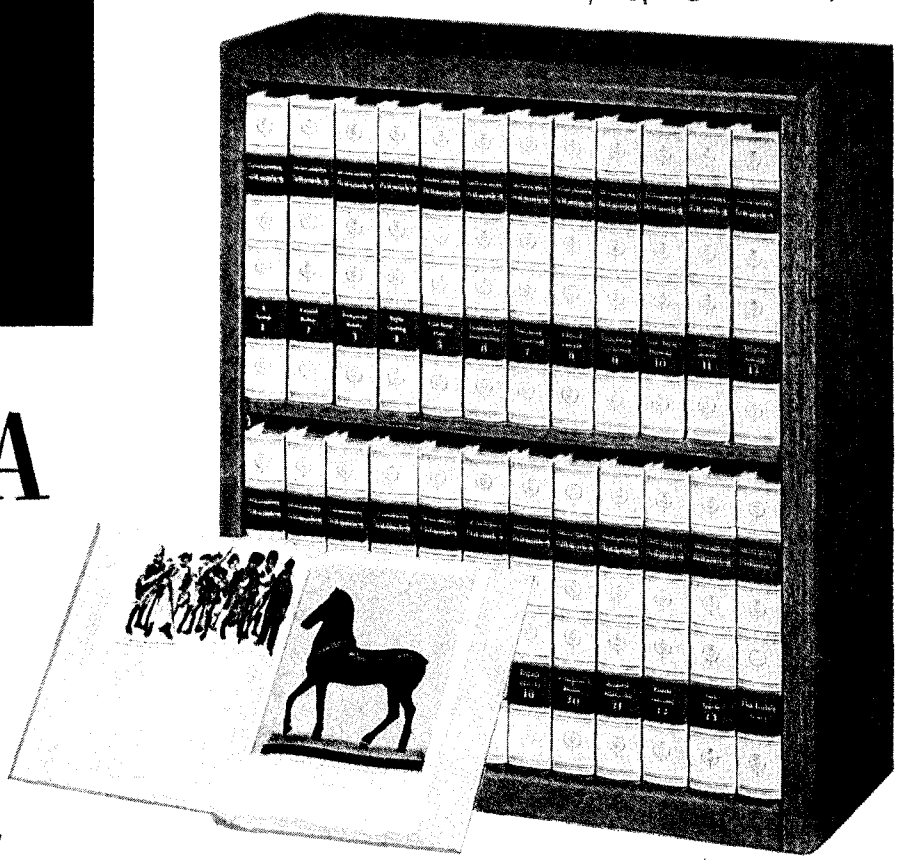
by Red Skelton

Ever notice how little children watch the world? Those big, bright eyes, so eager to see everything. Some children stay that way—eager and alert—all their young lives. They show "promise" that is often fulfilled.

I've seen a lot of them come up in show business. And, with a very large assist from Georgia, I've helped raise our daughter, Valentina.

Not that we feel she's brighter than her friends. But we have taken the time to listen to her questions and we try to find the answers. And when it comes to finding answers, I'd have to say nothing has more of the right answers in it than our Encyclopaedia Britannica. It has answers to questions that I never thought would come up. If you really want to give your children a good start on life, get Britannica.

Red Skelton



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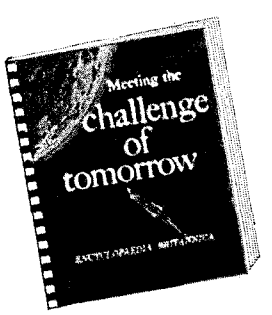

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"SMASHEROO," SHE SAID SOFTLY

BY BILL CONKLIN

"Okay, C. B., baby, we'll sign up Loren and Brando and make ourselves a smasheroo."

"Forget the stars, sweetheart. Just find me a good title."

This Hollywood conversation is imaginary, but the point is real: For a movie or television show, it's often the title that does much to determine the success. "You tell me the title and I'll tell you how much it will gross," a movie mogul is alleged to have remarked. . . .

From *The Wall Street Journal*

Burton Bunting careered off the freeway and brought his powder-blue convertible to a screeching halt in front of the building that housed Title Gems, Inc. He raced up the stairs and joined the nervous group of men and women in the conference room. A quick glance toward the carved Renaissance chair at the head of the long table showed him he was not too late: C. B. Babee had not arrived yet.

Burton was a titlewriter, a brand-new member of an elite power group—the Title Gems team now tensely awaiting C. B. Babee and the start of the weekly TitleThink session. He had made "The Big Table" at an early age, and more than one pair of hostile eyes were on him as he slipped into his seat.

The word that Burton was a comer had been out since his college days, when he had titled the varsity show *Getting Goethe's Garter*. After graduation, he'd drifted naturally into advertising, where he named a client's kiss-proof lipstick Smirk and sloganed the campaign, "Even Valentino Couldn't Wipe That Smirk off Your Face." He built a quality image for Noah's Ark Freeze-dried Strawberries ("Many Are Culled but Few Are Frozen"), and won fame with "Oedipus Wax—Mom's Best Friend." Soon C. B. Babee summoned him to Hollywood, and here he was at his first TitleThink.

Burton began doodling on the square white pad in front of him, secretly studying the faces of the two or three people whom he considered his biggest competition. Across from him sat Rod Tumbrel—haggard, slack-jawed, A.A. '63. They'd once called him "Hot Rod," but now it was rumored that he was over the hill. Burton curlicued the initials R. T. on the pad, enclosed them in a neat rectangle, and added R.I.P.

Two seats down sat mouse-faced Inglenook Jones. Inglenook could deliver the long ball from time to time, but he was generally known as a near-miss titlewriter, a titlist manqué. Over the years he'd come close with *The Moon Also Rises*, *Uncle Sam's Cabin*, and, most recently, *Harry Poppins*. Close, but no cigars.

Burton glanced up from his pad to meet the unfriendly gaze of Serena Colby, seated next to him. She was a kicky Londoner straight out of a David Bailey photograph, and she had just scored big with titles for two offbeat British sex farces: *What's Gnu, Aly Khat?* and *Innuendo and Out the Other*. Serena would not be easy.

A door slammed. The low murmur around the table ceased. C. B. Babee was in the room—porcine, prescient, perspiring C. B. Babee, wearing a yellow blazer and a wide Paisley tie carelessly knotted over a turtleneck sweater. He sat down heavily as the others rose and raised their right hands:

We pledge allegiance to C. B. Babee of Title Gems, Inc.,

And to the profession for which he stands:

Kingpin, movie mogul, titular sweetheart,

One mogul, indecipherable, with liberal grosses for all.

C. B. waved them to their seats with a cigar-laden hand. The giant tape recorder began its ruthless hum. Burton hunched forward, palms damp, sharing the tension he saw in every face.

"Okay, kiddies, warm-up time," C. B. rasped. "Give me a title, any title, and I'll tell you how much it will gross." He sat unblinking, motionless, a frog waiting to catch a fly.

"Loren and Brando Meet Virginia Wolfman."

"Fast-buck $10,281,456.71," said C. B. Babee.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."

"So-so three mill," C. B. answered. "Double the gross with a comma between Little and Lamb."

The game went on for five minutes. Then an urgent buzzer sounded, and C. B. thrust his face forward. "Now, Mr. Jones," he said, "what have you got I can *use*?"

All eyes swung to Inglenook. He moistened his lips and said, "Well, there's this heart-of-gold Greek hooker, dig, and she's available six days of every week, dig, except—hang on for the billboard, C. B.—*Never on Thursday*. Every Thursday she ——"

C. B. Babee pressed a button on a small console in front of him. Inglenook Jones's chair suddenly spun around and carried him along metal tracks to a rear door. It opened automatically, and two burly men led him away.

C. B. Babee was nodding toward Rod Tumbrel.

Rod spoke rapidly. "I see this man / wife drama show, C. B., with the whole bit based on Shakespearean plot situations," he chattered. "I'm calling it—ah—*Mac and Beth*. Get it, his name is Mac and hers is ——"

C. B. pressed another button. An octagonal hole appeared in the ceiling above Rod's head, and he was catapulted through it. The opening slid silently shut again.

C. B. pointed at Serena Colby. "Spy series," she said crisply. *"Moby Dick* up-to-date. Code names like Ahab, Ishmael, Queequeg, *Pequod*. White whale a white nuclear sub. Ahab's first mate a girl named Nan Tucket. Call it *The Dick From W.H.A.L.E.*—World Headquarters for the Aqueous Liquidation of Enemies."

C. B. pursed his lips. "I'll let you stay on that one, Limey. Not bad. Just three seasons too late. Right?"

Serena nodded sadly. C. B. surveyed the table. People shuffled papers, averting their eyes. "Junior?" The word was a single ice cube, sliding down the table to where Burton Bunting sat.

"First," Burton said easily, "a prison thriller which would be a modern-day sequel to an old Henry James story. Title: *The Return of the Screw*. Second, a full-length cartoon starring a dachshund. Title: *Get a Long Little Dogie*."

C. B. blinked. A gasp of admiration swept the table.

"Third, a musical in which a fat man gets knocked unconscious, and wakes up a slim swinger. Title: *The Man Who Came to Thinner*. And fourth, a TV series featuring the madcap adventures of a bumbling butler. Title: *How Green Was My Valet*."

"Boffo, socko!" C. B. cried. "S.R.O. across the board. *Valet* opening week hotsy 490 G's Chi, Frisco, Philly. *Thinner* sprightly eight mill East Coast alone. *Dogie* top tix pix bix Wheatlands, Dixie. *Return* ——"

Burton relaxed. He felt Serena Colby's eyes on him, and turned to look at her.

"Smasheroo," she said softly, placing her white pad on top of his. On it she'd written a phone number and *I never go out with American men, but in your case* ——

Burton smiled at her. *"Britannia Waives the Rules,"* he said. □

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Professional dance team Jerry and Donna Flint (and ballet class) in their studio in South Bend, Indiana

"We're starting a dance studio. Life insurance just has to wait!"

"We couldn't even seem to save any money, till a MONY man showed us a way to start building cash while protecting ourselves as well."

Jerry and Donna Flint talk it over with MONY man Loyal I. Wilson, CLU

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Can our cities be saved?

HARTFORD, CONN.:

Something very interesting and very hopeful is happening in this stodgy old city. Hartford's business aristocracy is earnestly trying to save Hartford from the tragic fate which threatens every big and medium-sized city in the country. If Hartford can be saved, then other cities can be saved too.

The story starts about 10 years ago. Hartford, like other "central cities" all over the country, was then in full and rank decay. The old business section of the city, along the heavily polluted Connecticut River, was rapidly turning into a slum. The businesses that kept the city alive were moving out.

The huge Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. had decided to relocate, and the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co. was also planning to move. The second-biggest department store had shut up shop, the biggest store was considering diversification into the suburbs, and many smaller businesses were planning to get out while the getting was good.

People were moving out too—Hartford lost 15,000 in population during the decade of the '50's. As prosperous whites moved to the suburbs, penniless and virtually illiterate Negroes from the deep South moved in. Previously respectable neighborhoods were fast turning into slums, and the tax base of the city was being rapidly eroded. The future of the old city seemed both obvious and unavoidable—it would become a decayed semi-slum, inhabited by restless and resentful Negroes and other minorities, surrounded by a tight barricade of white suburbs. This is, of course, the seemingly unavoidable future of dozens of American cities. It is a recipe for disaster—for epidemic racial violence, perhaps even for that radical "restructuring of American society" demanded by "the new Left."

The Chamber of Commerce, in most cities the spokesman of the stodgier business elements, might seem the last place to look for a way of dealing with such problems. But the Greater Hartford Chamber of Commerce is very unusual, mostly because the man who runs it is unusual.

The president of the Hartford Chamber is Arthur Lumsden, a Midwesterner and wartime bomber pilot who is an interesting combination of idealist, drumbeater and shrewd practitioner of *Realpolitik*. He came to Hartford in 1956, and his first achievement was his success in persuading the Hartford business community that the business section could be—and in simple self-interest, should be—saved. As a result, downtown Hartford has been completely rebuilt, largely with insurance money, and Hartford now boasts as handsome a business district as any city in the country.

That job was about finished by the early 1960's, and Lumsden looked around for new worlds to conquer. The chief mission of the Chamber of Commerce, he decided, should be to "bring the region's nonwhite minority into the mainstream of Hartford's life."

This was a big order. Hartford, like most other American cities, has a business aristocracy as hierarchical, as powerful and as reverentially respected as the British nobility in its time of great power. Hartford's insurance dukes and aircraft marquises and banking earls have been, by and large, as insulated from the problems of Hartford's Negro poor as 19th-century British nobles were from the problems of miners and millworkers. Lumsden's second remarkable achievement has been to involve Hartford's business aristocracy deeply and even emotionally in the problems of Hartford's poor, and thus to bring to bear on the solution of those problems the intelligence and ability of the business hierarchs.

He persuaded Sterling T. Tooker, president of the huge Travelers Insurance Companies, and thus Hartford's equivalent of a royal duke, to head a committee on education. Another duke, David C. Hewitt, president of the biggest bank, chaired a committee on employment. A housing committee was headed by an earl (or possibly a marquis), Roger C. Wilkins, senior vice president of the Travelers. These committees were festooned with attendant lords from the business world, and the lesser businessmen—baronets, knights, mere commoners—were only too happy to work long hours for the prestigious Chamber of Commerce committees.

The result, in the words of a member of the older generation of Hartford businessmen, is that Hartford's businessmen of the younger generation "have begun to talk like a bunch of damn New Deal spenders." There is some truth in the charge.

The Tooker Committee, for example, found the local school board in a hassle over whether and where to build two new schools. After a good look at the totally inadequate school system, the committee advocated spending $50 million to revamp the whole system, and to build, not two, but 19 new schools.

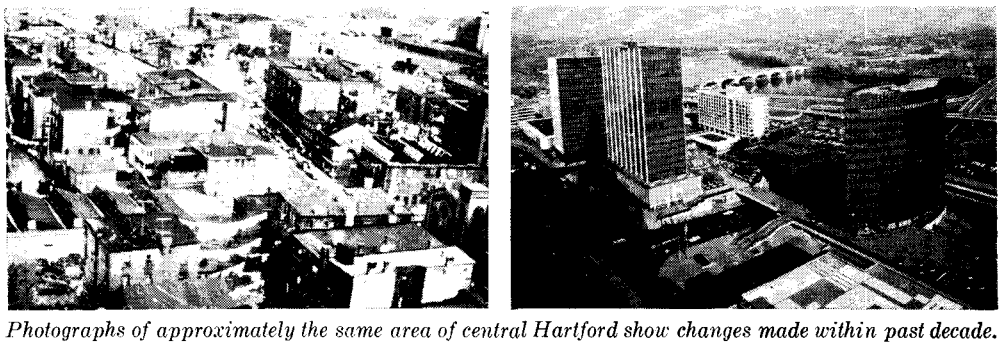
The Tooker Committee also came up with a proposal no elective politician in his senses would dare to advocate—sending Negro schoolchildren by bus out of the crowded slum schools into good schools in the suburbs. There were loud screams from the suburbs, and one suburb turned the project down. But, rather astonishingly, five suburbs have agreed to accept a first installment of 273 Negro children next September.

Banker Hewitt's employment committee has in operation a whole series of projects—for cooperating with the Urban League to find jobs for Negroes who have lost their jobs, for finding part-time work for potential dropouts, for upgrading Negroes in white collar jobs through company-subsidized training programs. The Wilkins housing committee has provided a business-backed revolving fund for integrated housing, and Wilkins and his fellow business aristocrats have thrown their weight behind a $165 million program, to be shared by the Federal Government, the state and the city, to make Hartford a decent place to live.

All this may sound a bit too onward-and-upward to be true. Hartford's problems have not been solved overnight—some of those problems are inherently insoluble, since no magic wand can be waved to exorcise race prejudice or to render the unemployable employable. Nor have Hartford's businessmen become softheaded idealists—it is in their intelligent self-interest to make Hartford a decent place to live and work, since the threat to Hartford is also a threat to their economic interests. But the Hartford story is a hopeful story all the same.

If our cities are to be saved, the business hierarchy—what the Negro intellectuals call the "white power structure"—is going to have to do a lot of saving. Politicians cannot possibly do the job without the active support of business. And if the cities are to be saved, businessmen are going to have to forget a lot of ancient chamber-of-commerce clichés and prejudices. That is why it is a hopeful fact that Hartford's business aristocrats "have begun to talk like a bunch of damn New Deal spenders."

Stewart Alsop



Photographs of approximately the same area of central Hartford show changes made within past decade.

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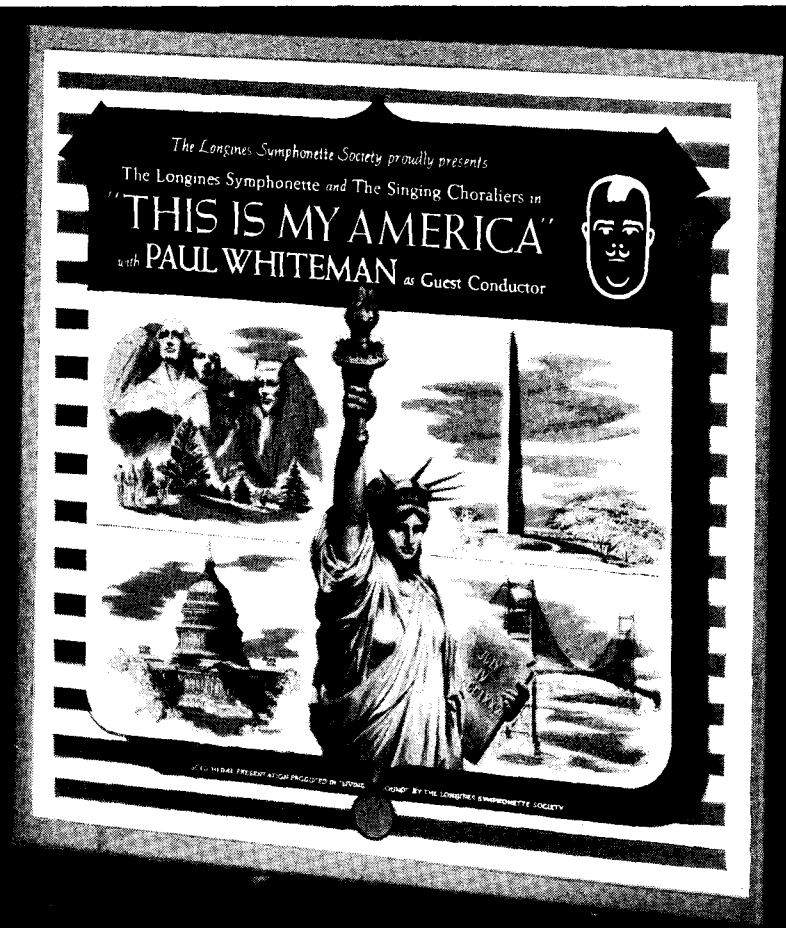
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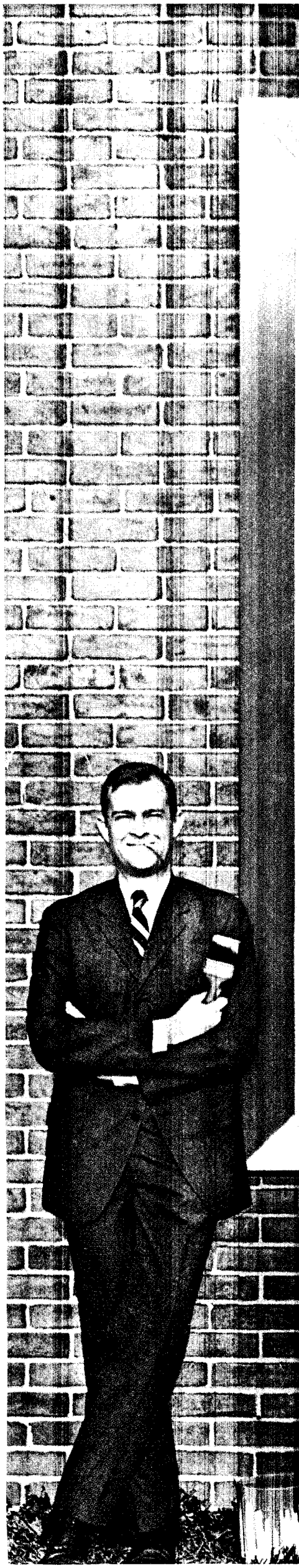

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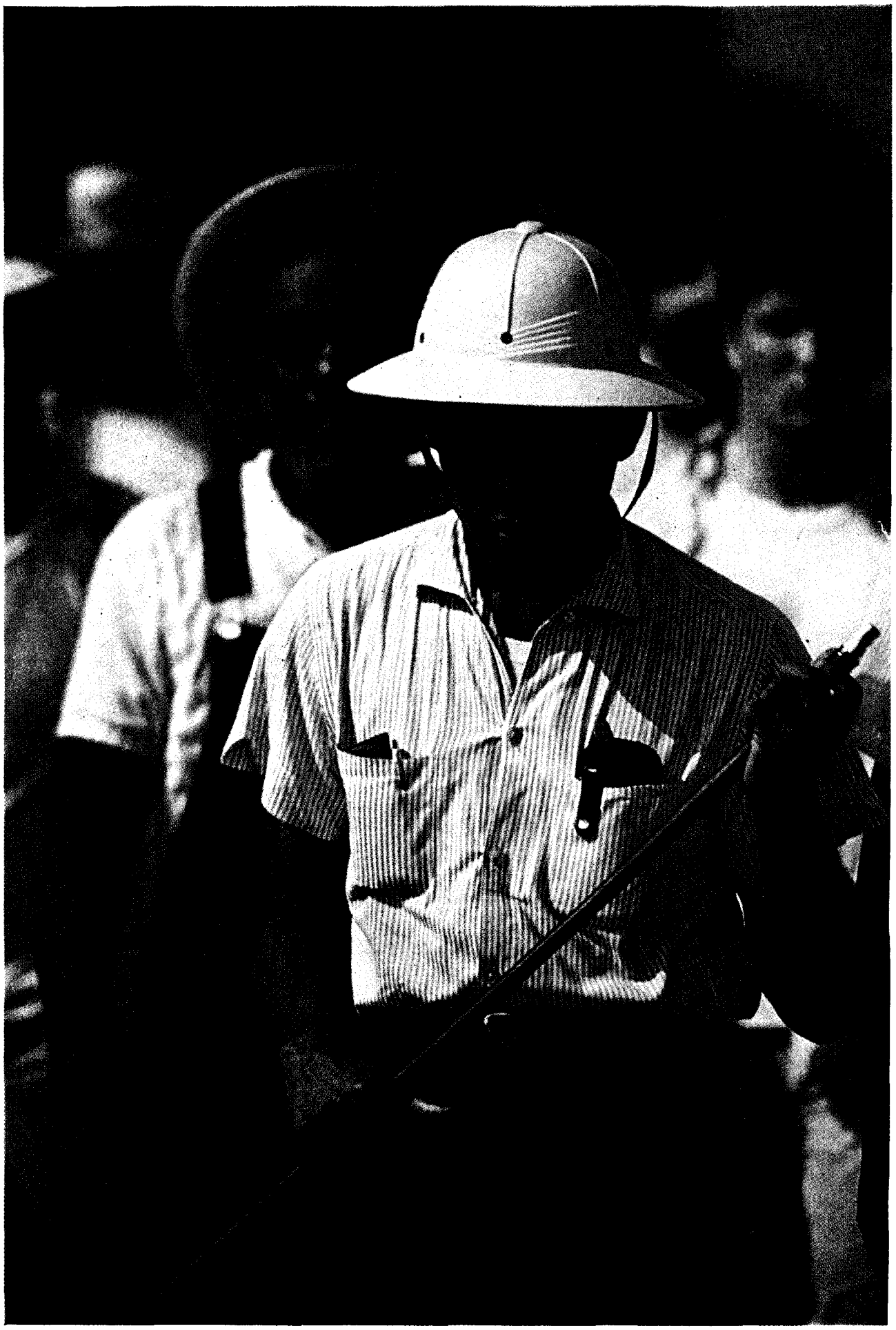
The Saturday Evening POST

BIG CHANGES ARE COMING

I have risked my life in Mississippi and will do so again; the Negro movement is on the march and nothing is going to stop it.

By James H. Meredith

The thing I remember most clearly is coming over a rise, with the harsh Mississippi sun baking the pavement of Highway 51, and seeing the town of Hernando lying before me like some Hollywood director's idea of a small town in the American South: a few small stores, some old decaying mansions and many, many unpainted board houses where the Negroes lived. It was the first town I had come to in Mississippi. I saw white faces at windows, and white men standing in front of their shops or staring blankly from the lawns of their homes. I didn't see any Negroes. At least, I didn't see them anywhere



Wearing symbolic pith helmet and carrying cane given him by African chief, Meredith rejoins march after assassination attempt.

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'There is much feeling that Dr. King's philosophy of nonviolence is no longer tenable.

Meredith lies bleeding after being shot from ambush.

around the main street. But they were waiting for me when I walked into the main square of the town. Some of them had been there for two hours, standing together on the far side of the square. There were young men and old, children with pure young faces and old men bent with age. Most were wearing the long blue overalls of cotton-field workers, and they did not seem to know what to do. Some looked away, some stared at the ground. All of them were aware of the group of whites, silent and sullen, who watched us from the far side of the square.

I walked up to the group of Negroes and started shaking hands. Then, after the ice had been broken, I started to explain why I had come back to the Mississippi where I had been born. I told them that a new day was coming, that we were going to get all the rights and privileges we were entitled to, that there were many good whites in the community, but there were also some bad ones, and if society didn't eliminate them, then we would.

I urged them to register to vote, because that was one of the keys to the future, and they said, "We're gonna register, we're gonna register." And then we went around to a café to have something to eat. I was eating a cheeseburger and drinking a glass of milk, when an old Negro farmer came over and pressed a dollar bill in my hand. He had probably never earned more than $300 in a single year. "You just keep that," he said. "You just keep that." I still had that dollar bill in my pocket a few hours later when my back was riddled by shots fired from ambush.

Later I would remember the events in Hernando with greater clarity than even the shooting itself. Hernando represented to me the whole purpose of my return to Mississippi. I had gone there to talk to Negroes, to explain that the old order was passing, that they should stand up as men with nothing to fear. So my sharpest memories remain the faces of those Negro men in Hernando, and the man who gave me the dollar bill, and the way the white people stood in isolation across the street. For both the whites and Negroes of Hernando, nothing like this had ever happened before.

We were an hour out of Hernando, moving south, when Claude Sterrett, a friend from New York, arrived. I was wearing a pith helmet, slacks and working boots, and carrying an ebony-and-ivory cane which had been given to me by a village chief on the banks of the Nile River in the Sudan. The pith helmet had once been the hated symbol of the white man in what he called "darkest Africa." Times, of course, had changed.

"Jay," Sterrett said breathlessly, "I met a man down the road who said someone's waiting for you with a gun. He's gonna shoot you."

I shrugged. In Mississippi, anything was possible. All that day, on the way into Hernando and on the road out again, my walk had been accompanied by a convoy of several cars. These contained some members of the press, some local police and highway patrolmen, and some observers from the FBI. We had passed a number of potential troublemakers, and I had even picked out two men who I expected would give me trouble.

After walking through open farm country, we went down into a long, gradual hollow with thick, almost junglelike foliage on either side. It had rained early that morning and the trees were still damp, and the fresh, earthy smell of the countryside was everywhere. I remember thinking that things were going even better than I had expected. An old farmer and his family came down to the highway and gave me water, in full view of the white people across the road. I remember a Negro maid in one white home who edged down the clothesline to the road and gave me a little wave.

Then something strange happened. The cars that had been following, or leapfrogging alongside me, moved up the road and parked on the shoulder. Some of the men in the cars walked on to a small soft-drinks store. I couldn't see the sheriff's car or the highway patrol. I was left there with Sterrett; Mohammed Rauf of the Washington *Daily News;* Sherwood Ross, a white Washington radio broadcaster who had volunteered to work as my press coordinator; the Rev. Robert O. Weeks, a white Episcopal minister from Monroe, N.Y.; and Joe Crittenden, a Memphis Negro businessman. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me.

"James," the voice said. "I only want James Meredith. All the rest of you stand aside."

I turned around. A man stood in the roadside foliage, a shotgun cradled in his arms. I've seen a lot of movies, but no director could have made a man look as cold-blooded as this one. This was the face the southern Negro has been staring at through 350 years of history: the hard eyes, the fleshy face, the hard line of mouth. You've seen the same face in dozens of pictures. It is the face of the deputy sheriff, the face of the man freed by an all-white jury after murdering a Negro, the face of those vicious young men carrying Confederate flags who hit civil-rights workers with ax handles.

"Just James Meredith," he said, moving toward the shoulder of the road.

I wished suddenly that I had brought a gun, that I had prepared better. Things were happening so fast that I had no time for fear. I threw myself on the ground, and the gun roared, and I was hit somewhere in the back. I'm still not sure of the sequence of events. I thought four shots were fired; other witnesses said three. I was hit again, and then tried to get across the road and into the safety of a gully. But the last shot hit me in the head and knocked me flat. Then there was absolute silence.

I could hear voices, and people moving past me, and then I felt someone opening my shirt and shouting for an ambulance. It was, I suppose, as close as I had ever come to being killed. But I knew then what millions of people listening to radios and watching television were not to know for at least an hour. I knew that I was alive.

After the shooting, many people asked: What was Meredith trying to prove? Didn't he know that if he ventured out alone on an open highway in Mississippi, someone would try to kill him? Didn't he know that his reputation as the first Negro ever to be admitted to the University of Mississippi would precede him, and that old simmering hatreds might come to a boil?

Of course I understood those dangers; I am, after all, a Negro American. I was born and reared in Mississippi, and I have learned something about the dark side of human nature. But there are some things a man must do in his life, actions which answer the callings of conscience. There are some feelings that cannot be explained with mere words. Fear is one of them. It was fear, and its consequences for this country, that brought me back to Mississippi.

I just wish there were some way to explain the awful fear that permeates the atmosphere for every Negro in this country, and especially those Negroes who inhabit the American South. I wish there were a way to explain what it is like to be a Negro moving down a deserted highway at night behind the wheel of an automobile, and see car lights blink on in the darkened rear of a service station, and see a car bearing strangers pulling out behind you. I wish I could put into words the sinking feeling in the stomach and the nervous twitching in the face which can come over a Negro when he confronts a southern sheriff. I wish I could explain the long history of murder and castration and death in the night; explain the humiliation and insult of the theory of white supremacy; explain all those things that are the excess baggage of the American Negro's mind, whether he lives in Scarsdale, N.Y., or Philadelphia, Miss. Their root is fear. And in my own way, that morning in June, I hoped that by walking down that road I could remove at least some part of that fear.

I chose Highway 51 because it is the classic route of the Mississippi Negro, a concrete river leading away from home. Going north, the road spelled hope; going south, it spelled despair. When you read about rioting in Watts and Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, remember that many of those people and their fathers and grandfathers before them made that long trip north along Highway 51 only to find that there are no golden cities. You who live in the North: Do not think that Mississippi has no relevance to you. No Negro, North or South, can hide from its reality. My Mississippi is everywhere.

When I announced my walk, I welcomed any able-bodied man who wanted to join me. I insisted that I did not want women and children, because I felt deeply that women and children should not have to take these risks. It was for this reason that I did not take my wife Mary June or my six-year-old son John. I felt it was time for the American Negro male to assert his manhood, to take his own chances, to risk his own life. I also said that I wanted no one to accompany me who would become a burden to the Negroes of Mississippi, imposing upon them for lodging or food. Any whites who cared to come along were welcome (and at the moment of the shooting three of the men walking that road were white).

The night before setting out I sat in a Memphis hotel room, trying to decide whether I should carry a gun. This question had been on my mind for a long time. I finally decided against it and took instead a Bible. If I had been armed, I could have

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knocked off the intended killer with one shot. My father, who lived in Mississippi for 74 years and died there, would have prepared himself better than I did.

And so, because I was not properly prepared, I found myself in room 511B of the William F. Bowld Hospital in Memphis. In a matter of hours, three adjacent rooms had been commandeered for use by local police, the FBI, and telephone operators. I tried to call my wife at our apartment in New York City, where I am a student at the Columbia University Law School. She was in a state of shock, believing that I was dead. I assured her I was all right. I tried to call my 62-year-old mother in Kosciusko, Miss., where I had grown up. She had broken down when she heard the reports of my death and was under sedation. It would be two days before she could be told that I was alive.

I must say about the Bowld Hospital that I could not have wanted better attention and care. The doctors, staff workers and nurses treated me wonderfully. I had 75 to 100 pellets of bird shot in my body, and the doctors decided that cutting out all the pellets would cause more damage than leaving them alone. Some are working their way out. Some I will carry with me all my life.

I slept fitfully through the night. When I woke up, a huge bouquet rested on a shelf across the room. It was from Dick Gregory, an old friend, who had flown in the night before with his wife and children. He was my first visitor, other than those who had been with me on the march.

Dick had left home thinking I was dead. He also had vowed that if nothing else were done, he would pick up the walk from the spot where I had been shot. Now, he said, he was going out to Highway 51, to the place where I was shot, and start a return walk to Memphis.

A short while after Dick left, I was visited by the Rev. Martin Luther King, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.), Floyd McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality (C.O.R.E.), and Stokely Carmichael, chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C.). I had corresponded with Dr. King briefly when I was a student in Africa, and had met McKissick at the White House Conference on Civil Rights the week before the shooting. I had never met Carmichael.

Dr. King and McKissick came in together, and Carmichael remained outside. My lawyer from Memphis, A.W. Willis, was there, along with one of Dr. King's aides from S.C.L.C., the Rev. James Lawson, of the Centenary Methodist Church in Memphis. We had a two-hour conversation. They apparently did not know that Dick Gregory had already left to start his own walk back from the spot where I had been shot, and when I told them about it, it seemed to upset them a bit. I can understand that; if anything were to be done, it probably should not have been done in a haphazard way.

I explained to them that I had studied the route a long time, and knew that 225 miles was a long way, and that it was not the same as a walk between two large cities like Selma and Montgomery. I explained that as a man who had spent nine years in the Air Force, I was concerned with discipline and order. I was concerned about the logistics of any large march, and the problems of housing and feeding large numbers of people. I also explained why I did not think women and children should be out on that highway.

They listened carefully to what I had to say and then indicated a strong desire to continue. Let me make that clear: They did not want to continue *my* march—they wanted to continue, period. I did not disagree. Whatever they felt they had to do, I was for them. A man has to satisfy his conscience.

All I did was caution them about their responsibilities to the Negroes of Mississippi. Whatever they decided to do—and I certainly could not prevent them from doing anything—I urged them to avoid any acts that would be detrimental to those million human beings who would still be there when the march was over. They agreed. They told me they would attempt to determine the logistics of continuing and would return to see me at four o'clock that afternoon. They assured me that they would not cross the point where I was shot before letting me know their plans.

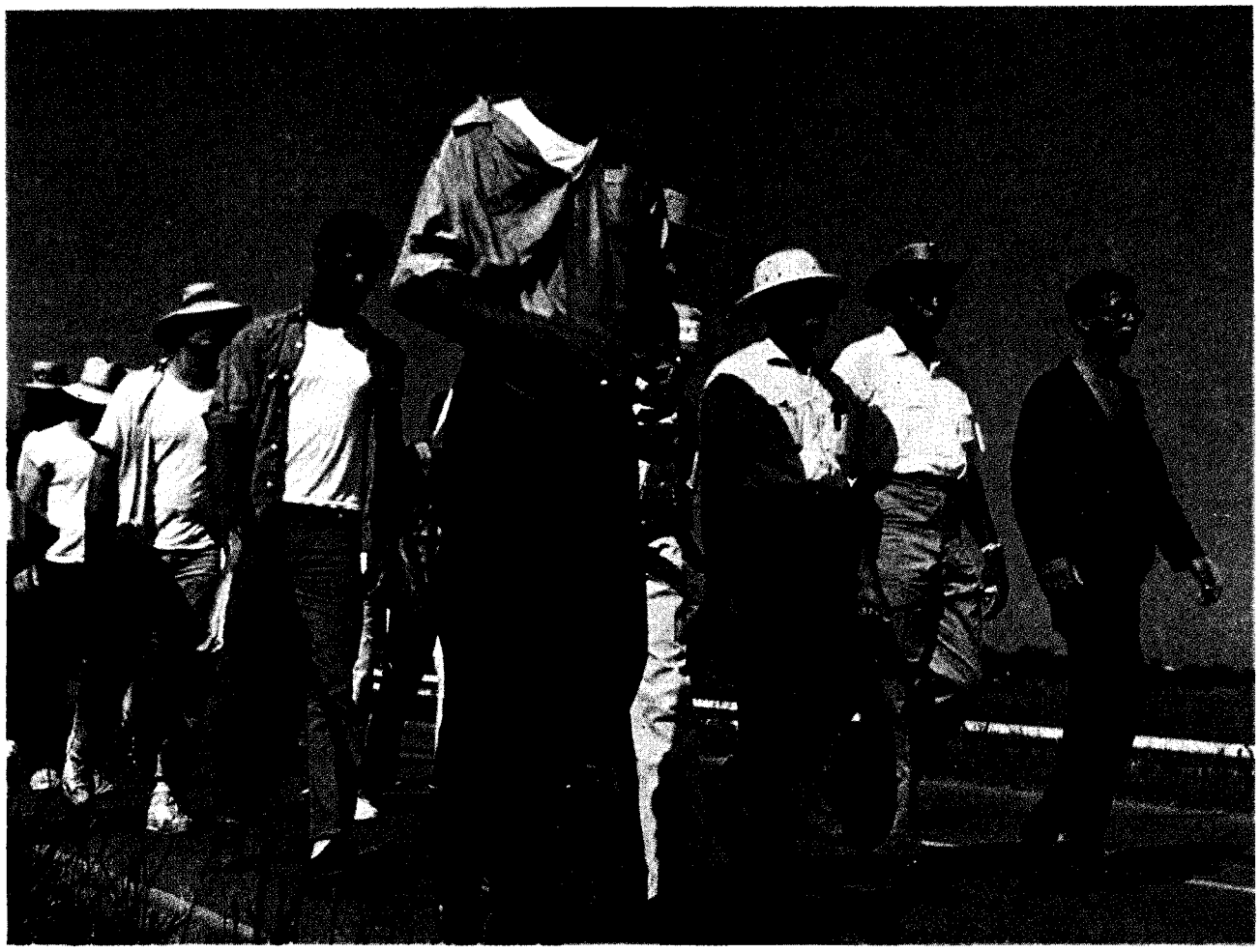
I did not hear from the leaders again until 8:30 that night, when a telephone call came from Rev. Lawson. It was then that I first became disturbed. Rev. Lawson began to explain to me what "we" had decided, what "we" were going to do. I wanted to know who "we" were—if they were going to make decisions in my name, I wanted to know who "we" were going to be. I made clear my dissatisfaction, and reminded Rev. Lawson of the promise to see me at 4 P.M. He said that Dr. King would come the next morning to see me.

I was still disturbed when Charles Evers came to see me about 30 minutes later. I can never talk to Charles Evers without thinking of his brother Medgar, who had been one of my closest friends and supporters during those crisis-ridden days when I first entered the University of Mississippi. Like so many Negroes in Mississippi in this century, Medgar Evers was murdered, shot in the back from ambush. Charles took over the leadership of the N.A.A.C.P. in Mississippi, and in his own way, is a hard-working, effective leader. On this night he was unhappy too. We talked freely about my uneasiness, which seemed to add to his own depression. A few days later he would question the leaders of the march, saying that the Negroes of Mississippi might be left holding the bag when the national leaders and the press had left.

After Charles left, I was visited by Whitney Young, head of the Urban League, and Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. They had already made their speeches at the church and did not seem particularly happy about what they had seen and heard. It is no secret that there is a certain amount of tactical disagreement among the major Negro organizations. The N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League see education, voting and legislation as the keys to Negro freedom. The S.C.L.C. seems to agree, and supports the principles of nonviolence. S.N.C.C. talks increasingly of "black power" and has among its membership young men who are no longer prepared to turn the other cheek. C.O.R.E. lies somewhere in between. Apparently Wilkins and Young felt that the more militant leaders were going to provide the direction to the march. They flew back to New York that night.

The next morning, Dr. King, McKissick and Carmichael came to see me. The night before they had drafted a manifesto for the "Meredith March through Mississippi." Young and Wilkins had not signed it, apparently because they felt that it was anti-Administration and too unrealistic in its demand that 600 federal registrars be sent into Mississippi. I told the leaders that the manifesto did not make any difference to me, that it would have been acceptable if it had been written the way Wilkins and Whitney Young wanted it, or the way Carmichael had wanted it. They read it to me, and that was that.

Dr. King and Mr. McKissick stayed behind to tell me why they couldn't come back as they had promised the day before: They had decided that the march had to be resumed immediately, even before the logistical problems were settled. They felt the larger purpose was important enough to risk possible uncertainties and unforeseen diffi-



As Meredith began last lap of march, his small group grew to over 500; from right, Claude Sterrett, McKissick, Meredith.

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culties. They did not come to see me because they were marching; in fact, they were scuffling with a pair of Mississippi highway patrolmen at almost exactly the moment of the appointment. I found this perfectly acceptable. And I wished them luck.

At about 8:30 that morning I was told by my attending doctor that he would keep me until the next day, and possibly until the day after. He said that I seemed to be all right. Then at about 10:30 the security chief told me that I was going to be discharged. Mr. Willis, my lawyer, and the only Negro in the Tennessee Legislature, questioned a hospital procedure in which policemen notified patients of their discharge.

At 10:55 the hospital administrator came in and made it official. He said that my doctor had signed my discharge papers, and they expected me to leave by the 11 A.M. check-out time. That was in five more minutes.

But I didn't leave. Not just then. I followed Willis's advice and stayed there. I was served dinner. Then the administrator returned. He said I could not see the doctor who had been treating me, but that he did have the names of two Negro doctors who might see me. His attitude was so nasty that I said, "All right, give me the papers." I signed them, got dressed and left.

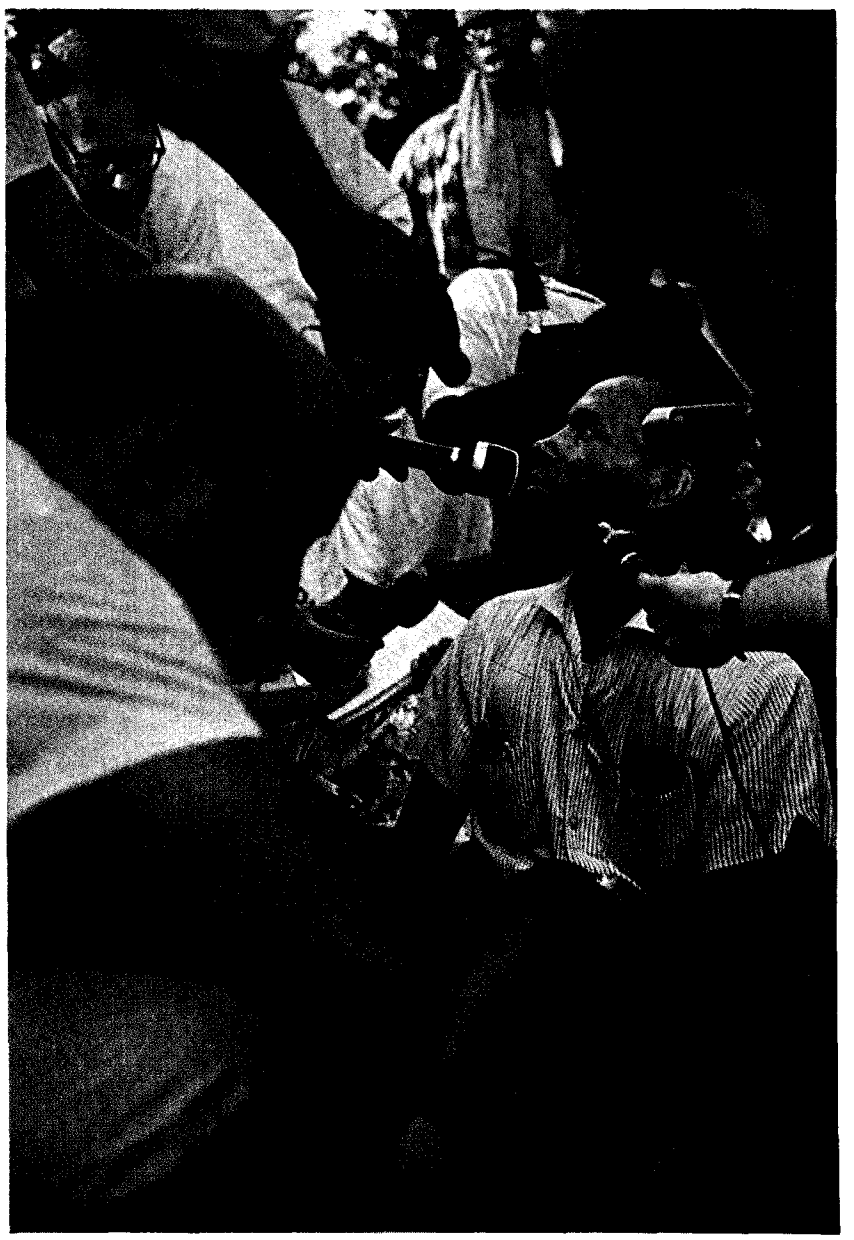
I went upstairs to the seventh-floor doctors' lounge where the press had been waiting for two days to interview me. When I walked into the glare of the TV lights, I began sweating heavily, and I became unsteady on my feet. I had prepared a written statement, five pages long, and was on the fourth page when the accumulation of lights, weakness and tension caught up with me. I fainted. I was taken out of the hospital in a wheelchair, went to a cousin's house for a few hours, and about six that night caught a plane for New York. But I was not through with Mississippi.

I was going back to Mississippi because, like every American Negro, I had to go back. For too many years the American Negro has been like no other citizen in this country. He has been deprived of that most essential of all things: a spiritual homeland. The American of Irish descent can always point with pride to his Irish ancestry; the Italian to his. But the Negro has no home. His history in this country has been dotted with back-to-Africa movements, but they have solved nothing. What Africa? Will he go to Ghana or Nigeria, the Sudan or Kenya? Every American Negro must experience what I experienced during the year I spent in Africa—the feeling that I was, above all, an American. And my homeland, and the homeland of every American Negro, is the South.

The South has formed us and scarred us, but it is where we came from. We carry the South with us wherever we go, to the suburbs of New York, to the ghettos of Detroit, to the charred streets of Watts. Deep inside every one of us is the secret memory of the South. That is why no one can possibly expect conciliation of the races as long as the South remains the way it is.

I can love Mississippi because of the beauty of the countryside and the old traditions of family affection, and for such small things as flowers bursting in spring and the way you can see for miles from a ridge in winter. Why should a Negro be forced to leave such things? Because of fear? No. Not anymore.

'The N.A.A.C.P. is not a mass Negro organization: It does not command the emotions or respect of most younger Negroes.'



Meredith was beseiged by reporters on his return to Mississippi. "I felt it was time for the American Negro to assert his manhood," he says, "to risk his own life."

The Negro has tried nonviolence, he has turned the other cheek, he has said "love" when the white man said "hate," and it has made no difference. Dr. King is quite an impressive man, but there is much feeling that his philosophy of nonviolence is no longer tenable. There are many Negroes, myself included, who believe that we no longer can guarantee the white man in Mississippi that we will not strike back. The white man cannot hit a Negro, or try to kill him, without expecting to be hit back or killed. Some people are uneasy over the growth of the Deacons for Defense, an organization of Negroes in Louisiana and Mississippi who carry guns and are prepared to meet terror with terror. But when a man lives in a place where violence against him is sanctioned by the law, he will take the law into his own hands.

My own feeling is that nonviolence is incompatible with American ideals. America is a tough country, and a man has to look out for his own, to be his own man. It is not an American ideal to abandon willingly any personal control over your own life; and the philosophy of nonviolence requires this. To ask Negroes to support nonviolence is to ask them to be something different, to be something alien in their own country. I believe that in the next several years you will see fewer and fewer Negroes supporting nonviolence.

The civil-rights movement began as a collaboration between upper- and middle-class Negroes and white liberals within such organizations as the N.A.A.C.P. But in the past few years you have also seen the growth of what I call "the Negro movement." The root of this is a deep pride in one's own race, in one's own traditions, one's own manhood. A pride, if you will, in being Negro. Bravery comes directly from pride, and there will be a lot of Negroes prepared to die before the crisis is over.

It is the conflict between the civil-rights movement (which is rightly the concern of whites *and* Negroes) and the Negro movement that led to some of the dissension on the march. For one thing, the pretensions of the N.A.A.C.P. to being a mass Negro organization were crumbling with every step the marchers took. The N.A.A.C.P. is not a mass Negro organization: It does not command the emotions or respect of most younger Negroes, and the older Negro is becoming more and more disenchanted. People are tired of the way every American President uses the N.A.A.C.P. national office as the 20th-century house Negro, and the way the N.A.A.C.P. bows to play that role. The N.A.A.C.P. is a civil-rights organization with a white president. I fully support it as a civil-rights organization, but I cannot support its claim to be a Negro organization.

I believe that the march has begun to make lasting changes in Mississippi. Organizations like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party are not going to abandon their struggle just because the TV cameras and the reporters have departed. I believe I saw one of these changes when I went back to Mississippi to finish the march.

I arrived in Canton the night after the brave troops of the Mississippi Highway Patrol had teargassed and beaten a crowd, including women and children, whose crime was to try to erect a tent in a Negro schoolyard. There was great bitterness and a potential for outright violence. The leaders, under the influence of Dr. King, had decided that to stay in Canton was to risk another outbreak. They had learned that in Mississippi the law was

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not to protect a citizen as a citizen but to protect the system of white supremacy. In most places in the South the local white supremacists had given in at least a little bit; in Mississippi they had not given an inch. The leaders decided to send an advance party on to Tougaloo, pitch the tents, and make the last lap to Jackson from there.

But I had promised many people that I would walk from Canton to Jackson or at least that I would try. Then, that Friday, I was told there would be no marching on Saturday, and the last lap would be held up until the grand finale on Sunday. I decided to go ahead and do what I had said I would do. On Saturday morning I was in Canton, with three friends, to make the last lap myself.

And it was here that one of the small, hidden, but truly significant occurrences of the march took place. The Mississippi Highway Patrol had refused to offer me any protection whatsoever. So I asked to see the sheriff of Madison County, Jack Cauthen.

The sheriff came over, invited me into his office, and proceeded to astonish me. We sat there, he and I, talking the way human beings talk. He said he had been up for 24 hours, and agreed to give me protection at least to the city limits. When he went outside, he told the people waiting that I was a gentleman, that we had made an agreement, and then he proceeded to carry out the agreement. We marched to the city limits, the four of us growing into more than 500, and we were protected, as citizens should be protected. The police were not surly, there was no cursing, no bad manners, no "nigger-calling." Perhaps for the first time in history the local law-enforcement officials in Mississippi were protecting Negroes with some grace, and without conditions. In its way, that was the most significant part of the march.

That gesture by a Mississippi sheriff was symbolic of what is beginning to happen in the South. He might not have liked me, he might even have hated me; but he treated me as a citizen. He knows that changes are coming. The Negro is finally getting the vote. We now have the legislation, in the wake of the civil-rights acts, and if we still do not have the realities of justice, then I say that we soon will.

I will certainly do everything I can to help bring it about. For the next two years my most important concern is completing my course at Columbia Law School, but at the same time I want to devote all of my spare time to voter registration, particularly in Mississippi and New York. Few people realize this, but the state with the lowest percentage of registered Negroes is not in the Deep South—it is New York. Sometime this summer I hope to lead a voter-registration march through Harlem, to inspire the Negroes there to believe that their votes can be used to improve their lives.

After I leave Columbia, who knows? I want to use my education in the most useful way I can, and I would like to go back to live in my home state of Mississippi. Someday, perhaps, I might want to enter politics there. But for now there is much that must be done, much that we must prepare for.

Negroes are dying bravely alongside whites in Vietnam, and when that generation comes marching back to the small and large towns of America, they will not easily put up with the inequities they have suffered in the past.

That is why, for the good of everyone in this country, the criminal situation in Mississippi must be cleared up immediately. If the Negro's swiftly developing pride in himself is allowed to become hatred for whites, remember that white America taught Negroes how to hate and would not allow them to love. There is still time. But I insist that my Mississippi is everywhere. And the hour is getting late. □

Meredith, watching his son John, 6, at play, eventually hopes to return to Mississippi for good. "The South has formed and scarred us," he says, "but it is our homeland."

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'NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY DAUGHTER!'

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

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Ten-foot wedding cakes, $1,800 dresses, sound-and-color movies, caviar in sculpted ice, and caged doves add up to a $7 billion wedding business—and near-bankruptcy for the father of the bride.

By BILL DAVIDSON

It was to be the ideal wedding. The ceremony would take place in the West Ballroom of the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach, and the reception would be held in the East Ballroom. To provide a dramatic, romantic entrance for the bride, the hotel's catering manager had whipped up a 21-step staircase with a cloud machine hidden at the top; when the *Wedding March* was struck up—not by a mere organ but by Al Schor's 10-piece orchestra—the machine would emit an artificial white "cloud" through which the blond 20-year-old bride would step. She would be wearing a Chantilly gown whose collar and cuffs would be studded with seed pearls, and as she walked down the stairs, between gilded cages of doves, her train would stretch out 30 feet behind her. After the ceremony, the lucky couple and their 300 guests, now in the East Ballroom, would have filet of beef and champagne; and when the bride cut the seven-tiered, eight-foot-tall cake, two love-birds would be released to flutter symbolically through the upper reaches of the ballroom.

"This is what I've wanted since I was a little girl," the bride said happily.

Unfortunately, the groom felt otherwise. "If I had it to do over again, I'd elope," he said the afternoon before the big day. Then he did the closest thing: He ran off all by himself. At 11:30 on the morning of the ideal wedding, the father of the bride announced that "The kid got cold feet and got on a plane," presumably to his home in New York, where he and his story landed on the front page of the New York *Daily News* under the head GROOM DUCKS POSH NUPTIALS.

The Miami Beach wedding, if it had taken place, would not really have been "the wedding of the year," as one of its arrangers claimed. That title belongs to the wedding of Luci Johnson and Pat Nugent, which will be somewhat simpler but still an impressive affair. There will be 26 in the wedding party and about 800 guests, and the music for the reception in the White House will be provided by the Marine Band Orchestra. Friends of the bride say that such a large wedding suits Luci's fancy exactly.

Size and news value aside, however, there will be any number of American weddings in the next few weeks that will make Luci's look plain by comparison, and there will be many brides in the land who think Luci is underdoing it. Cloud machines may not yet be part of the average nuptials, but the simple, quiet little wedding is rapidly being replaced as an American tradition by the big, lavish, noisy bash.

According to the Department of Commerce, weddings and their accompanying activities are costing Americans $7.2 billion annually. Of this, about $3 billion is for the father-of-the-bride's direct wedding-day expenses, or an average of $1,666 each for the record number of 1.8 million weddings that will take place this year. The high cost apparently drives few couples to economize. Only 15 percent evade the expense of the so-called "traditional wedding" by going to city hall or to a justice of the peace.

But since the figure of $1,666 per wedding includes many thousands of simple punch-and-cookies wedding receptions in church basements across the land, it fails to portray the flamboyance and extravagance that are now the common indulgence of the American middle class. In California, for example, a father of the bride recently paid $1,500 for a 10-foot-high wedding cake created by Charles Bolla of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. At Taffy's, a Chicago wedding-gown emporium which bills itself as "The World's Largest and Most Luxurious Bridal Salon," a girl of a working-class family walked in with her mother one day in April and emerged, unabashed, with $922 worth of wedding gown and veil.

A favorite accessory at Dallas weddings is a Chinese pagoda sculpted out of ice; it is used as a receptacle to hold caviar and costs $225. There is a tailor in New York who makes $200 tuxedos for the little boys of five or six who serve as ring-bearers. For a wedding in Beverly Hills last spring, orchestra leader Michael Paige provided 10 regular musicians and 25 strolling strings at a cost of $65 per man—over $2,000 worth of music. For $800, Detroit photographer Lee Knight will make a half-hour, sound-and-color movie of both wedding and reception, "complete with those humorous little touches you would expect to happen at a wedding." In Chicago, wedding consultant George Horwich will furnish live lovebirds ($100 a pair), provide a 10-foot wrought-iron heart for the bride to step through as she commences her trip down the aisle ($75, flowers for the heart extra), mark the aisle of the church with ostrich plumes ($75 an arrangement), pitch a tent for garden-wedding receptions (up to $800, with $200 for lighting) and bring live trees from Wisconsin to frame the altar ($1,500 for a nice selection of junipers and arborvitae). Horwich recently ran a three-day wedding in Terre Haute, Ind. Leading up to the Sunday wedding and reception were a cocktail party on Friday, a golf-and-swimming party and a rehearsal dinner on Saturday, and a pre-wedding breakfast Sunday morning.

Even the least ostentatious of weddings sometimes brings hidden charges to stun the hapless father of the bride. Last June, for example, a Connecticut physician had a simple Catholic ceremony for his daughter in church and then invited 60 guests to a small cocktail reception at his country club. When the affair was over he was presented with an enormous bill for the liquor consumed. "I was charged by the bottle," the doctor says, "and I sat down to figure out just how much my guests drank, according to the club's computation. It turned out that for me to pay what I had to pay, everyone at the reception would have had to have twenty drinks apiece—including twelve children who were under ten years of age." The doctor paid the bill without questioning it; he did not want to be known as a piker.

If the father of the bride is victimized, in most cases he is a ready victim. He can always demand to know all the costs in advance. He can always be firm and say no. Often, however, he yields, and seldom does he have lasting regrets. Of course, if he is a poor man he must pay the poor-man's penalty. In Los Angeles a newsstand operator went in debt recently to give his daughter a $3,000 wedding, and he lost his house and his car. Asked why he allowed himself to overspend, he replied, "I owed her a decent wedding. I didn't want to be ashamed."

Not that extravagance is discouraged by "the wedding industry"—a loose term for the caterers, clothiers, ballroom managers, musicians, florists and all the other adorners and fancy-fulfillers who serve the national wish for lavish marriages. The wedding industry does all it can to promote the "traditional wedding," with all its expensive hoopla, as an essential aspect of the American standard of living. The industry won a historic victory during World War II, after the War Production Board told the wedding-gown manufacturers that it was cutting back on their supply of fabrics. (The nation's looms were being used for uniforms, parachutes and the like.) A delegation was dispatched to Washington to protest to Congress. Edward Langer, who today is president of the Bridal and Bridesmaids Apparel Association, says, "We concentrated on key congressmen, and we told them they should put pressure on the Administration to release fabric to us for morale purposes. We told them, 'American boys are going off to war, and what are these guys fighting for except for the privilege of getting married in a traditional way? They're fighting for our way of life and this is part of our way of life, and the Government is taking it away.'" The Government thereafter released the fabrics to the wedding-gown manufacturers, and, in Langer's words, "an institution was preserved."

Today many of those soldiers, sailors and marines who fought to preserve the "traditional" wedding are financing weddings for their own daughters. Typically they are discovering that what in 1946 was merely an "institution" is now almost a frenzy. From the moment the engagement announcement appears in the newspaper the bride-to-be and her family are subjected to a high-pressure selling campaign which is virtually unequaled anywhere else in American business. As soon as the newspaper hits the stands the phone starts ringing and the mail solicitations come pouring in. My own daughter, who was married last June, counted 75 phone calls from photographers, 18 from orchestra leaders, 23 from wedding-announcement engravers, 12 from wedding-cake bakers, 19 from florists, 11 from jewelers, 21 from

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Bride-to-be Dede Pabst tries on a veil at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. The store also sells four-foot bridal photographs, in color and with gilt frames, for $1,100.

caterers, 14 from hotels, 7 from lingerie dealers, 32 from travel agents specializing in honeymoon trips, 9 from wedding-gown salons, and one from a men's tailor who, for some unaccountable reason, mistook her for the groom. Every day, moreover, the postman came burdened with mail exhorting the prospective bride to consider wedding invitations with embossed wedding bells, a honeymoon trip to Cove Haven in the Poconos where she could relax in her own heart-shaped sunken bathtub, a gadget to make a king-sized bed out of twin beds while traveling, a newlywed insurance policy, a $300 selection of pots and pans "especially for the beginning householder," or one of a thousand other items and services.

Keeping the engagement announcement out of the newspapers does not foil the wedding merchants. They have ingenious methods of detecting prospective brides. If a girl buys a wedding accessory of some sort, the sales clerk may sell her name and address to the mailing-list entrepreneurs. If she fills out and mails just one of the dozens of coupons in a brides' magazine, she goes on a mailing list and the avalanche begins.

Many businesses use mailing lists, but no other with more zest than the wedding industry. Several months ago Josephine Carroccio, a 20-year-old student nurse who lives in New Fairfield, Conn., mailed a coupon requesting information on a silver pattern that interested her, even though she was not yet considering marriage. To this day, she is receiving swatches of wedding-gown fabrics, birth-control pamphlets, invitations to visit tropical resorts in the Bahamas (said one: "And you can see more in less time since you will be spending most of your time in your hotel room on your honeymoon") and ads for mother-of-the-bride dresses, lighting fixtures for her new home, a well-digging service, gifts for bridesmaids and ushers, wedding novelties, prefabricated homes, rugs, furniture, and a heart-shaped feminine-hygiene kit to take on her honeymoon. There was even a pamphlet that stated, "Now that you're getting married it's time to think about a grave site for you and your husband-to-be." Josephine says, "It was like turning on a faucet that got stuck, and I haven't been able to turn it off."

But the wedding industry does not thrive on hard sell alone. Last year the Bridal and Bridesmaids Apparel Association commissioned a study by a research firm called Marketing Solutions, Inc. The firm's report, released to the press as a scientific work, presented statistics indicating that "the divorce rate is more than twice as great among women not wearing a formal wedding gown as among those wearing a gown." Presumably, young women across the country, reading these findings in their local newspapers, got the message: Go along with the traditional wedding or dire things will happen to your marriage.

The same threat is implicit in the sales talks prospective brides and their families often encounter when they go to buy gowns and acces-

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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The price goes up fifty dollars for each tear in father's eye.

sories. The more aggressive wedding merchants hold to the theory that every parent, knowingly or not, harbors some degree of guilt about his real or imagined failings in bringing up his child. These merchants do all they can to exploit that guilt and all the other emotions that naturally arise when a parent is about to give his offspring in matrimony. Exploiting emotions is not new to the practice of salesmanship, but some of the wedding merchants have developed techniques worthy of a used-car dealer. When a father demurs at paying more than he wants to pay for catering, flowers or a gown, the sales person may say softly: "After all, a girl only gets married once, and this is the biggest day of her life. So why stint on a few dollars?" As a last resort the craftiest of clerks will say to the father in a pained voice: "How can you do this to *her?*"

Many wedding-gown shops skillfully maneuver the prospective bride onto a raised platform facing a full-length mirror when she tries on a gown. They slip a veil onto her head and a bouquet into her arms, and then someone turns on flattering spotlights and soft music, frequently the *Lohengrin* wedding march. The parents' eyes fill up, and that is the moment when price is mentioned. This approach rarely fails. Before strict price labeling was required by law in New York, the following instructions were issued to the staff of one department-store bridal shop: "(1) Suggest that the father accompany the prospective bride and her mother to the store. (2) Make the girl look as much as possible as she will at the wedding, with all accessories. (3) Watch the father's eyes, *not* the mother's, when the bride comes out of the dressing room. (4) The price goes up fifty dollars for each tear in father's eye."

Another pet theory of the wedding merchants involves the American birth rate. The merchant knows that many of the girls getting married these days—a record 1.8 million this year—were born during the baby boom during and just after World War II. And he guesses that many of the mothers of these girls had rather drab weddings—quick and simple solemnizations that took place while their fiancés were on leave from the armed forces. Such mothers, the theory goes, having missed out on the "traditional" wedding themselves, often are determined that their daughters will get the full treatment. "When one of those mothers walks in," a Los Angeles wedding consultant says, "I just take out my order book and start writing. I know papa doesn't have a chance."

But neither hypothesis begins to explain the burgeoning craze for splendiferous weddings. The American prosperity is a notable factor. So is the American penchant for status-seeking. "It's unfortunate," says Rabbi Raphael Levine of Temple de Hirsch in Seattle, "but the lavish wedding has become a display, like a limousine or a swimming pool, with which a father can demonstrate that he might be better than the next guy. It has become a part of our American culture, and it is evident in all faiths and in every part of the country. Whether they can afford an expensive wedding or not, lots of people seem to have to prove something to their friends, relatives and business contacts, and so they put on a big display."

One such display took place recently in a midwestern hotel. Two hundred and sixty people were present at the reception. The room was banked with pink roses ($3,500). There was a 12-piece orchestra and three strolling musicians ($1,000, including overtime). The bride's gown cost $850; the wedding cake, flanked by cages of live doves, was $275. With three bars, and champagne and sparkling burgundy served freely for toasts to the bride and groom, the liquor bill came to nine dollars per person, or $2,340. Dinner consisted of filet of sole, soup, filet mignon with a *bouquetière* of vegetables, a Baked Alaska dessert and demitasse. Cost: $16 per person, or $4,160. After dinner, there was a pastry table ($520). The photographer's bill for two "wedding books of color candids" was $1,000. Adding $250 for invitations and $450 for initialed matches, napkins, cigars, cigarettes, napkin rings, after-dinner mints and walnuts dipped in sugar frosting, plus tips, the total cost of the wedding was a little over $14,000.

Throughout the entire elegant affair, the bride looked embarrassed and miserable. Her father, on the other hand, kept beaming on the throng and accepting plaudits like a feudal lord. A friend of the family said, "You know, this wedding isn't for the bride at all. It's really for her father. He wants everybody in his business to think he's made it big. It's like a public-relations investment, and it had better pay off. Because I know how much money he *really* has."

And so, fathers struggle for years to make up for their few hours of ego satisfaction, and the nation's matrimonial expenditures swell far beyond its expenditures on higher education.

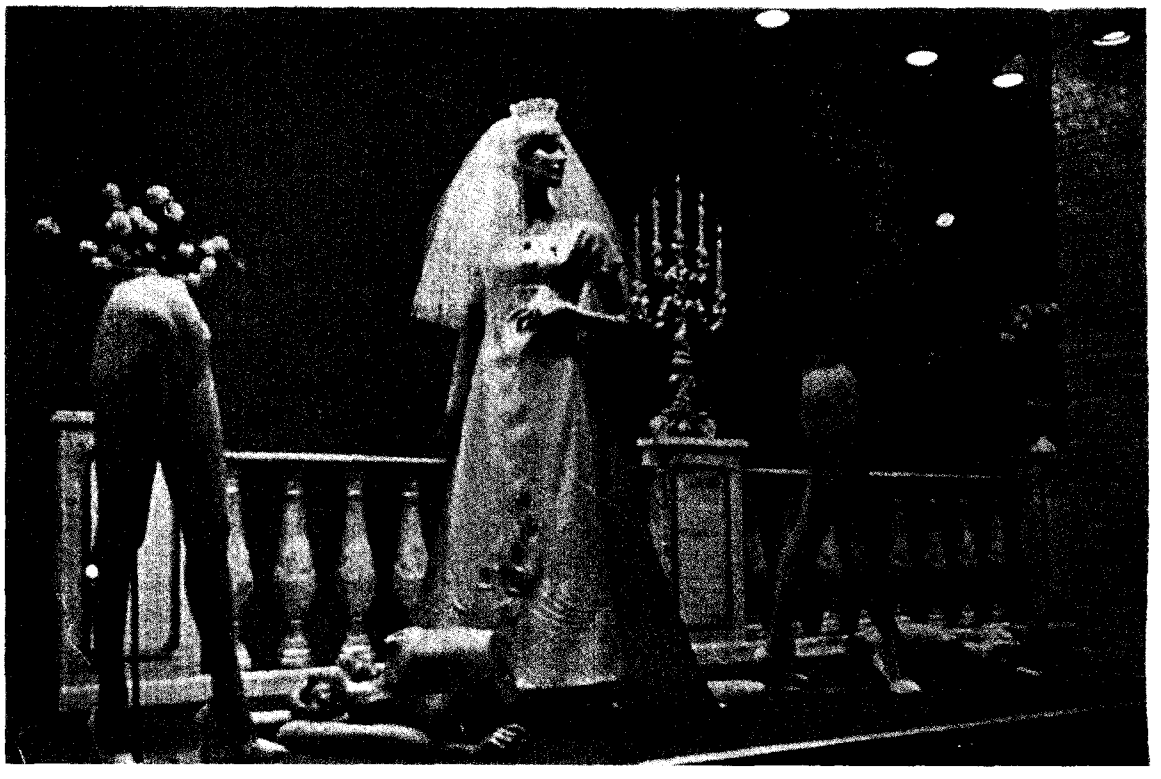
The bridal business used to be seasonal, with most of the activity concentrated on June. Now it is a continuous enterprise. June still leads the other months, with 13 percent of the marriages, but August is creeping up with 10.1 percent, and September and July are not far behind. The fall months are becoming more popular, and the industry expects that August or September will soon replace June as the wedding zenith.

This spreading out of the wedding business has enabled enterprising people to make a fairly steady year-round income by setting themselves up as "wedding consultants." They say, "Leave it all to me. I'll take care of everything." To the harried parents of a bride this is quite comforting and helpful—if they can bear the tariff. Not many can, which is why perhaps less than 20 percent of weddings are managed by wedding consultants.

Some wedding consultants, like George Horwich of Weddings, Inc., in Chicago, are straightforward in their dealings with the parents. Horwich charges a flat fee of $150 to $300 (according to the number of guests at the wedding) and he arranges all details—wedding invitations, music, photography, catering. The only task Horwich won't touch is the purchase of the wedding gown. "That's the mother's prerogative," he says, "and I don't want to tangle with her on *that*." Horwich has his own engraving services and sells wedding minutiae, such as book matches and cigarettes with the bride's and groom's names inscribed on them, but he never insists on any of this. He claims he often counsels clients to reduce their wedding budgets, and his records indicate that he once handled a wedding for six dollars—cheerfully, he says. A young soldier on leave from Vietnam was marrying his fiancée at city hall during her lunch hour, and on request Horwich rushed downtown with just a bridal bouquet.

Other wedding consultants favor the kickback system. In an astonishing outburst of candor, a woman who is a well-known wedding consultant in Beverly Hills, Calif., admitted: "I get a flat fee for

At Gaper's in Chicago, chef Earl Viking puts the finishing touches on a day's cakes. Less scrupulous firms sometimes use a wedding's leftovers as the base for a new cake.



Stripped and dismembered mannequins, their dresses sold off their plaster backs during one hectic May evening, litter the window of Taffy's Bridal Salon in Chicago.

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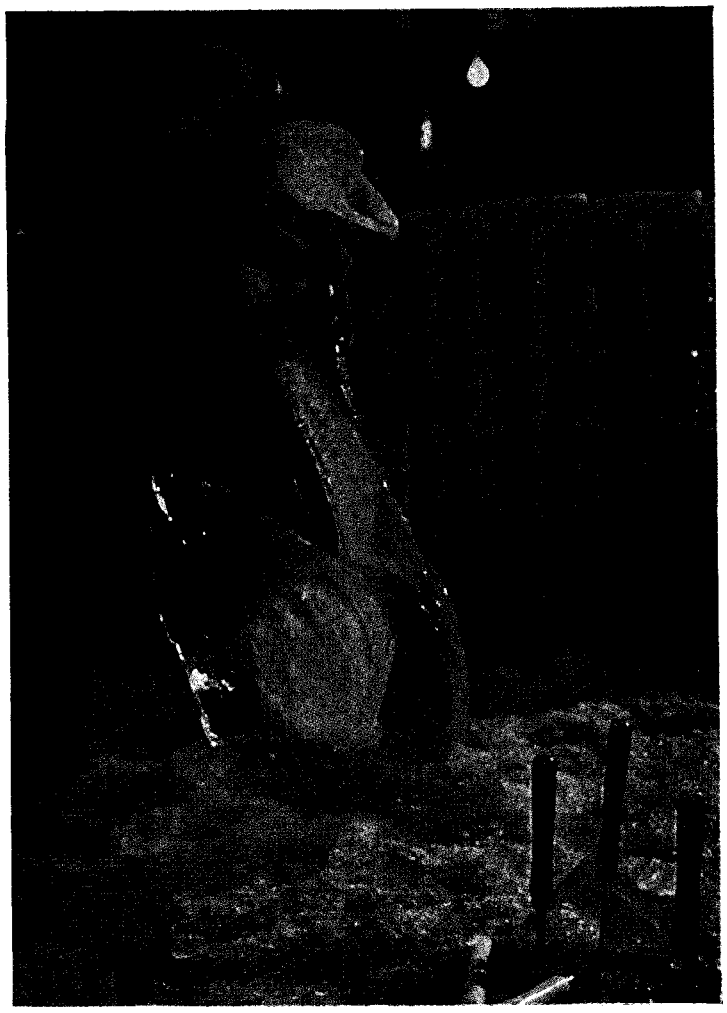
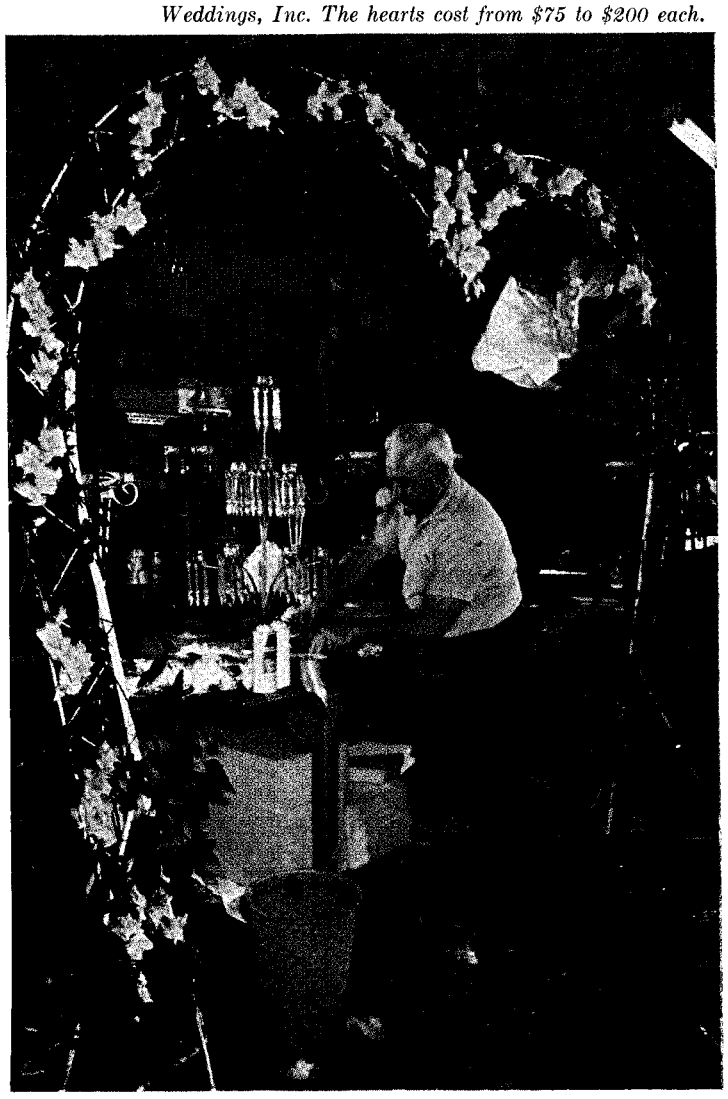
How about a nice shower of petals left over from a funeral?



In one of Neiman-Marcus's bridal shops, a nuptial sculptor creates a swan out of ice. Below, Sol Hammer makes his specialty, a wrought-iron-and-flowers heart, for Weddings, Inc. The hearts cost from $75 to $200 each.



my services from the father of the bride. This ranges from a minimum of five hundred dollars to a maximum of one thousand dollars. In addition, I get a twenty percent commission from the florist I bring in, ten percent from the orchestra leader, ten percent from the photographer, and from ten to twenty percent from the caterer or hotel I steer the wedding to.

"What's wrong with that?" she asked belligerently. "Don't the travel agents get a kickback from the airlines?"

The banquet manager of a leading New York City hotel explained the difference between the wedding consultants' kickback and the commissions paid to travel agents by airlines. "The airlines," he said, "don't jack up the price of the passenger's ticket to make up for the travel-agent's commission. Besides, the arrangement is open and aboveboard, and everyone knows about it. Here we're dealing in a black-market operation. When a certain wedding consultant brings a wedding to me, I know I have to pay her six percent. The parents of the bride don't know it. I don't want to take the loss, so I charge twelve dollars for a roast beef dinner instead of ten dollars, and who pays? The father. The same thing happens with the orchestra leader, the photographer, the florist, and so on. They all have to kick back to the wedding consultant, so they too jack up the father's bill. He doesn't realize it. He thinks he's just paying the wedding consultant's flat fee, but actually he's also paying for all the kickbacks—hundreds or perhaps even thousands of dollars."

Wedding consultants, on the other hand, insist they save clients considerable money by helping them avoid dozens of unexpected little charges and cheats. Lillian Haines of Los Angeles says she tells clients to use square tablecloths rented from a laundry instead of the round ones some caterers supply; the saving is $2.50 per cloth. She also warns customers against some caterers' favorite little tricks—scooping up the often untouched layers of the wedding cake at one reception and using them to build the bulk of another cake for another reception, thus getting paid twice for what is basically the same cake. Mrs. Haines, who handles some of the most elaborate weddings in the Los Angeles area, says she frequently steers clients who are not wealthy into an afternoon reception at home for 100 guests, which she can put on, without stinting, for about $1,000.

Another wedding consultant recalls the time a factory worker came to him to inquire about invitations for his daughter's wedding. The consultant asked where the reception was going to be and the man mentioned a public hall over a bowling alley. "How much are they charging you for food and service?" asked the consultant. "Three-fifty a head," said the man. "Fair enough," said the consultant, "but how about liquor?" The man said, "Fifteen dollars a bottle."

The consultant looked at the man. "You can't *afford* that," he said. "The liquor is where they've hooked you. You're going to end up paying over a thousand dollars just for drinks." The man turned white. "Well," said the consultant, "let's see what I can do for you." He got on the phone and called a small hotel where an excellent buffet dinner was available at four dollars per person. He arranged for the same amount of liquor at retail prices, plus a two-dollar "corkage charge" for serving it, but even so, the liquor expense averaged less than seven dollars per bottle. This arrangement cut the total cost of the reception by half. When a bride's father pays a hotel for wine and whiskey by the bottle (the usual charge is about $15 for a bottle of Scotch or bourbon, $12.50 and up for imported nonvintage champagne, prices that represent a 75 percent margin of profit for the hotel), he should ask in advance what, in terms of the hotel's experience, this will cost per person. If the answer is between four dollars and six dollars, the estimate agrees with the national average of what people drink at parties; and once having committed himself, the banquet manager's liquor bill usually will be in that range. If the answer is evasive, the father should beware. In the excite ment of the wedding reception, he certainly can' keep track of the number of bottles emptied, and he could end up being charged double or triple what his guests actually drank.

Hotel managers freely declare that it is the wine and liquor on which they make the bulk of their wedding-reception profits. The same is true of clubs. In the mill towns of New England, where wedding receptions frequently are held in veterans'-organization halls, each drink is rung up, at bar prices, on a cash register, and at the end of the evening the bride's father must pay whatever the cash register reads. One club operator in Connecticut admitted: "It usually runs to about thirty percent more than the guy expected to pay. Let's say it's kind of a contribution to the organization."

The florists, too, know little ways of catching extra wedding dollars. There are some who try to palm off overaged flowers, which cost them less than half the price of fresh flowers in the wholesale market but which may begin to shed their petals before the "I do's" are pronounced. Some try to persuade customers to have a "shower of petals" fall from an overhead container on the bride and groom as they embrace at the altar, and this too is a practical way to resell once-used frag ments from, say, a funeral. And of course if an oversentimental bride says, "I just *must* be married on Saint Valentine's Day," how many florists will warn her that the prices of wedding flowers double and triple because of an automatic increase in wholesale prices on St. Valentine's Day—as well as on Mother's Day, Christmas and New Year's Day? Sol Hammer, a Chicago florist, says, "Anyone who wants to get married on those holidays is either a millionaire or crazy."

"Doubling up" is a favorite ploy in New York. If a florist has an order to decorate a hotel ballroom for an evening wedding and then an afternoon wedding is booked into the same room, he may try to "double up" by selling the same basic decorations, with a few changes, to both weddings. One afternoon-father, however, knew that the evening-father was paying $1,500 for floral decorations that required two days to install. The afternoon-father was approached by the florist, who offered to let him "double up" at half the price, which he said would be $1,000. "No, thanks," said the afternoon-father, "but I'll tell you what you can do. We'll get our own flowers and we'll be out of the room by five-thirty in the afternoon. Then you can come in and do your two days of work in the hour and half before the evening wedding begins."

"You've got me," said the florist, knowing when he was defeated. "How much were you thinking of spending for flowers?"

"Three hundred dollars," said the afternoon-father. And that's what he ended up spending for use of the entire $1,500 worth of decorations.

With the photographers, it is not so much skulduggery as relentless high-pressure salesmanship. Some get the foot in the door with a reasonable offer of $100 or so for a complete set of "candids" of the wedding. But then come the extras. They point out that one just doesn't leave loose photographs flapping around naked. So there is the "wedding book," a handsomely bound volume of mounted pictures—sometimes available with a music-box cover which plays *Here Comes the Bride* when opened. And if the bride and groom are to have a wedding book, shouldn't there be one too for the bride's parents and another for the groom's parents "to remember this most memorable event in their lives"? Color prints in a wedding book run

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up to $10 apiece, so three wedding books of 20 prints apiece can balloon the cost of photography to more than $600.

A wedding-photographing firm called Gittings, in Dallas, Tex., requires a minimum order of $100 for 10 candids. "But," said an employee of the studio, "if people ordered just ten we'd go broke in a week. The average order is four hundred and sixty-nine dollars." Hung all over the walls of the Gittings Studio in the Neiman-Marcus department store are huge bridal photographs in color, each measuring nearly three by four feet. Designed to be hung over a mantelpiece these gargantuan portraits are very popular in the Texas market. With gilt frame, they cost $1,100 each.

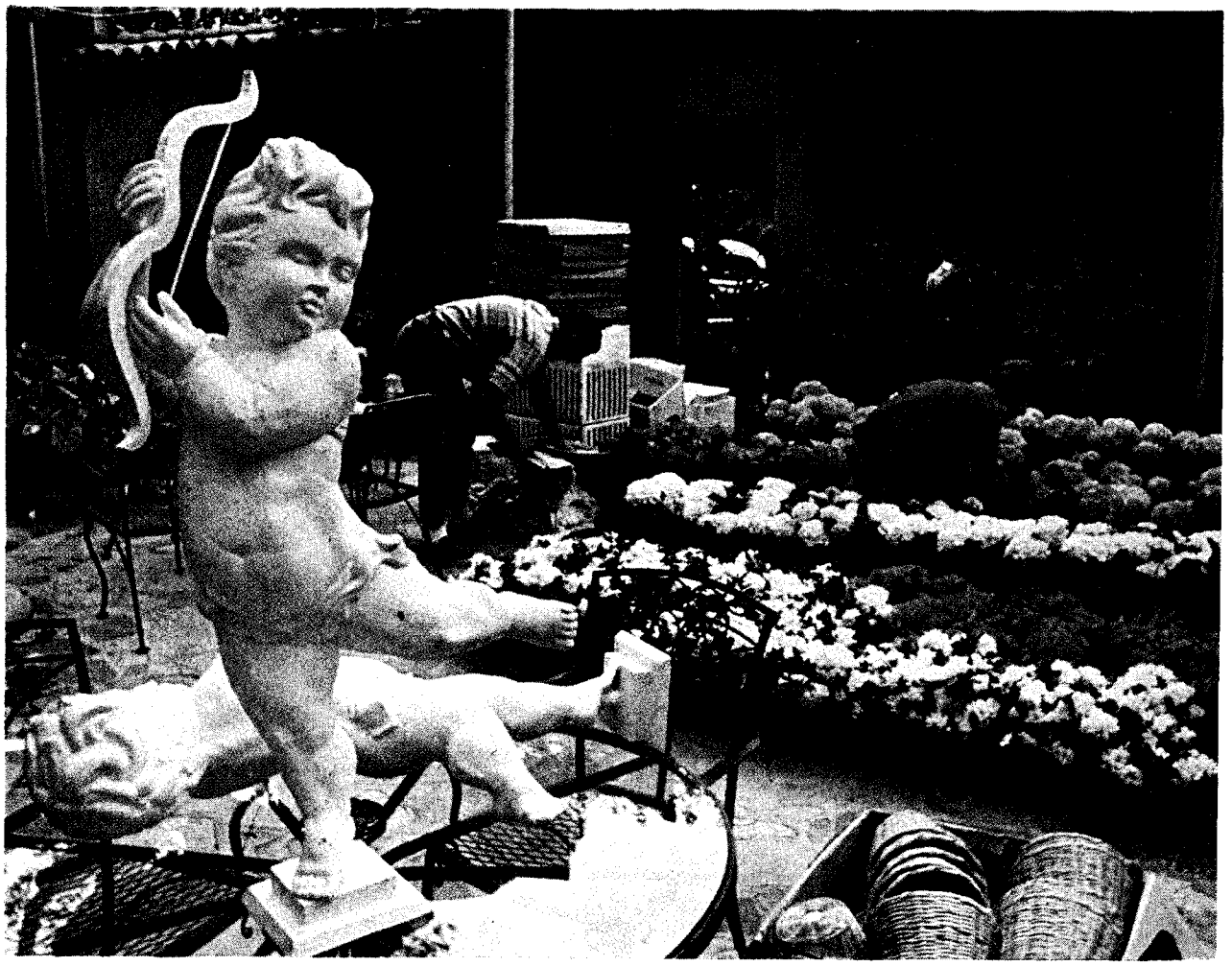
Another well-rewarded photographer is Hy Sher, who began his business in New York but quickly moved to Los Angeles after a West Coast family paid him $3,300 plus his airplane fare to fly out to photograph their daughter's wedding. Sher's minimum charge is $210 per wedding book, but, he says, it is not unusual for people to order 70 or 80 additional prints at $7.50 apiece. He also takes color movies of weddings, a rapidly growing new specialty in the bridal industry. Sher, who likes to be called "the Alfred Hitchcock of the wedding movies," creates what he calls "magical sequences" or "pop-ins." As he explains it, "There could be a shot of the bride getting dressed for the wedding and she is thinking of the groom. She closes her eyes and the groom 'pops in' to a corner of the screen, maybe in a heart-shaped superimposition. It is lovely." Sher gets $375 for the first 800 feet of 16-millimeter film, and each additional 100 feet costs $50. He guarantees against such mishaps as "the bridesmaids chewing gum or having their legs in an awkward position."

Like photography, the wedding-music game is largely a matter of salesmanship rather than unscrupulous practices. Musicians' fees usually are set by union scale, so unless the father of the bride wants the Tijuana Brass (as one Houston father did until he found out the price was $5.000), he can get music as cheaply as $10 per hour per musician, plus double the per-man rate for the leader. There is, however, one gimmick to beware, called "overselling the room." It simply means insisting to the father of the bride that the room in which the reception is to be held "calls for," say, 12 musicians, when three or four would do nicely. The phrase "calls for" implies that the 12-man proposal is a regulation. It isn't.

In the bridal-gown business, the honest retail dealer is satisfied with the normal 40 to 50 percent markup, but there are those who take advantage of the nothing-is-too-good-for-my-daughter sentimentality. Among the offenders are some of the fashionable bridal salons in the big department stores. A salon will make a deal with a manufacturer for a "one-of-a-kind exclusive" (meaning that no other retailer in that city will carry the same dress) and then sew in the salon's own label and charge whatever the traffic will bear. One such gown cost $1,800 in a New York store; less than 150 miles away in Pennsylvania the same gown—no longer a "one-of-a-kind exclusive"—sold in three shops for $895. The retailers said that the wholesale price was $675.

Gown prices are unreliable even in the least expensive lines. (The average wedding-gown price is $105.) In a bridal shop in Philadelphia recently, a gown that cost $19.75 wholesale was retailing for $75. One girl who bought the dress returned it just after her wedding. The beading, which one would expect to be *sewn* onto a dress that costs $75, had merely been glued on, and the beads, like the girl's tears, were falling in profusion. The saleswoman was amazed. "It's the first time," she said apologetically, "that the glue didn't hold until after the wedding."

In spite of all the pressures for extravagance,



Workmen at the Bel-Air Bay Club, Pacific Palisades, Calif., get ready for a reception after the wedding of Mary Beth McKinley. The heated patio, below, sported a dozen caged doves, and gardenia trees on every table.

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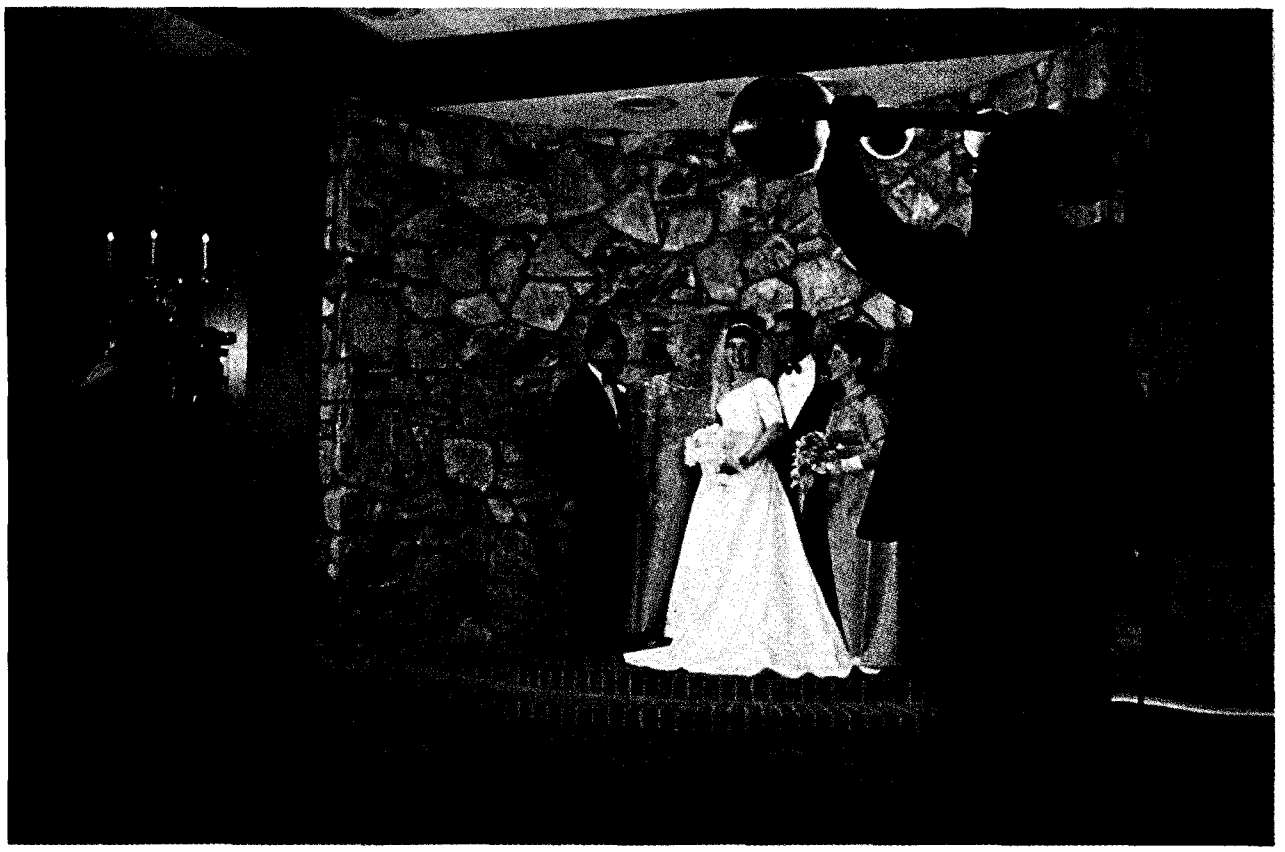

The Huntington Town House, a low-price "wedding palace" on Long Island, has 11 banquet halls, and it is common for half a dozen brides to rub elbows in the lobby. Here bride, groom and bride's family pose in a special photo nook.

some close observers of the wedding trade—including clergymen and wedding merchants themselves—point to some encouraging changes in the American way of wedding.

First, there is the revolt of the young. Michael Paige, the society orchestra leader in southern California, gloomily reports that no less than six of his big weddings were canceled this June. "It's the kids," he says, "not the parents. They blame it on Vietnam." Young brides say they do not want a lavish wedding display when their new husbands are facing the draft and their lives are generally in turmoil. "I told Papa we'd like to get married quietly and simply in church," said Janice Horner of California, "and that if he gave us just half of what he was planning to spend on our wedding, Bob and I could live together wherever the Army sends him, maybe even overseas, unless he goes to Vietnam."

This attitude among young brides-to-be prompted Cahill, Ltd., a West Coast wedding-gown manufacturer, suddenly to put out an entire new line of short, street-length gowns. "We found that, what with Vietnam and all, a lot of kids were balking at having father pay so much for a gown they'll wear just once and put away," a Cahill executive explained. "We found that they're beginning to demand something relatively inexpensive—which the short dress is, since it requires much less fabric—and they want it to be unflashy, so they can keep wearing it as a cocktail dress after they're married."

Not long ago, John Van Drill, a New Jersey man who owned a large cleaning-and-dyeing establishment, decided to set up a national chain of low-overhead, strictly honest bridal-gown shops. Soon he had 28 stores organized into what he called (after his wife) the Sally Wallace Round Table, and last year the chain grossed more than one million dollars.

The Sally Wallace idea is an intelligent one, and it is beginning to spread through the industry. All of Van Drill's shops are run by motherly women who have been through the throes of marrying off children. The shops are in the homes of these ladies, usually in a remodeled basement or garage, and to promote the neighborly feeling each is named after the proprietress. Mrs. Betty Miller, for example, runs Betty's Bridal House in Harrisburg, Pa., and Mrs. Mary Klemmer's establishment in her home in Lancaster, Pa., is called Mary's Bridal House. Each shop is stocked with about 200 wedding and bridesmaids' gowns of good quality. The maximum markup is 42 percent, and no store is allowed to charge more than $8.50 for alterations. Van Drill's proprietresses, moreover, will, on request, take over the complete function of the wedding consultant, arranging catering, photography and the like, but are forbidden to accept any payment for these services. It also is Van Drill's policy to allow his proprietresses to cut prices in hardship cases, on the grounds that an occasional act of generosity produces goodwill—and more sales.

While John Van Drill makes innovations in the bridal-gown business, Arthur Najamy, on a smaller scale, is pioneering a fresh approach to the catering of weddings. Najamy owns the Fountain Room, the most popular public hall for weddings in Danbury, Conn. Najamy is prospering because of a practice almost unheard of in the wedding business: He will *not* provide the whiskey and wine for the wedding receptions at his establishment. "When people come in here to negotiate for a wedding—and I don't care who they are—I give them a package deal, which usually comes out to $4.50 a head," Najamy says. "For that they get hors d'oeuvres, a complete dinner, setups and a bartender. They don't have to pay for the hall, and they don't have to pay 15 percent for tips. I tell them to go to a package store and buy their own liquor at retail prices, or even to get it wholesale if they can."

Another even more inclusive version of the package deal is being offered by dozens of so-called "wedding palaces" which have sprung up in the last few years, mostly in the suburbs of big cities. The wedding palace is a building erected specifically for the purpose of staging as many as 10 wedding receptions in various rooms at the same time. The wedding palace usually is splendidly decorated with hearts, cherubs and statuary honoring various goddesses of love. Huntington Town House in Huntington, Long Island, features a 20-foot crystal chandelier copied from an original in Schönbrunn Castle in Austria, and its brides' dressing rooms, it boasts, are patterned after "Marie Antoinette's boudoir." Leonard's in Great Neck, Long Island, resembles a plush glass-and-plaster Miami Beach hotel. But whether gaudy or restrained in decor, the wedding palace provides financial respite for the hard-pressed father of the bride, as long as he doesn't mind running into *other* wedding parties on his daughter's day.

The wedding palace is the discount house of the catering industry. Leonard's, for example, has a package deal which involves a flat fee of $11.45 per person for everything, including smorgasbord, unlimited cocktails, flowers, candelabra, a six-course dinner with champagne, unlimited liquor served throughout the affair, a full-sized wedding cake "with flaming cake ceremony," tips, parking, cloakroom, cigarettes and personalized book matches. The only extras for such a wedding reception are music and photography, and it is suggested that both could be obtained for as little as $250. An equivalent wedding elsewhere would run to more than double the Leonard's price.

The big department stores also are entering the comprehensive bridal business. Neiman-Marcus, which has long had a fine wedding-gown shop, recently added services that make it possible to order everything except the minister without leaving the store. Everything is priced according to the store's 40 percent markup policy, and a customer is charged on his regular Neiman-Marcus bill. There are no kickbacks, no commissions. Says Helen Corbitt, the astute, bluff woman who heads the store's catering service: "My prices are the same for *everyone*. I won't go over fifty cents a serving for a wedding cake, whether the customer be oil millionaire or taxi driver."

The greatest factor of all in the restoration of some measure of sanity to the wedding madness is the rising indignation of many clergymen. A few years ago the Rev. Allison Williams of Trinity Presbyterian Church in Atlanta entered his house of worship for a wedding ceremony and found it nearly smothered with $3,000 worth of orchids imported from Hawaii by the father of the bride. "There was so much foliage," says Dr. Williams, "that the church looked like the upper reaches of the Amazon Valley, and some wag had put a sign on my lectern reading 'No hunting allowed.' After that, I instituted strict rules about the decoration of the church."

Dr. Williams says, "I constantly preach that simplicity in weddings is in good taste. I tell the parents of brides that their daughters would rather have their love than a lavish display of wealth. This is all part of the key mission of our church, I believe. Protestantism has given way too much to individual whim and pomp and ceremony, and this is eroding away any meaning the church should have."

Another Atlanta clergyman, the Rev. Frank Ross of All Saints Episcopal Church, also preaches simplicity in weddings, and his pleas have been so effective that 60 percent of his congregation—including some of the wealthiest parishioners—have their daughters' wedding receptions in the parish house.

"I sometimes think," he says, "that the church is just used to provide a beautiful setting and it is unwittingly being used to justify the overcommercialization and the excesses. Marriage is an intimate experience and only intimate friends and family should be at the wedding. It is not a social occasion to pay back social obligations. The real job of the clergy, I think, is not just presiding over the pomp and ceremony of the launching—like blessing the shrimp fleet—but to help keep the marriage together six months after the bride and groom learn what living with each other is really like." Throughout the country more and more clergymen of all faiths are banning lavish

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'There was so much foliage the church looked like the Amazon.'

floral displays and are pleading for a return to religious simplicity in the wedding reception as opposed to what one has called "neo-pagan fertility-rite excesses."

Despite these wholesome portents, the behavior of much of the wedding industry continues to resemble that of the funeral industry, which received its comeuppance from book and magazine exposés a few years ago. A wedding-gown retailer, when discussing his advertised price of, say, $49.95 for the basic wedding dress, will declare, "Well, that's just like the funeral director's forty-nine-dollar funeral. We advertise it but we do our best not to sell it." The florists, who work both sides of the street, use their wedding and funeral terminology—and flowers—interchangeably.

A faintly macabre similarity can be found in a popular new wedding specialty—the "preserved wedding gown." After the wedding, the gown is packed in a voile-covered fiberboard box which closely resembles a coffin. It even has a lid that may be raised so the ex-bride can view the loved garment through the transparent-plastic inner container in which it is housed. The gown is cleansed and treated with chemicals before it is sealed in its container. Said one earnest preserved-gown entrepreneur: "We learned the techniques from the undertakers and from studying the methods used in ancient Egypt to preserve mummies." The price is about $40.

The wedding and funeral industries have actually merged at the world-famous Forest Lawn mortuary and cemetery in Glendale, Calif. In order to make more intensive use of its many chapels and synthetic art treasures in the slack moments between burials, Forest Lawn's creator, Hubert Eaton (who prefers to be called The Dreamer), decided a few years ago to go into the wedding business. Since that decision, more than 55,000 couples have experienced what The Dreamer's promotional literature calls "The Wedding of Your Dreams" in such Forest Lawn mortuary edifices as The Church of the Hills, The Church of the Recessional, The Song of the Angels Chapel and The Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

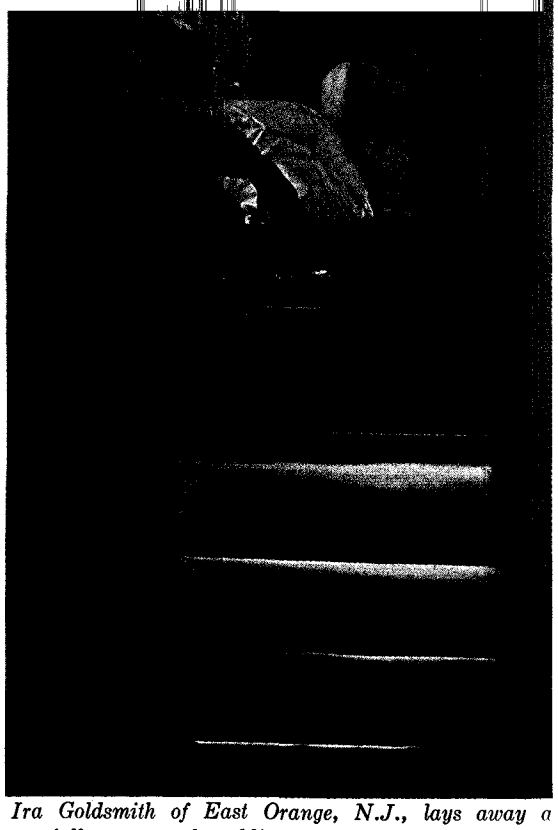
Recently a mother and daughter visited Forest Lawn to make arrangements for a wedding. The "wedding-service counselor," a gray-haired, middle-aged woman in a navy-blue suit, glibly listed the dozens of special wedding items and services that Forest Lawn provides, including—for $157.50—a comprehensive assortment of floral decorations and "glomelia" corsages.

"What," asked the mother, "are glomelias?"

"Glomelias," replied the wedding-service counselor curtly, "are petals from gladiolas which are fashioned into camellialike flowers."

When all the details had been discussed, the mother said to the counselor, "There's just one thing I'm troubled about. What happens if our wedding party leaves the chapel and runs right into a funeral cortege?"

"Well," said the wedding counselor, shrugging, "that's life." □



Ira Goldsmith of East Orange, N.J., lays away a specially preserved wedding dress in an airtight, see-through container. The technique was adapted from that developed by the Egyptians to preserve mummies.

They're married. The cake has been cut. The bride and groom have gone. The guests enjoy a last dance and glass of champagne, and the father of the bride gets ready to face the music.

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Young and invincible, Boston's Smoky Joe Wood is surrounded by Red Sox fans as he warms up for the classic game of 1912 in which he beat Walter Johnson, 1–0.

THE

By Lawrence S. Ritter

This is the story of the early days of baseball, the story of Ty Cobb coming up from the South in 1905 with a chip on his shoulder, the story of men who now are legendary heroes: Walter Johnson and Christy Mathewson, Smoky Joe Wood and Rube Waddell, John McGraw and Honus Wagner.

But it is also much, much more. This is the story of America before World War I, when the country and baseball were still growing up. Jacques Barzun, the distinguished Columbia University scholar, was right when he wrote, "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball." The players, telling their own stories, re-create the sights and sounds, the vigor and vitality, of an era that can never return. Here is the exuberance and unbounded optimism of a nation confident of its ability to shape the future to its own will. In these tape-recorded narratives, men now in their 70's and 80's tell how they chased a dream and, for a while at least, caught it and lived it.

For these men, yesterday, their day of glory, has more immediacy than today. They do not have to reconstruct. All they have to do is recollect. They were there. This is what it felt like to be young and a big-leaguer in a high-spirited country a long time ago.

RUBE MARQUARD

One of the great pitchers in the game's history, Rube Marquard was 18 when he joined the Giants in 1908. His fierce determination to break into organized baseball as a teen-ager was typical of many players of the time.

My nickname being what it is, you probably automatically assume I must have been a country boy. That's what most people figure. But it's not so. Fact is, my father was the chief engineer of the city of Cleveland, and that's where I was born and reared.

Then how come I'm called "Rube"? Well, I'll get to that. But let me tell you about my father first. Like I say, he was the chief engineer of the city of Cleveland. As far as he was concerned, the

© 1966 by Lawrence S. Ritter. An excerpt from the book "The Glory of Their Times" to be published by The Macmillan Co.

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GLORY OF THEIR TIMES

only important thing was for me to get a good education. But as far back as I can remember, all I could think of, morning, noon and night, was baseball.

"Now listen," Dad would say, "I want you to cut this out and pay attention to your studies. I want you to go to college when you're through high school, and I don't want any foolishness about it. Without an education you won't be able to get a good job, and then you'll *never* amount to anything."

"I already have a job," I'd say.

"You've got a job? What are you talking about?"

"I'm going to be a ballplayer."

"A ballplayer?" he'd say, and throw his hands up in the air. "What do you mean? How can you make a living being a ballplayer? I don't understand why a grown man would wear those funny-looking suits in the first place."

"Well," I'd answer, "you see policemen with uniforms on, and other people like that. They change after they're through working. It's the same way with ballplayers."

"Ha! Do ballplayers get paid?"

"Yes, they get paid."

"I don't believe it! Ballplayers are no good," he'd say, "and they never will be any good."

And with that he'd slam the door and go outside and sit on the porch, and not talk to me for the rest of the evening.

The thing is, I was always very tall for my age. I had three brothers and a sister, and my sister was the shortest of the five of us. She grew to be six feet two. So I was always hanging around the older kids and playing ball with them instead of with kids my own age. When I was about 13 I used to carry bats for Napoleon Lajoie and Elmer Flick and Terry Turner and a lot of the other Cleveland Indians. They weren't called the Indians then. They were called the Cleveland Bronchos and then the Naps, after Napoleon Lajoie.

Then later I even pitched a few games for Bill Bradley's Boo Gang. Bill Bradley was the Cleveland third baseman—one of the greatest who ever lived—and he also barnstormed with his Boo Gang after the season was over. So by the time I was only 15 or 16 I knew a lot of ballplayers, and I had my heart set on becoming a big leaguer myself.

One of my friends was a catcher named Howard Wakefield. He was about five years older than I was. In 1906 he was playing for the Waterloo club in the Iowa State League, and that spring—when I was only 16—I got a letter from him.

"We can use a good left-handed pitcher," the letter said, "and if you want to come to Waterloo, I'll recommend you to the manager." I think Howard thought that I was at least 18 or 19, because I was so big for my age.

I wrote the manager, asking for an advance for a train ticket, but when no money came, I just took off. I left home and bummed my way to Waterloo, Iowa. I was 16 years old, and I'd never been away from home before. It took me five days and five nights, riding freight trains, sleeping in open fields, hitching rides any way I could. My money ran out on the third day, and after that I ate when and how I could.

Finally, though, the freight slowly drew into the Illinois Central station at Waterloo, Iowa, and just before it came to a stop I jumped off and went tumbling head over heels right in front of the passenger house. I hardly had time to pick myself up off the ground before the stationmaster grabbed me.

"What do you think you're doing?" he growled. "Come on, get out of here before I run you in."

"No," I said, "I'm reporting to the Waterloo ball club."

"You're what?" he says. "My God, did you ever wash your face?"

"Yes I did," I said, "but I've been traveling five days and five nights, and I'm anxious to get to the ball park. Where do the ballplayers hang around?"

"At the smoke shop," he said, "down the street about half a mile. If you walk down there, probably whoever you're looking for will be there."

So I thanked him and told him I'd see that he got a free pass to the ball game as soon as I got settled, and started off for the smoke shop. It turned out that two brothers owned the smoke shop, and they also owned the ball club. One of them was behind the counter when I walked in. He took one look at me and let out a roar.

"What are you doing in here?" he yelled. "This is a respectable place. Get out of here."

I told him I was going to pitch for the ball club.

"Are you kidding?" he said. "Who in the world ever recommended you?"

"Howard Wakefield did."

"Well," he said, "Wakefield is in back shooting billiards. We'll soon settle this!"

"I'd like to go back and see him," I said.

"Don't you go back there," he shouted. "You'll drive everybody out. Did you ever take a bath?"

"Of course I did," I said, "but I've bummed my way here, and I haven't had a chance to clean up yet."

So he called to the back, and in a minute out came Howard. "Holy Cripes!" he said. "What happened to you?"

I was explaining it to him when in came Mr. Frisbee, the manager, and I was introduced to him.

"Keokuk is here tomorrow," he said, "and we'll pitch you."

"Tomorrow? You want me to pitch tomorrow after what I've been through?"

"Tomorrow or never, young fellow!"

"All right," I said. "But could I have five dollars in advance so I can get a clean shirt or something?"

"After the game tomorrow," he said, and walked away.

So Howard took me to his rooming house, and I cleaned up there and had something to eat, and they let me sleep on an extra cot they had.

The next day we went out to the ball park, and I was introduced to the players and given a uniform that was too small for me. The Keokuk team was shagging balls while I warmed up, and they kept making comments about green rookies and bushers, and how they'd knock me out of the box in the first inning. Oh, I felt terrible. I had an awful headache, and I was exhausted. But I was determined to show them that I could make good, and I went out there and won that game, 6–1.

After the game I went to Mr. Frisbee and said, "Well, I showed you I could deliver the goods. Can we talk about a contract now?"

"Oh," he said, "Keokuk is in last place. Wait until Oskaloosa comes in this weekend. They're in second place. They're a tough team, and if you can beat them then we'll talk."

"Can't I get any money, any advance money, on my contract?" I asked him.

"You haven't got a contract."

"I can beat anybody," Rube Marquard once boasted, and in the season of 1912 he just about did. Rube won 19 games in a row that year for the New York Giants, still a record.

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It was all different, a game of guile and speed, of hitters who tried for singles, and pitchers who could throw forever.

Agile, fast and tremendously strong, Honus Wagner was the era's finest ballplayer.

"All right," I said, and I didn't say another word.

That evening, when it got dark I went down to the railroad station, and the same stationmaster was there.

"Hey," he said, "you pitched a fine game today. I was there and you did a great job. What are you doing back here? Did you come to give me that free ticket you promised me?"

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I'm going back home to Cleveland, and I want to know what time a freight comes by." And I explained to him everything that had happened.

He was very nice to me, and after we talked awhile he said, "Look, this train comes in at one o'clock in the morning, and the engine unhooks and goes down to the water tower. When it does, you sneak into the baggage compartment, and meanwhile I'll talk to the baggage man before the engine gets hooked up again. Then when the train pulls out and is about five miles out of town, he'll open the baggage door and let you out."

So that all happened, and when we were five miles out of town the door opened, and the baggage man appeared. I talked with him all the way to Chicago, and as we got close to the yards, he said to me, "OK, you better get ready to jump now. There are a lot of detectives around here, and if you're not careful they'll grab you and throw you in jail. So once you get on the ground, don't hesitate. Beat it away from here as fast as you can."

The baggage man must have told the engineer about me, because we slowed down to a crawl just before we approached the Chicago yards, and off I jumped. I got out of there quick and took off down the street. I don't know what street it was, and I'm not sure where I was headed, but I do remember that I was awfully tired. It was the middle of the morning, and I had hardly slept a wink the night before.

I'd walked about three or four blocks, when I passed by a fire-engine house. Evidently all the firemen were out at a fire, because the place was empty. I was tired, so I went in and sat down. Well, they had a big-bellied iron stove in there, and it was warm, and I guess I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew a couple of firemen were shaking me and doing everything they could to wake me up. They called me a bum and a lot of other names, and told me to get out of there or they'd have me thrown in jail.

"I'm no bum," I said, "I'm a ballplayer."

"What, you a ballplayer! Where did you ever play?"

So I told them: Cleveland, around the sandlots, and in Waterloo, Iowa, too. And I told them all about it.

They still didn't really believe me. They asked me did I know Three-Fingered Brown, Tinker, Evers, Chance, and all those fellows.

"No," I said, "I don't know them. But some day I'll be playing with them, or against them, because I'm going to get in the big leagues."

"Where are you going now?" they asked me.

"Back home to Cleveland."

"Have you got any money?"

"No."

So they got up a little pool of about five dollars and said, "Well, on your way. And use this to get something to eat."

I thanked them, and as I left I told them that some day I'd be back. "When I get to the big leagues," I said, "I'm coming out to visit you when we get to Chicago."

And home I went. I played around home all the rest of that summer, and then the next summer, 1907, I got a job with an ice-cream company in Cleveland. I made $25 a week: $15 for checking the cans on the truck that would take the ice cream away, and $10 a Sunday, when I pitched for the company team. It was a good team. We played the best semipro clubs in the Cleveland area, and I beat them all. I was only 17, but I hardly lost a game.

Then one day I got a postal card from the Cleveland ball club, asking me to come in and talk to them. Mr. Kilfoyl and Mr. Somers, the owners of the club, wanted to see me. I went in and told them, "I'm not signing with you or anybody else until I hear what you're offering. I've been taken advantage of before, and it's not going to happen again. I know a lot of ballplayers, and they always tell me not to sign with anybody unless I get a good salary. They all tell me you better get it when you're young, 'cause you sure won't get it when you're old."

"That's a lot of nonsense," Mr. Kilfoyl said. "Don't you worry. We'll treat you right. We'll give you a hundred dollars a month. That's a wonderful offer."

"I think he'll be overpaid," Mr. Somers says.

"I don't think that's so wonderful," I said. "And as for being overpaid, I get that much right now from the ice-cream company, and in addition I get to eat all the ice cream I want."

They wouldn't increase their price, and I wouldn't reduce mine, so I left and went home. On the way home, though, I stopped in this sporting-goods store at 724 Prospect Avenue. It was owned by Bill Bradley and Charlie Carr, and was a popular hangout for ballplayers. Bill Bradley, of course, played third base for Cleveland, and Charlie Carr managed and played first base for Indianapolis in the American Association.

When I walked in the door, Bill Bradley said, "Hello, Big Leaguer, I understand the boss wants to sign you up."

"Not me," I said, "he wouldn't pay me as much as I already make with the ice-cream company."

"You know, I manage the Indianapolis club," Charlie Carr said to me.

"I know that."

"How would you like to sign with me?"

"You're in the minor leagues," I said. "If a major-league club won't pay me what I want, how could you do it?"

"How much do you want?"

I took a deep breath. "Two hundred a month."

"Wow! You want all the money, don't you!" he said.

"No, but you want a good pitcher, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," I said, "I'm one."

And darned if he didn't agree to it. So right then and there I signed my first professional contract, with Indianapolis of the American Association.

When I got home that night I had to tell my Dad about it, because I was to leave for Indianapolis the next day. Oh, that was a terrible night. Finally, Dad said, "Now listen, I've told you time and time again that I don't want you to be a professional ballplayer. But you've got your mind made up. Now I'm going to tell you something: When you cross that threshold, don't come back. I don't ever want to see you again."

"You don't mean that, Dad," I said.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I'm going," I said, "and some day you'll be proud of me."

"Proud!" he said. "You're breaking my heart, and I don't ever want to see you again."

"I won't break your heart," I said. "I'll add more years to your life. You wait and see."

So I went to Indianapolis. They optioned me out to Canton in the Central League for the rest of the 1907 season, and I won 23 games with them, which was one third of all the games the Canton club won that year.

The next year I opened the season with Indianapolis and pitched the first game against Kansas City. I won, 2–1, and that evening the story in the Indianapolis *Star* read like this: "The American Association season opened up today, and it was a beautiful game between two fine teams. Each had great pitching, with an eighteen-year-old right-hander pitching for Kansas City and an eighteen-year-old left-hander for the home team. The right-hander with Kansas City looks like he's going to develop into a great pitcher. They call him Smoky Joe Wood. But we have a left-hander with Indianapolis who is going places, too. He resembles one of the great left-handed pitchers of all time: Rube Waddell." And from that day on they nicknamed me "Rube."

I had a wonderful season that year with Indianapolis. I pitched 47 complete games, won 28 of them, led the league in most strikeouts, least hits, most innings pitched, and everything. Occasionally what I'd do would be reported in the Cleveland papers, and friends of mine would tell me that they'd pass by the house and see Dad sitting on the porch.

"Well, Fred," they'd say—that was my Dad's name, Fred—"did you see what your son Rube did yesterday?"

"Who are you talking about?" he'd say. "Rube who?"

"Your son, Richard."

"I told him baseball was no good,"

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Boston's Harry Hooper slides into third to evade the tag of the Athletics' Frank (Home Run) Baker, while the lone umpire on the bases dashes up to call the play. The season: 1911.

my Dad would reply. "Now they've even gone and changed his name!"

Anyway, I had a terrific year with Indianapolis, like I said. Late in the season we went into Columbus, Ohio, and Charlie Carr came up to me before the game.

"Rube," he said, "there are going to be an awful lot of celebrities here at the game today. The American and National Leagues both have an off-day, and they're all coming to see you pitch. If you pitch a good game, I may be able to sell you before the night is out."

"For how much?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, "but a lot. It depends on what kind of game you pitch."

"Will you cut me in?"

"No, I won't," he said. "You're getting a good salary, and you know it."

"OK," I said, "I was only kidding anyway."

"I don't want you to get nervous today," he said.

"Nervous? Have I ever been nervous all season?"

"No," he said. "I've been in baseball a long time, and I never saw anything like it. I never saw a kid like you, who can beat anybody and is so successful."

"Well," I said, "the reason I'm so successful is because I can beat anybody."

I went out there that day, and I pitched one of those unusual games: no hits, no walks, no runs, no errors. Twenty-seven men faced me, and not one of them got to first base. And that evening they put me up for sale, with all the big-league clubs bidding on me, like a horse being auctioned off. The Cleveland club went as high as $10,500 for my contract, but the Giants went to $11,000, and I was sold to them. At that time that was the highest price ever paid for a baseball player.

I reported to the New York Giants in September of 1908, as soon as the American Association season was over. I was 18 years old and I was in the big leagues!

I came up too late in the season to make a trip to Chicago with the Giants that year, but the next season we made our first trip to Chicago the second week in June. And the first thing I did, as soon as I got there, was to make a beeline for that firehouse.

The only one there when I first got there was the lieutenant. I walked up to him and said, "Lieutenant, do you remember me?"

"Never saw you before in my life," he said.

"Well, remember about three years ago you caught me sleeping back of that stove there?"

"Oh, are you the kid from Cleveland that said he's a ballplayer?"

"Yes. Remember me? My name is Marquard, Richard Marquard."

"Of course. What are you doing here?"

"I'm in the big leagues," I said. "I told you when I got to the big leagues I was coming out to visit you."

"Well, I'll be darned," he said. "Who are you with?"

"Why, I'm with the New York Giants."

And boy, for years after that, whenever the Giants would come to Chicago, I'd go out to that firehouse. I'd sit out front and talk for hours. The firemen would have all the kids in the neighborhood there . . . and all the families that lived around would stop by . . . and it was really wonderful. Everybody was so nice and friendly.

I was in the big leagues for 18 years, you know, from 1908 through 1925. I was with the Giants until 1915, with the Dodgers for five years after that, with Cincinnati for one year, and then with the Boston Braves for four. And I loved every single minute of it.

The best years of all were those with the Giants. I don't mean because those were my best pitching years, although they were. In 1911 I won 24 games and lost only 7, and in 1912 I won 26. That's the year I won 19 straight—I didn't lose a single game in 1912 until July 8! That record has stood up for a long time now. Over 50 years.

It was wonderful to be a Giant back then. Take Mr. McGraw. What a great man he was! The finest and grandest man I ever met. He loved his players, and his players loved him. Of course he wouldn't stand for any nonsense. You had to live up to the rules and regulations of the New York Giants, and when he laid down the law you'd better abide by it.

I'll never forget one day we were playing Pittsburgh, and it was Red Murray's turn to bat, with the score tied in the ninth inning. There was a man on second with none out. Murray came over to McGraw—I was sitting next to McGraw—and he said, "What do you want me to do, Mac?"

"What do I want you to do?" McGraw said. "What are you doing in the National League? There's the winning run on second base and no one out. What would you do if you were the manager?"

"I'd sacrifice the man to third," Murray said.

"Well," McGraw said, "that's exactly what I want you to do."

So Murray went up to the plate to bunt. After he got to the batter's box, though, he backed out and looked over at McGraw again.

McGraw poked his elbow in my ribs. "Look at that so-and-so," he said. "He told me what he should do, and I told him what he should do, and now he's undecided. I bet he forgot from the bench to the plate."

Now, in those days—and I guess it's the same now—when a man was up there to bunt, the pitcher would try to keep the ball high and tight. Well, it so happened that Red was a high-ball hitter. Howie Camnitz was pitching for Pittsburgh. He wound up and in came the ball, shoulder high. Murray took a terrific cut at it, and the ball went over the left-field fence. It was a home run, and the game was over.

Back in the clubhouse Murray was happy as a lark. He was first into the showers, and out boomed his wonderful Irish tenor, singing, "My Wild Irish Rose." When he came out of the shower, still singing, McGraw walked over and tapped him on the shoulder. All of us were watching out of the corner of our eyes, because we knew The Little Round Man—that's what we used to call McGraw—wouldn't let this one go by without saying *something*.

"Murray, what did I tell you to do?" McGraw asked him.

"You told me to bunt," Murray said, not looking quite so happy anymore. "But you know what happened, Mac. Camnitz put one right in my gut, so I cow-tailed it."

"Where did you say he put it?"

"Right in my gut."

"Well," McGraw said, "I'm fining you one hundred dollars, and you can try putting that right in your gut too!" And off he went.

Oh, God, I never laughed so much in my life! Murray never did live that down. Years later something would happen, and we'd yell to Murray, "Hey, Red, is that right in your gut?"

Then later on, you know, I was traded to the Dodgers. Well, really, I traded myself. I didn't seem to be able to get going in 1915, although I pitched a no-hitter in April, and McGraw started riding me. That was the year we were favored to win the pennant and wound up last. So McGraw wasn't very happy. After I'd taken about as much riding as I could stand, I asked him to trade me if he thought I was so bad.

"Who would take you?" he said.

"What do you mean?" I said. "I can still lick any club in the league." Heck, I wasn't even twenty-six years old yet.

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Manager John McGraw's rugged Giants of 1913 stride along the tracks that led from their hotel to spring-training camp in Marlin, Tex.

The old men remember what it was like, how good it used to be. 'Today the world seems upside down,' says an ancient catcher.

"Lick any club in the league?" McGraw said. "You couldn't lick a postage stamp."

"Give me a chance to trade myself, then," I said. "What would you sell me for?"

"Seventy-five hundred dollars," he answered.

"OK," I said, "can I use your phone?"

"Sure," he said. We were both pretty mad by that time.

So I got hold of the operator and asked her to get me Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn club. See, Robbie had been a coach with us for years before he became the Dodger manager in 1914. After a while she got Robbie on the phone.

"Hello," he says.

"How are you, Robbie?" I said.

"Fine," he said. "Who is this?"

"How would you like to have a good left-handed pitcher?"

"I'd love it," he said. "Who is this? Who's the man? Who are you going to recommend?"

"I'm going to recommend myself."

"Who are you?"

"Rube Marquard."

"Oh, what are you kidding around for, Rube?" he said. "I have to go out on the field, and I don't have time to fool around."

"No, I'm serious," I said. "McGraw is right here, and he says he'll sell me for seventy-five hundred dollars. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Of course I do," Robbie said. And right then and there I was traded from the Giants to the Dodgers.

And, of course, we—the Dodgers, that is—won the pennant the next year, and I had one of the best years I ever had. I think I had an earned run average of about 1.50 in 1916. And then we won the pennant again in 1920. So everything worked out pretty well.

One day, when I was pitching for Brooklyn, I pitched the first game of a doubleheader against Boston and beat them, 1–0. I was in the clubhouse during the second game, taking off my uniform, when the clubhouse boy came walking in.

"Rube," he said, "there's an elderly gentleman outside who wants to see you. He says he's your father from Cleveland."

"He's not my father," I said. "My father wouldn't go across the street to see me. But you go out and get his autograph book and bring it in, and I'll autograph it for him."

But instead of bringing in the book, he brought in my Dad.

"Boy, you sure are a hardhead," he said to me. "You know I didn't mean what I said ten years ago."

"What about you, Dad?" I said. "You're as stubborn as I am. I thought you never wanted to see me again. I thought you meant it."

"Of course I didn't," he said.

After we talked a while, I said, "Did you see the game today?"

"Yes, I did," he said.

"Where were you sitting?" I asked him.

"Well, you know the man who wears that funny thing on his face?"

"You mean the mask? The catcher?"

"I guess so. Well, anyway, I was halfway between him and the number one—you know, where they run right after they hit the ball."

"You mean first base?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know what they call it. I was sitting in the middle there."

"How many ball games have you seen since I became a ballplayer, Dad?"

"This is the first one," he told me.

Well, he stayed in New York with me for a few weeks, and we had a great time. Finally he had to go back to Cleveland. After he'd left, the newspapers heard about my Dad, and they wanted to know his address back home. So I gave it to them, and doggone if they didn't send reporters and photographers to Cleveland to interview him.

They took his picture and asked him a lot of questions. One of the things they asked him was whether he had ever played very much baseball himself.

"Oh, of course I did, when I was younger," he told them. "I used to love to play baseball. I used to be a pitcher, just like my son Richard—I mean like my son Rube."

"Are you proud of your son?" they asked him.

"I certainly am," Dad said. "Why shouldn't I be? He's a great baseball player, isn't he?"

TOMMY LEACH

In 1903 Tommy Leach was playing third base for Pittsburgh, when his team met Boston in the first World Series.

That was probably the wildest World Series ever played. Arguing all the time between the teams, between the players and the umpires, and especially between the players and the fans. That's the truth. The fans were *part* of the game in those days. They'd pour right out onto the field and argue with the players and the umpires. Was sort of hard to keep the game going sometimes, to say the least.

I think those Boston fans actually won that series for the Red Sox. We beat them three out of the first four games, and then they started singing that damn *Tessie* song, the Red Sox fans did. They called themselves the Royal Rooters, and their leader was some Boston character named Mike McGreevey. He was known as "Nuf Sed" McGreevey, because any time there was an argument about baseball he was the ultimate authority. Once McGreevey gave his opinion that ended the argument: nuf sed!

Anyway, in the fifth game of the series the Royal Rooters started singing *Tessie* for no particular reason at all, and the Red Sox won. They must have figured it was a good-luck charm, because from then on you could hardly play ball they were singing *Tessie* so damn loud.

Tessie was a real big song in those days. You remember it, don't you?

Tessie, you make me feel so badly,
Why don't you turn around.
Tessie, you know I love you
madly,
Babe, my heart weighs about a
pound.

Yeah, that was a real humdinger in those days. Like *The Music Goes Round and Round* in the '30's. Now you surely remember *that* one?

Only instead of singing, "Tessie, you know I love you madly," they'd sing special lyrics to each of the Red Sox players: like "Jimmy, you know I love you madly." And for us Pirates they'd change it a little. Like when Honus Wagner came up to bat they'd sing:

Honus, why do you hit so badly?
Take a back seat and sit down.
Honus, at bat you look so sadly,
Hey, why don't you get out of town?

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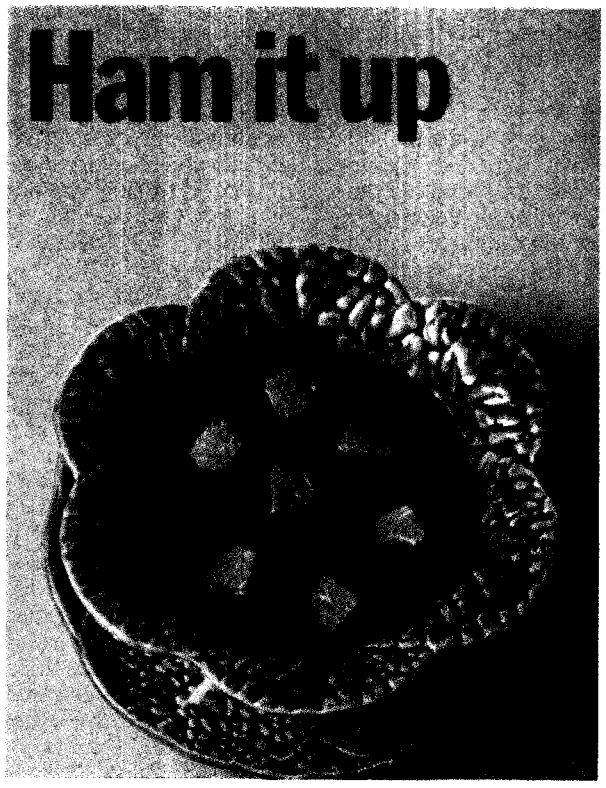

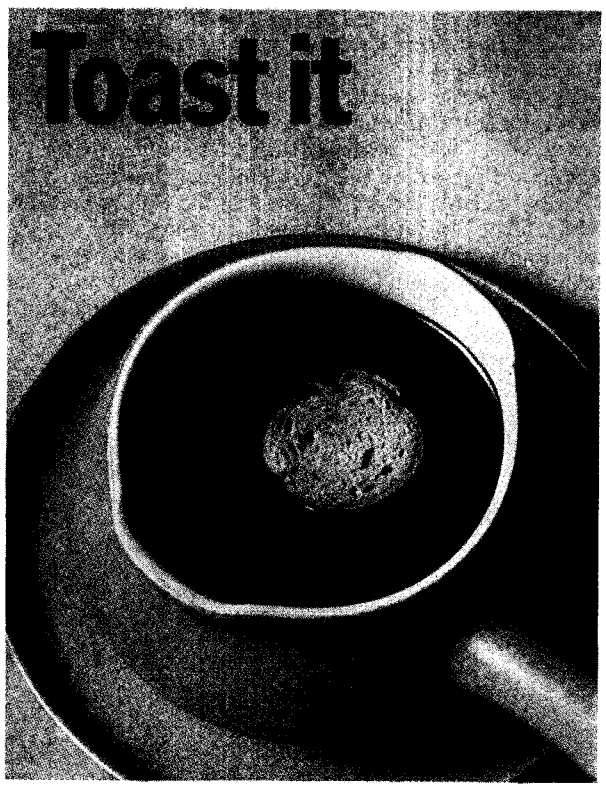

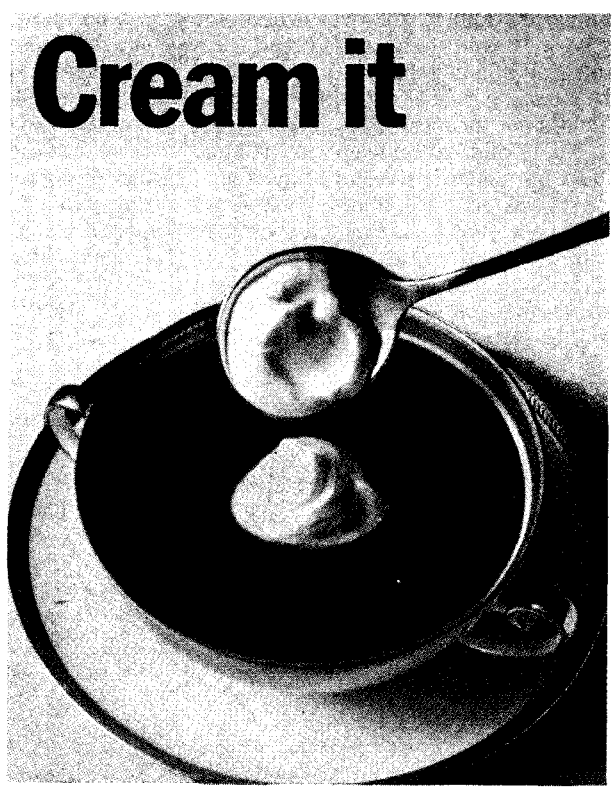

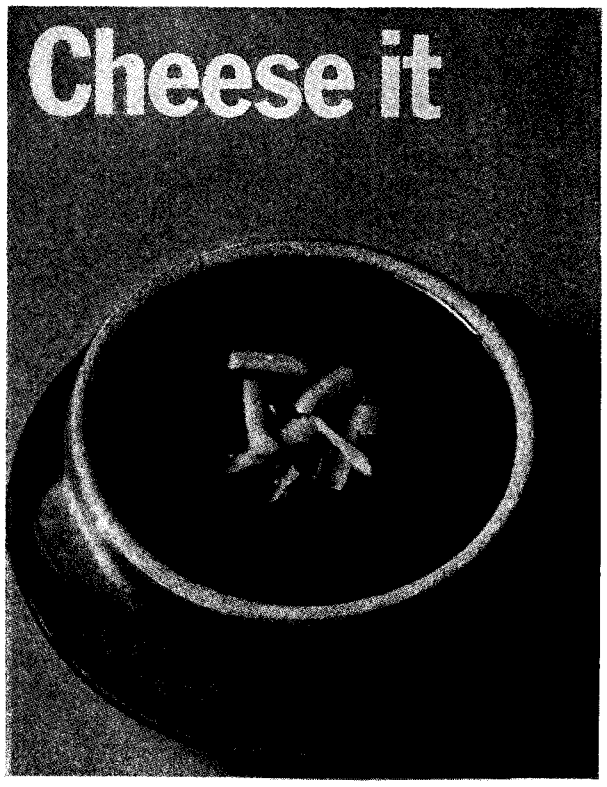

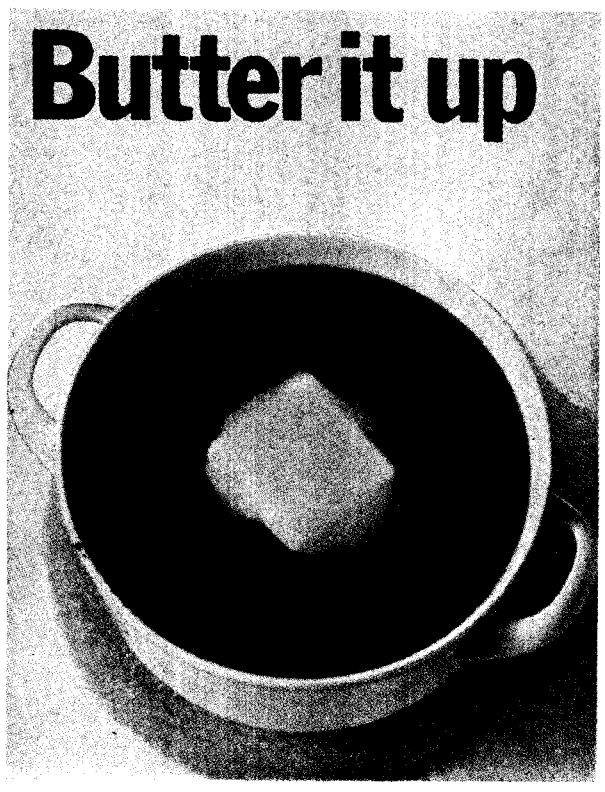

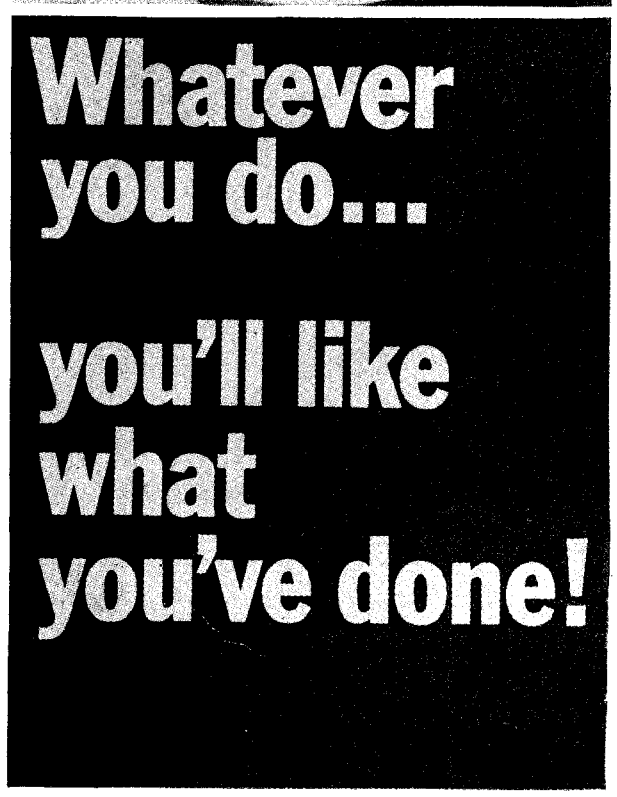

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Sort of it got on your nerves after a while. And before we knew what happened, we'd lost the World Series.

SAM CRAWFORD

"Wahoo Sam" Crawford (he came from Wahoo, Neb.), one of the finest power hitters of the dead-ball era, was Ty Cobb's great rival on the Detroit Tigers before World War I.

I don't know how you found me, but since you're here you might as well come in and sit down. I don't have much time, though. Got a lot of things to do. But it's a hot day, so come in and rest awhile.

Yeah, I'm sort of hard to find. Still bounce around a lot, you know. Always on the move. Probably a hangover from all those years in baseball—Boston today, Detroit tomorrow, never long in one place. I do have a house down in Hollywood, but I can't take that town. Too much smog. Too many cars, all fouling up the air. Can hardly breathe down there. Too many people too. Have to stand in line everywhere you go. Can't even get a loaf of bread without standing in line. Pretty soon they'll be standing in line to get into the john! That's not for me.

No, I don't have a telephone. If I had a lot of money, I wouldn't have one. I *never* was for telephones. Just don't like them, that's all. Anybody wants to talk to you, they can come to see you. I do have a television over there—it was a gift—but I never turn it on. I'd rather read a book. Don't even watch the ball games. Heck, I don't even buy a newspaper. Nothing but trouble in it. Just spoils your day. That's the way I look at it, anyway. Maybe I'm wrong, I don't know.

So you're doing a book about baseball in the old days. Why does a young fellow like you want to spend his time on something like that? Do you remember what Robert Ingersoll used to say? "Let the dead past bury its dead." That's what he used to say. Robert Ingersoll, remember him? A great man. I always admired him. He was a very famous lecturer in the late 1800's. Very famous and very controversial. He was supposed to be an atheist, but he wasn't really. More a skeptic, more an agnostic, than an atheist. Anyway, those days are all back in the past. We're going to spend the rest of our lives in the future, not in the past: "Let the dead past bury its dead." On the other hand, Santayana said: "Those who forget the past are condemned to repeat it." So maybe there are two sides to this matter. But I don't think we'll ever repeat the old days in baseball. They'll never come back. Everything has changed too much.

You know, there were a lot of characters in baseball back then. Real individualists. Not conformists, like most ballplayers—and most people—are today. Rube Waddell, for instance. Boy, there was one of a kind. They never made another like him. I played on the same team with Rube back in 1899, the Grand Rapids club in the old Western League. We were both just starting out, but it wasn't hard to see even then that Rube was going to really be something.

"Listen," he'd say, "I've got so much speed today, I'll burn up the catcher's glove if I don't let up a bit."

And he'd go over to the water barrel—we had a barrel filled with ice water in the dugout—and dip the dipper in and pour ice water all over his left arm and shoulder.

"That's to slow me down a little," he'd say. And then he'd go out there and more likely than not he'd strike out the side.

Rube was just a big kid, you know. He'd pitch one day, and we wouldn't see him for three or four days after. He'd just disappear, go fishing or something, or be off playing ball with a bunch of 12-year-olds in an empty lot somewhere. You couldn't control him 'cause he was just a big kid himself. Baseball was just a game to Rube.

We'd have a big game scheduled for a Sunday, with posters all over Grand Rapids that the great Rube Waddell was going to pitch that day. Even then he was a big drawing card. Sunday would come, and the little park would be packed way before game time, everybody wanting to see Rube pitch. But half the time there'd be no Rube. Nowhere to be found. The manager would be having a fit. And then just a few minutes before the game was supposed to begin, there'd be a commotion in the grandstand, and you'd hear people laughing and yelling, "Here comes Rube, here comes Rube."

And there he'd come, right through the stands. He'd jump down onto the field, cut across the infield to the clubhouse, taking off his shirt as he went. In about three minutes—he never wore any underwear—he'd run back out on the field in uniform all ready to pitch and yell, "All right, let's get 'em!"

By the end of that season—1899—we were both in the big leagues, Rube with Louisville and me with Cincinnati. I should say big *league*, because there was only one major league then, the National League. The American League didn't start until a couple of years later.

By 1903, though, we were both in the American League. I went to the Detroit Tigers and Rube went with Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. Rube was at his peak those years he was with Connie. He was amazing. Way over 20 wins almost every season, and always leading the league in strikeouts. How good he'd have been if he'd taken baseball seriously is hard to imagine. Like I say, it was always just a game with Rube. He played 'cause he had fun playing, but as far as he was concerned it was all the same whether he was playing in the big leagues or with a bunch of kids on a sandlot.

The main thing you had to watch out for was not to get him mad. If things were going smoothly, and everyone was happy, Rube would be happy too, and he'd just go along, sort of half pitching. Just fooling around, lackadaisical, you know. But if you got him mad somehow, he'd really bear down, and then you wouldn't have a chance. Not a chance.

Hughie Jennings, our manager at Detroit, used to go to the dime store and buy little toys, like rubber snakes or a jack-in-the-box. He'd get in the first-base coach's box and set them down in the grass and yell, "Hey, Rube, look." Rube would look over at the jack-in-the-box popping up and down and kind of grin, real slow-like,

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you know. Yeah, we'd do everything to get him in a good mood, and to distract him from his pitching.

When you think about people like Rube Waddell, and crowds standing in the outfield during a crucial big-league game, you start to get some idea of how different it all used to be. Baseball players weren't too much accepted in those days, either, you know. We were considered pretty crude. Couldn't get into the best hotels and all that. And when we did get into a good hotel, they wouldn't boast about having us. Like, if we went into the hotel dining room—in a good hotel, that is—they'd quick shove us way down in the corner at the very end of the dining room so we wouldn't be too conspicuous. "Here come the ballplayers!" you know, and down in the corner we'd go.

I remember once—I think it was in 1903—I was with the Detroit club, and we all went into the dining room in this hotel, I believe in St. Louis. Well, this dining room had a tile floor, made out of little square tiles. We sat there—way down at the end, as usual—for about 20 minutes and couldn't get any waiters. They wouldn't pay any attention to us at all. Remember Kid Elberfeld? He was playing shortstop for us then, a tough little guy. Anyway, Kid Elberfeld says, "I'll get you some waiters, fellows."

Darned if he didn't take one of the plates and sail it way up in the air, and when it came down on that tile floor it smashed into a million pieces. In that quiet, refined dining room it sounded like the Charge of the Light Brigade. Sure enough, we had four or five waiters running around there in no time.

You know, there were a lot of little guys in baseball then. McGraw was a fine ballplayer, and he couldn't have been over five feet six or seven. And Tommy Leach, with Pittsburgh—he was only five feet six, and he couldn't have weighed over 140. Dummy Hoy was even smaller, about five-five. You remember him, don't you? He died in Cincinnati only a few years ago, at the age of ninety-nine. Quite a ballplayer. In my opinion Dummy Hoy and Tommy Leach should both be in the Hall of Fame.

Do you know how many bases Dummy Hoy stole in his major-league career? Over 600! That *alone* should be enough to put him in the Hall of Fame. We played alongside each other in the outfield with the Cincinnati club in 1902. He had started in the big leagues way back in the 1880's, you know, so he was on his way out then, and I had been up just a few years, but even that late in his career he was a fine outfielder. A *great* one.

Did you know that he was the one responsible for the umpire giving hand signals for a ball or a strike? Raising his right hand for a strike, you know, and stuff like that. He'd be up at bat, and he couldn't hear, and he couldn't talk, so he'd look around at the umpire to see what the pitch was, a ball or a strike. That's where the hand signs for the umpire's calling balls and strikes began. That's a fact. Very few people know that.

It's funny how little things like that come back to you, after all these years. That was over 60 years ago when we played together. He was a little fellow, like I said, only five feet five. But he had real large strong hands. He used to wear a diamond ring—we all did in those days—but his knuckles were so big that he had a ring with a hinge on it. A real hinge. He couldn't get a ring that would go over his big knuckles and still fit right, so he had one made with a hinge so that he could put it on and then close it and it would lock in place. Did you know that he once threw three men out at home plate in one game? From the outfield, I mean. That was in 1889. And still the baseball writers don't give him a tumble for the Hall of Fame. It's not right.

Of course the greatest pitcher in those days was Walter Johnson. Boy, what a pitcher Walter was! He was the best I ever faced, without a doubt. Did you know that I was playing with Detroit the day Walter Johnson pitched his first major-league game? His very first. In fact, I beat him. I hit a home run off him and we beat him—I believe the score was 3–2.

I think that was late in 1907. We were after the pennant that year, our first pennant, and we needed that game badly. Big Joe Cantillon was managing Washington at the time. He was a nice guy, Joe was, always kidding. Anyway, before the game, Joe came over to the Detroit bench and said, "Well, boys, I've got a great big apple-knocker I'm going to pitch against you guys today. Better watch out, he's plenty fast. He's got a swift."

He told us that, you know. And here comes Walter, just a string of a kid, only about 18 or 19 years old. Tall, lanky, from Idaho or somewhere. Didn't even have a curve. Just that fast ball. That's all he pitched, just fast balls. He didn't *need* any curve. We had a terrible time beating him. Late in the game I hit one—I can remember it as though it were yesterday—it went zooming out over the shortstop's head, and before they could get the ball back in I'd legged it all the way around.

I must say, though, that the greatest all-around ballplayer I ever saw was over in the National League. I played against him for four years, from 1899 through 1902, when I was with Cincinnati, and he was first with Louisville and then with Pittsburgh. People always ask me about Ty Cobb, you know: "You played in the outfield next to Cobb for all those years. Don't you agree that he was the greatest player who ever lived?"

Cobb was great, there's no doubt about that; *one* of the greatest. But not *the* greatest. In my opinion, *the* greatest all-around player who ever lived was Honus Wagner.

Cobb could only play the outfield, and even there his arm wasn't anything extra special. But Honus Wagner could play any position. He could do everything. In fact, when I first played against him he was an outfielder, and then he became a third baseman, and later the greatest shortstop of them all. Honus could play any position except pitcher and be easily the best in the league at it. He was a wonderful fielder, you know, terrific arm, very quick, all over the place grabbing sure hits and turning them into outs. And, of course, you know he led the league in batting eight times.

You'd never think it to look at him, of course. He looked so awkward, bow-legged, barrel-chested, about 200 pounds,

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a big man. And yet he could run like a scared rabbit. He had enormous hands, and when he scooped up the ball at shortstop, he'd grab half the infield with it. But boy, Honus made those plays! He looked awkward doing it, not graceful like Larry Lajoie, but he could make every play Lajoie could make and more. Talk about speed. That bowlegged guy stole over 700 bases in the 21 years he played in the big leagues. A good team man, too, and the sweetest disposition in the world. The greatest ballplayer who ever lived, in my book.

Cobb and Wagner met head on in the 1909 World Series, you know, Detroit against Pittsburgh. We lost in seven games, the first time the series went the full seven games. Wagner stole six bases in that series, as many as our whole team, and Cobb stole only two. Honus was one of those natural ballplayers, you know what I mean? Like Babe Ruth and Willie Mays. Those fellows do everything by pure instinct. Mays is one of the few modern players who are just as good as the best of the old-timers.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not running Cobb down. He was terrific, no doubt about it. After all, he stole almost 900 bases and had a batting average of .367 over 24 years in the big leagues. You can't knock a record like that. I remember one year I hit .378—in 1911, I think it was—and I didn't come anywhere close to leading the league: Joe Jackson hit .408 and Cobb hit .420. I mean, that's mighty rugged competition!

They always talk about Cobb playing dirty, trying to spike guys and all. Cobb never tried to spike anybody. The base line belongs to the runner. If the infielders get in the way, that's their lookout. Infielders are supposed to watch out and take care of themselves. In those days, if they got in the way and got nicked, they'd never say anything. They'd just take a chew of tobacco out of their mouth, slap it on the spike wound, wrap a handkerchief around it, and go right on playing. Never thought anymore about it.

We had a trainer, but all he ever did was give you a rubdown with something we called "Go Fast." He'd take a jar of Vaseline and a bottle of Tabasco sauce—you know how hot that is—mix them together, and rub you down with that. Boy, it made you feel like you were on fire! That would *really* start you sweating. Now they have medical doctors and whirlpool baths and who knows what else.

But Ty was dynamite on the base paths. He really was. Talk about strategy and playing with your head, that was Cobb all the way. It wasn't that he was so fast on his feet, although he was fast enough. There were others who were faster, though, like Clyde Milan, for instance. It was that Cobb was so fast in his *thinking.* He didn't outhit the opposition, and he didn't outrun them. He outthought them!

A lot of times Cobb would be on third base, and I'd draw a base on balls. and as I started to go down to first, I'd sort of half glance at Cobb at third. He'd make a slight move that told me he wanted me to keep going—not to stop at first, but to keep on going to second. Well, I'd trot two thirds of the way to first and then suddenly, without warning, I'd speed up and go across first as fast as I could and tear out for second. He's on third, see. They're watching him, and suddenly there I go, and they don't know what the devil to do.

If they try to stop me, Cobb'll take off for home. Sometimes they'd catch him, and sometimes they'd catch me, and sometimes they wouldn't get either of us. But most of the time they were too paralyzed to do anything, and I'd wind up at second on a base on balls. Boy, did that ever create excitement. For the crowd, you know; the fans were always wondering what was going to happen next.

Cobb was a great ballplayer, no doubt about it. But he sure wasn't easy to get along with. Every rookie gets a little hazing, but most of them just take it and laugh. Cobb took it the wrong way. He came up with an antagonistic attitude, which in his mind turned any little razzing into a life-or-death struggle. He always figured everybody was ganging up against him. He came up from the South, you know, and he was still fighting the Civil War. As far as he was concerned, we were all damn Yankees before he even met us. Well, who knows, maybe if he hadn't had that persecution complex he never would have been the great ballplayer he was. He was always trying to prove he was the best, on the field and off. And maybe he was, at that.

One thing that really used to get Ty's goat was when I'd have a good day and he didn't. Oh, would he ever moan then. Walter Johnson and I were very good friends, and once in a while Walter would sort of "give" me a hit or two, just for old times' sake. But when Ty came up there, Walter always bore down all the harder. There was nothing he enjoyed more than fanning Ty Cobb.

You see, Walter always liked my model bat. Somehow he got the idea that my bats were lucky for him. So very often when the Senators came to Detroit, Walter would come into our clubhouse and quietly ask me if I could spare a bat for him.

"Sure, Walter," I'd say, "go take any one you want."

He'd go over to my locker, look them over, pick one out and quietly leave. Well, whenever the occasion arose when it wouldn't affect a game, Walter would let up a bit on me, and I'd have a picnic at the plate—like, if Washington had a good lead and it was late in the game. I'd come up to bat and Gabby Street, Walter's catcher, would whisper, "Walter likes you today, Sam."

That was the cue that the next pitch would be a nice half-speed fast ball. So I'd dig in and belt it. Of course if it was a close game all that was out the window. The friendship deal was off then. Cobb never did figure out why I did so well against Walter, while he couldn't hit him with a 10-foot pole.

Well, this is more than I've talked in years, and it's good. I don't see many people, and even when I do I don't talk about baseball too much. I read a lot. My favorite writer is Balzac. A wonderful writer. But I rarely talk about baseball. There are very few people around, you know, who remember those old days.

It's like when I got elected to the Hall of Fame, back in 1957. I was living in a little cabin at the edge of the Mojave Desert, near a little town called Pearblossom. Nobody around there even knew I'd been a ballplayer. I never talked about it. So there I was, sitting there in that cabin, with snow all around—it was February—and all of a sudden the place is surrounded with photographers and newspapermen and radio-TV reporters and all. I didn't know what in the world was going on.

"You've just been elected to the Hall of Fame," one of them said to me.

The people living around there—what few of them there were—were all excited. They couldn't figure out what was happening. And when they found out what it was all about, they couldn't believe it. "Gee, you mean old Sam? He used to be a ballplayer? We didn't even know it. Gee!"

From then on, of course, I've gotten thousands of letters. I still get a lot. Mostly from kids, wanting autographs. Sometimes they send a stamped envelope, and sometimes they don't. But I've answered every one by hand. In 1957, when I was elected to the Hall, I also went back to Detroit. It was the 50th anniversary of all the players who were still alive who had been on that 1907 pennant-winning team. I enjoyed that, but I wouldn't put on a uniform. I went out in civilian clothes and waved to the fans, but I refused to put on a uniform. I want to be remembered the way I used to be. When they think of Sam Crawford in a Detroit uniform, I want them to think of me the way I was way back then, and no other way.

DAVY JONES

When Wahoo Sam was playing center field for the Tigers and Ty Cobb was playing right, Davy Jones was in left. The three men formed one of the great outfields of all time.

Playing beside Crawford and Cobb was like being a member of the chorus in a grand opera where there were two prima donnas. Even so, I always got along with Sam just wonderfully. In a lot of ways we were very much alike. He's still one of my very best friends. Cobb, though—he was a very complex person—never did have many friends. Trouble was he had such a rotten disposition that it was damn hard to be his friend. I was probably the best friend he had on the club. I used to stick up for him, sit and talk with him on the long train trips, try to understand the man. He antagonized so many people that hardly anyone would speak to him, even among his own teammates.

Ty didn't have a sense of humor, see. Especially, he could never laugh at himself. Consequently he took a lot of things the wrong way. What would usually be an innocent-enough wisecrack for someone else would become cause for a fistfight if Ty was involved. But with all that, he was really *some* ballplayer. Corking!

Oh, the game was very different in my day from what it's like today. I don't mean just that the fences were farther back, and the ball was deader, and things like that. I mean it was more *fun* to play ball then. The players were more colorful, you know, drawn from every walk of life, and the whole thing was sort of chaotic most of the time, not highly organized in every detail like it is nowadays.

Talk about colorful guys, take Germany Schaefer. I doubt if fellows like that could exist in baseball the way the game is set up today. Too rambunctious, you know. They'd upset the applecart.

I played with Germany Schaefer on the Chicago Cubs in 1902, and again on the Detroit Tigers later on. What a man! What stunts he could pull! I used to laugh at that guy till I cried. Far and away the funniest man I ever saw. He beat Charlie Chaplin any day in the week.

One day when I was on the Tigers—I think it was 1906, my first year with Detroit—Schaefer was told to pinch-hit. Well, Schaefer walked out there, and just as he was about to step into the batter's box he stopped, took off his cap, and faced the grandstand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced to everyone, "you are now looking at Herman Schaefer, better known as Herman the Great, acknowledged by one and all to be the greatest pinch hitter in the world. I am now going to hit the ball into the left-field bleachers. Thank you."

Then he turned around and stepped into the batter's box. Of course everybody's giving him the old raspberry, because he never hit over two or three home runs in his life. But by golly, on the second ball Doc White pitched, he did just exactly what he said he would: he hit it right smack into the left-field bleachers.

Boy oh boy, you should have seen him. He stood at that plate until the ball cleared the fence, and then he jumped straight up in the air, tore down to first base as fast as his legs would carry him, and proceeded to slide headfirst into the bag. After that he jumped up, yelled "Schaefer leads at the quarter!" and started for second.

He slid into second—yelled "Schaefer leads at the half!"—and continued the same way into third and then home. After he slid into home he stood up and announced: "Schaefer wins by a nose!" Then he brushed himself off, took off his cap, and walked over to the grandstand again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for your kind attention."

It was during those years, I think about 1908, that I saw Germany Schaefer steal first base. Yes, *first* base. They say it can't be done, but I saw him do it. In fact, I was standing right on third base, with my eyes popping out, when he did it.

We were playing Cleveland, and the score was tied in a late inning. I was on third base, Schaefer on first, and Crawford was at bat. Before the pitcher wound up, Schaefer flashed me the sign for the double steal—meaning he'd take off for second on the next pitch, and when the catcher threw the ball to second, I'd take off for home. Well, the pitcher wound up and pitched, and sure enough Schaefer stole second. But I had to stay right where I was, on third, because Nig Clarke, the Cleveland catcher, just held on to the ball. He refused to throw to second, knowing I'd probably make it home if he did.

So now we had men on second and third. Well, on the next pitch Schaefer yelled, "Let's try it again!" And with a blood-curdling shout he took off like a wild Indian *back to first base,* and dove in headfirst in a cloud of dust. He figured the catcher might throw to first—since he evidently wouldn't throw to second—and then I could come home same as before.

But nothing happened. Nothing at all. Everybody just stood there and watched Schaefer, with their mouths open, not knowing what the devil was

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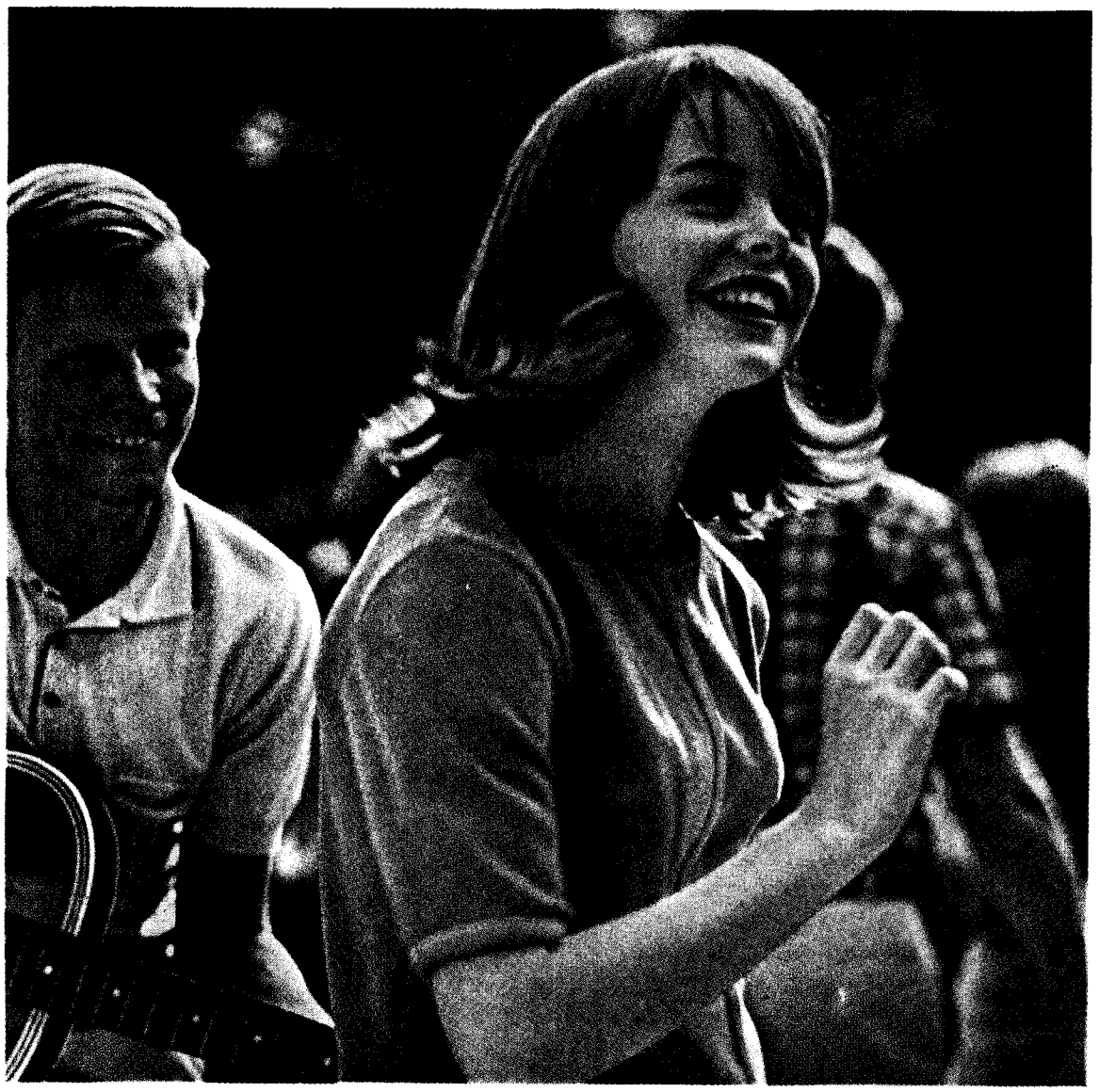

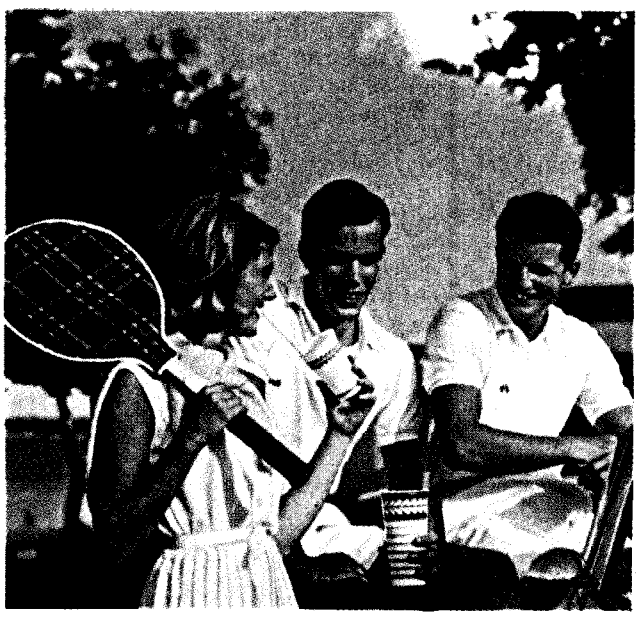

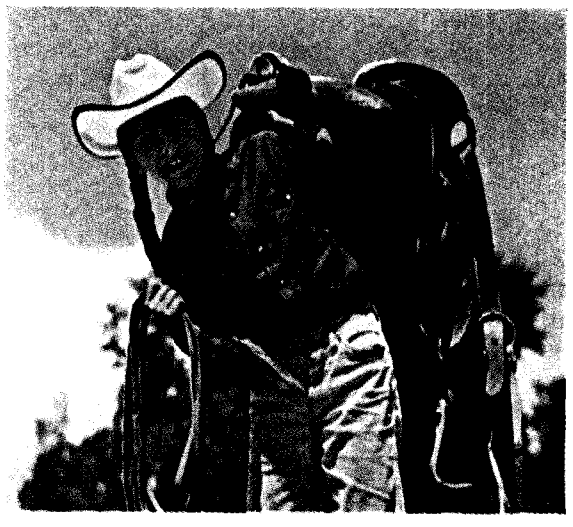

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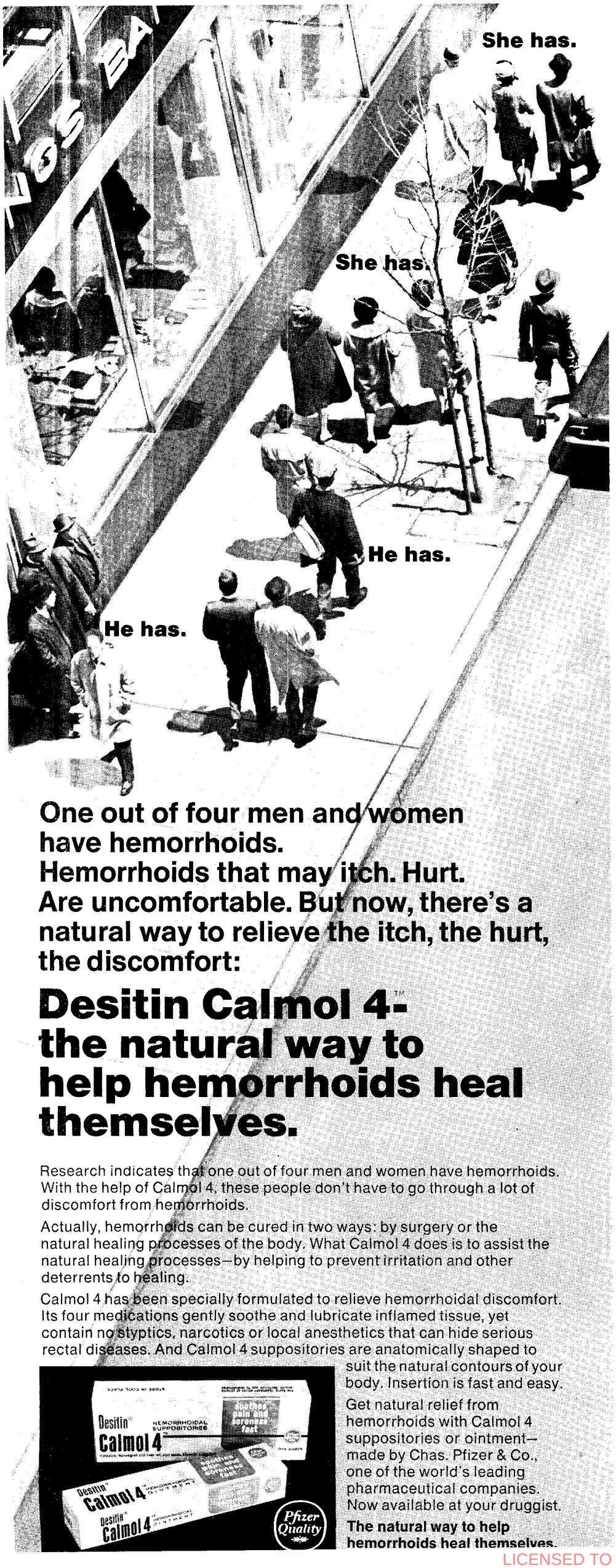
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going on. Me too. Even if the catcher *had* thrown to first, I was too stunned to move, I'll tell you that. But the catcher didn't throw. He just stared! In fact, George Stovall, the Cleveland first baseman, was playing way back and didn't even come in to cover the bag. He just watched this madman running the wrong way on the base path and didn't know *what* to do.

The umpires were just as confused as everybody else. However, it turned out that there wasn't any rule against a guy going from second back to first, if that's the way he wanted to play baseball, so they had to let it stand.

So there we were, back where we started, with Schaefer on first and me on third. And on the next pitch darned if he didn't let out another war whoop and take off *again* for second base. By this time the Cleveland catcher evidently had enough, because he finally threw to second to get Schaefer, and when he did I took off for home, and *both* of us were safe.

These are fond memories, you know. I haven't thought about these things in years. Yes, those were wonderful days.

FRED SNODGRASS

A center fielder for McGraw's Giants, Fred Snodgrass remembers baseball when it was a game of wits and speed. He also recalls in detail two of the sport's most celebrated blunders—one an error committed by himself.

You see, it was a different game then, compared to today. Now they're all trying to hit the ball over the fence. It's mostly brute strength. They're always trying to get a flock of runs at once. But in my day a home run was a rarity. You *couldn't* hit balls over the fence in most parks in those days, because the ball was too dead! So we were always playing for small scores, trying to get one run or two.

As a result, there was a premium on intelligence in those days, on the ability to outwit and outthink the other team. And on speed and strategy. For example, take a simple thing like the art of getting hit with the ball when you're at bat. To get up there and deliberately *attempt* to get hit by a pitched ball. It's a lost art today; just not done anymore. I used to lead the league in that. I had baggy uniforms, a baggy shirt, baggy pants—any ball thrown close inside, why I turned with it and half the time I wasn't really hit, just my uniform was nicked. Or the ball might hit your bat close to your hands, and you'd fall down on your belly, and while you were down on the ground you'd try to make a red spot by squeezing your hand or something. If you had a good red spot there, the umpire might believe it hit you rather than the bat. And off you'd go to first base.

Of course in those days baseball was a pitcher's game much more than it is today. Not only did we have a dead ball, but pitchers were allowed to use such deliveries as the spitball, the emery ball, and what have you. And we hardly ever saw a new baseball, a clean one. If the ball went into the stands, and the ushers couldn't get it back from the spectators, only then would the umpire throw out a new one.

He'd throw the ball out to the pitcher, who would promptly sidestep it. It would go around the infield once or twice and come back to the pitcher as black as the ace of spades. All the infielders were chewing tobacco or licorice, and spitting into their gloves, and they'd give that ball a good going over before it ever got to the pitcher. Believe me, that dark ball was hard to see coming out of the shadows of the grandstand.

Also, there were a lot of pitchers in those days who were quick-delivery artists. You didn't dare step into the batter's box without being ready, because somebody with a quick delivery would have that ball by you before you knew what happened. That was part of the game. The instant you stepped into that batter's box, you had to be ready. If you were looking at your feet, or something, the way they do today to get just the right position and all, well, by that time the ball would already be in the catcher's mitt.

One of the smartest players we had on the Giants in those years was Fred Merkle, the fellow who was supposed to have made that famous "bonehead" play in 1908. He was a kid only 19 years old that year. As a result of what happened, he took more abuse and vituperation than any other 19-year-old I've ever heard of.

That season I was a substitute catcher behind the great Roger Bresnahan, so you know I didn't play much. And Fred Merkle was the substitute first baseman behind Fred Tenney. He was 19 and I was 20, and we were both amazed that we were even on the Giants. I doubt if either of us got to play in as many as 15 games that season.

Anyway, as soon as a game was over at the Polo Grounds, any game, all of us fellows who were sitting on the bench were in the habit, when the last out was made, of jumping up and running like the dickens for our clubhouse, which was out beyond right-center field. We wanted to get there before the crowd could get on the field.

In those days, as soon as a game ended at the Polo Grounds, the ushers would open the gates from the stands to the field, and the people would all pour out and rush at you. Of course all they wanted to do was touch you, or congratulate you, or maybe cuss you out a bit. But, because of that, as soon as a game was over, we bench warmers all made it a practice to sprint from the bench to the clubhouse as fast as we could. And that was precisely the reason why Fred Merkle got into that awful jam. He was so used to sitting on the bench all during the game, and then at the end of the game jumping up with the rest of us and taking off as fast as he could for the clubhouse, that on this particular day he did it by sheer force of habit and never gave it a second thought.

The famous game in which it all happened took place in New York in late September of 1908. The Giants were playing the Chicago Cubs, and we were both about tied for the league lead, with only a week or two of the season remaining. Merkle was playing first base for us. I think that Fred Tenney, the regular first baseman, was injured or something, and that this was the very first game Merkle had been put in the starting lineup for the Giants all season.

The game went down to the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied 1–1. And then, in the last of the ninth,

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with two out and Moose McCormick on first, Merkle hit a long single to right, and McCormick went to third. Men were on first and third, with two out. The next man up was Al Bridwell, our shortstop. Al hit a line single into center field. McCormick, of course, scored easily from third—he could have walked in—with what appeared to be the winning run.

Merkle started for second base, naturally. But the minute he saw the ball was a safe hit, rolling toward the fence out in right center, with McCormick across the plate and the game presumably over and won, he turned and lit out for the clubhouse, exactly as he had been doing all season long. And that was Merkle's downfall. Because technically the rules of baseball are that to formally complete the play he had to touch second base, since Bridwell now occupied first.

As soon as McCormick crossed the plate, *everyone* thought the game was over. Everyone except Johnny Evers, anyway. The crowd began to come on the field, we bench sitters sprinted out through right-center field for our clubhouse, as usual, along with Merkle and everybody else, and the two umpires walked toward their dressing room, which was behind the press box in back of home plate. So neither of the umpires saw what happened after that, because they were both going directly opposite from where the ball went.

Well, of course, what happened was that the great infield of Steinfeldt, Tinker, Evers, and Chance were playing for Chicago, and Johnny Evers, an old-timer at the game, saw that Merkle hadn't touched second base. Evers began to call to the Cub's center fielder, Artie Hofman, to go and get the ball. Hofman hadn't even chased it, because the game was over as far as he was concerned. But Evers made so much noise about getting the ball and throwing it in to second base, that Hofman finally retrieved it and threw it in.

However, Joe McGinnity, another old-timer, was coaching at third base for us, and he sensed what was going on. He ran out, intercepted the ball, and threw it up into the left-field bleachers. He threw it clear out of the park. They say Evers got another ball from somewhere else and touched second with it, but I don't think so. I never saw that.

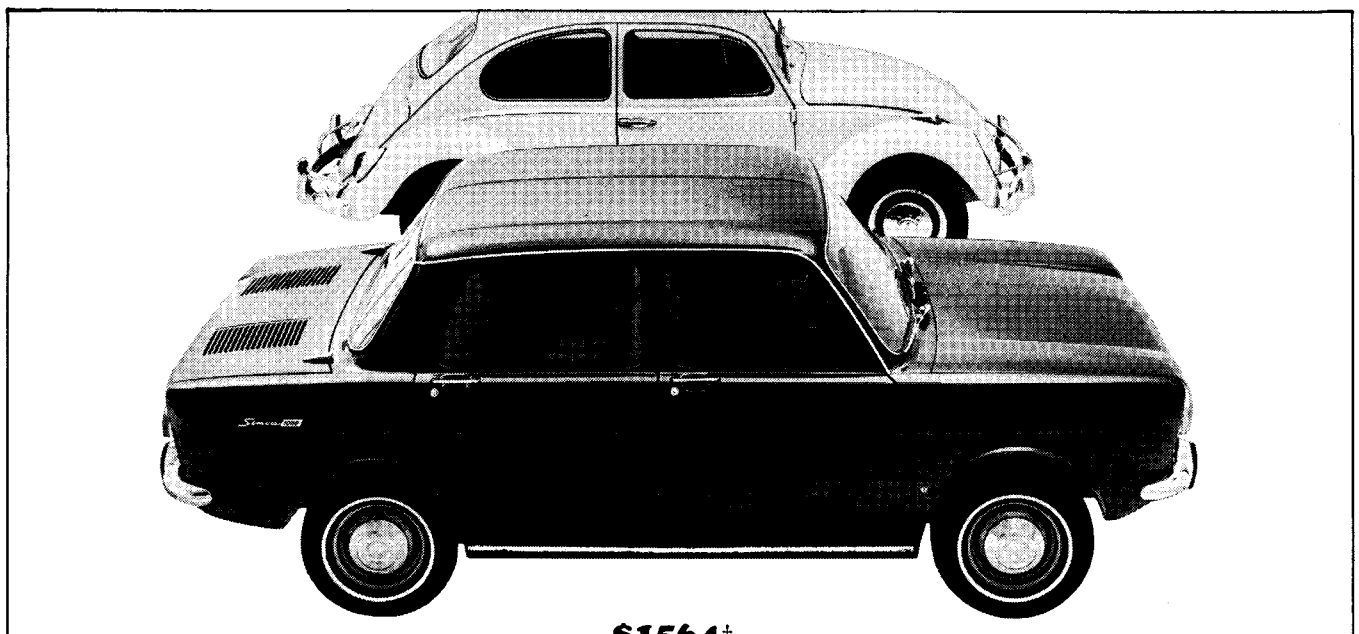
By this time, of course, there were thousands of people milling around on the infield, absolute bedlam around there. Frank Chance, the Chicago manager, went into the umpires' dressing room and insisted that the two umpires—Hank O'Day and Bob Emslie—come out and see what was going on. Chance claimed Evers had gotten the ball and touched second base with it, so that Merkle was out and the game should continue, still a 1–1 tie. Finally O'Day, who was the senior umpire, ruled that Merkle was indeed out, that therefore McCormick's run didn't count, and that the game had ended in a tie, 1–1. It was appealed to the highest league levels, but after three days of deliberations they finally upheld the umpires and ruled that it was a tie game and would have to be replayed as a play-off game after the season, if necessary. Well, it was necessary. We ended the season tied for first place with the Cubs, and the game had to be played over to decide the pennant race. As you know, the Cubs beat us in that play-off game, so we didn't win the pennant in 1908.

Often when the Merkle "bonehead" is recalled, in the next breath they talk about Snodgrass's "$30,000 muff." I've had to live with it for years—"Oh, yes, you're the guy that dropped the fly ball in the World Series, aren't you?"

Well, I did drop a fly ball, but I *didn't* lose the 1912 World Series. I didn't let in the tying and winning runs the way they said I did. I couldn't very well, because it happened with the *first* man up in the bottom of the 10th inning. It was the eighth and last game of the series (one game had ended in a tie) and the score was tied, 1–1 at the end of nine innings. In the top of the 10th we scored a run—on a hit by Fred Merkle, by the way—and went into the bottom of the 10th with Christy Mathewson pitching and a one-run lead. If we could have held that one-run lead, we would have won the World Series.

The first man up for Boston in the bottom of the 10th was Clyde Engle, who was pinch-hitting for Smoky Joe Wood. He hit a great big, lazy, high, fly ball halfway between Red Murray in left field and me. Murray called for it first, but as center fielder I had preference over left and right, so there'd never be a collision. I yelled that I'd take it and waved Murray off, and—well—I dropped the darn thing. It was so high that Engle was sitting on second base before I could get the ball back to the infield.

Well, Harry Hooper was the next



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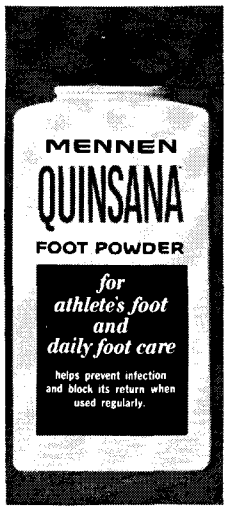
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batter. And in the 10th inning of a tie game, the last game of a World Series, we were just certain that he would lay down a bunt to move the man over to third. So my position in center field was fairly close in behind second. Matty was holding Engle close to second, so that we could get him at third on the bunt, and I was playing in pretty close, figuring that if Matty threw to second, and the ball got by second in any way, I could still keep Engle from going down to third.

But instead of bunting, Hooper cracked a drive way over my head. I made one of the greatest plays of my life on it, catching the ball over my shoulder while on the dead run out in deep left center. They always forget about that play when they write about that inning. In fact I almost doubled up Engle at second base. He was turning third when I caught the ball. He thought it was gone, you know, and the play at second was very close.

So that's one out. Then Matty walked Steve Yerkes, unfortunately, with what proved to be the winning run. Two men on and only one out. And up comes Tris Speaker, one of the greatest hitters in the game. The crowd was making so much noise it was deafening.

What does Speaker do but take a swing at the ball and hit a nice easy pop-up, a foul ball, over near first base. Suddenly the crowd was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. And that ball was never touched. Merkle didn't have to go 30 feet to get it, it was almost in the first-base coaching box. Chief Meyers, our catcher, tried to catch it, but couldn't quite get there. It was too far from home plate. Matty could have put it in his hind pocket himself. But no one ever touched it.

Well, given that reprieve, Speaker hit a clean line drive over the first-baseman's head that scored the man I put on and put Yerkes on third base. Another long fly to right by Larry Gardner, and Yerkes scored after the catch. The game is over and, according to the newspapers, Fred Snodgrass lost the World Series. I did drop that fly ball, and that did put what turned out to be the tying run on base, but that's a long way from "losing a World Series."

JOE WOOD

"Can I throw harder than Joe Wood? Listen, my friend, there's no man alive can throw harder than Smoky Joe Wood."

—WALTER JOHNSON, 1912.

You know, I often look back on it now . . . the Wild West . . . Buffalo Bill . . . cattle rustlers . . . outlaws . . . sheriff's posses. I see these western pictures on television, and sometimes it just hits me: I actually *lived* through all that in real life. Sort of hard to believe, isn't it?

At the turn of the century we lived in this little town of Ouray in the southwestern part of Colorado, not far from places with names like Lizard Head Pass and Slumgullion Gulch. And every day I'd see these big stagecoaches go by, drawn by six horses, two guards sitting up there with rifles, guarding the gold shipment coming down from the mines. Dad was a lawyer there—his law partner was later the attorney general of Colorado—and he was involved in some big cases for the Western Federation of Miners. During several of these cases they had to send in the state militia to guard him. Feelings ran high about unions in Colorado back in those days. He was a great trial lawyer. Hardly ever lost a case in front of a jury.

Later we moved to Ness City, Kans., about 60 miles north of Dodge City, and that was rough country too. It was while we were living in Ness City that I first really started to play ball. That was in 1906, when I was only 16. I pitched for the town team—it was only amateur ball, you know, but that was the big thing in those days. We'd play all the surrounding Kansas towns, like High Point, Ransom, Ellis, Bazine, Wa-Keeney, Scott City—nearby places like that. The ball game between two rival towns was a big event back then, with both teams parading before the game and everything.

Anyway, I was Ness City's pitcher even though I was the youngest on the team by a good two or three years. Had a terrific fast ball with a hop on it even then. And I also played the infield when I didn't pitch.

A funny thing happened in September of 1906 that I'm not too keen about talking about, but I guess it wouldn't be exactly right to act like it never happened.

One day in September this Bloomer Girls team came to Ness City. In those days there were several Bloomer Girls teams that barnstormed around the county, like the House of David did 20 or 30 years later. The girls were advertised on posters around Ness City for weeks before they arrived, you know, and they finally came to town and played us, and we beat them.

Well, after the game the fellow who managed them asked me if I'd like to join and finish the tour with them. There were only three weeks left of the trip, and he offered me $20 if I'd play the infield with them during those last three weeks.

"Are you kidding?" I said. I thought the guy must have been off his rocker.

"Listen," he said, "you know as well as I do that all those Bloomer Girls aren't really girls. That third baseman's real name is Bill Compton, not Dolly Madison. And that pitcher, Lady Waddell, sure isn't Rube's sister. If anything, he's his brother!"

"Well, I figured as much," I said. "But those guys are wearing wigs. If you think I'm going to put a wig on, you're crazy."

"No need to," he says. "With your baby face you won't need one anyway."

So I asked Dad if I could go. He thought it was sort of unusual, but he didn't raise any objections to the idea. I guess it must have appealed to his sense of the absurd.

Fact is, there were four boys on the team: me, Lady Waddell, Dolly Madison, and one other, the catcher. The other five were girls. In case you're wondering how the situation was in the locker room, we didn't have clubhouses or locker rooms in those days. We dressed in our uniforms at the hotel and rode out to the ball park from there. I think everybody except maybe some of the farmer boys must have known some of us weren't actually girls, but the crowds turned out and had a lot of fun anyway. In case you're interested, by the way, the first team Rogers Hornsby ever played on was a Bloomer Girls team too. So I'm not really in such bad company.

It was the next year, 1907, that I *really* got started in organized ball, with Hutchinson in the Western Association. It all came about by accident. My brother Harley was going to the University of Kansas at the time, and he happened to tell a friend of his about me. This friend knew Belden Hill, who ran the Cedar Rapids club in the Three-I League, and as a result I was offered a contract with Cedar Rapids in January of 1907. Ninety dollars a month, that's what it called for. Before it came time to report to Cedar Rapids, however, Mr. Hill decided he didn't really need me after all, and he gave my contract to his friend Doc Andrews, who managed the Hutchinson club in the Western Association. He didn't sell me, he just *gave* me away.

I had a pretty good year there, won about 20 games and struck out over 200 men, and after the 1907 season was over I was sold to Kansas City in the American Association. I pitched there until the middle of the 1908 season, when John I. Taylor bought me for the Boston Red Sox, and I reported to the Red Sox that August.

Rube Marquard came up to the Giants from Indianapolis a month later. We'd pitched against each other many and many a time when he was with Indianapolis and I was with Kansas City, and we both went up to the big leagues at practically the same time. Neither one of us was 19 years old yet: Rube turned 19 on October 9 of that year and me, 16 days later. Four years later we faced each other again in the 1912 World Series, and then again eight years after that in the 1920 World Series. By then both of us had been around a long time, but neither one of us had reached our 31st birthday.

Of course that Red Sox team I joined in 1908 turned out to become one of the best teams of all time. Tris Speaker had been on the club earlier that year but had been farmed out to Little Rock, where he hit .350 and led the league. He came back up a few weeks after I got there, and we started to room together, and we roomed together for 15 years, first with the Red Sox and later with Cleveland. All the years I was in the American League my roommate was Tris Speaker.

There was nobody even close to that man as an outfielder, except maybe Harry Hooper. Speaker played a real shallow center field, and he had that terrific instinct—at the crack of the bat he'd be off with his back to the infield, and then he'd turn and glance over his shoulder at the last minute and catch the ball so easy it looked like there was nothing to it, nothing at all. Nobody else was even in the same *league* with him.

Harry Hooper joined the Red Sox the next year. He was the closest I ever saw to Speaker as a fielder. It's a real shame Harry was on the same club as Spoke, having to play all those years in his shadow. Just like Gehrig with Ruth, or Crawford with Cobb.

I won 11 games for the Red Sox in 1909, 12 in 1910, and then 23 (including a no-hitter) in 1911 and 34 in 1912. That was my greatest season, 1912: 34 wins, 16 in a row, 3 more in the World Series, and, of course, that big game I pitched against Walter Johnson on September 6, 1912.

It was on a Friday. My regular pitching turn was scheduled to come

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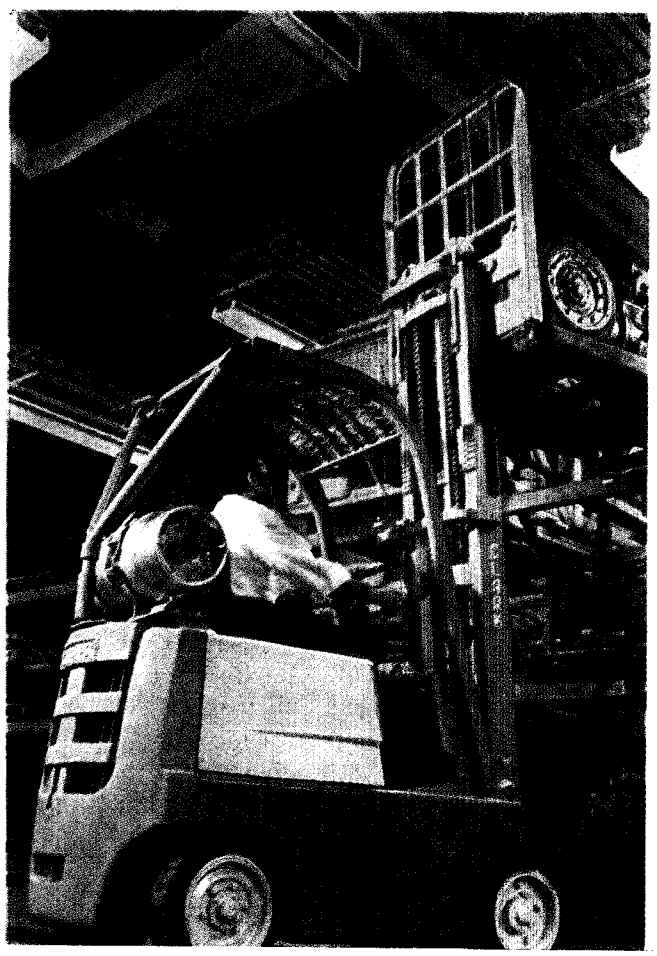

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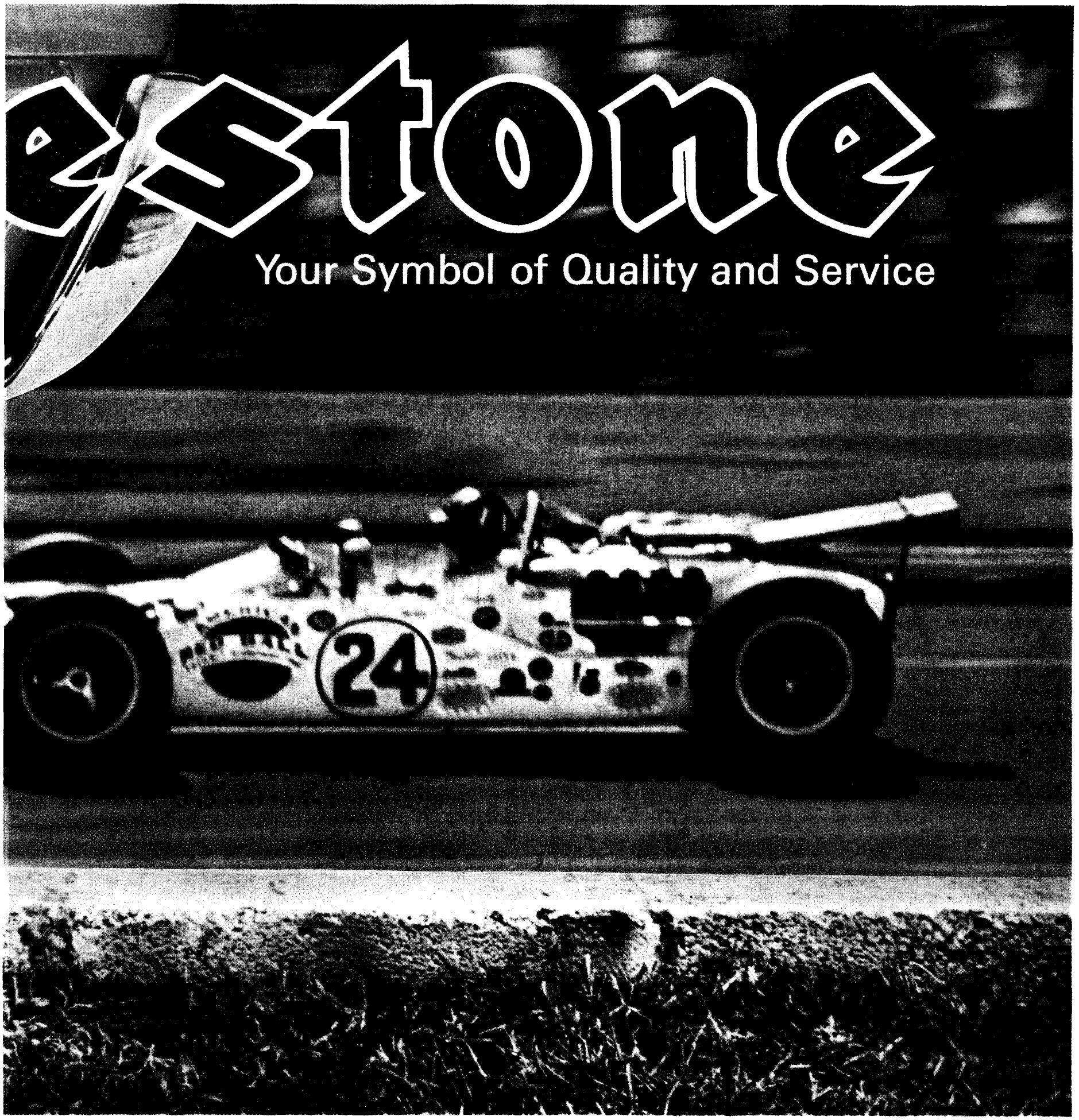

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on Saturday, and they moved it up a day so that Walter and I could face each other. Walter had already won 16 in a row, and his streak had ended. I had won 13 in a row, and they challenged our manager, Jake Stahl, to pitch me against Walter, so Walter could stop my streak himself. Jake agreed, and to match us against each other he moved me up in the rotation from Saturday to Friday.

The newspapers publicized us like prizefighters: giving statistics comparing our height, weight, biceps, triceps, arm span, and whatnot. The champion, Walter Johnson, versus the challenger, Joe Wood. That was the only game I ever remember in Fenway Park, or anywhere else for that matter, where the fans were sitting practically along the first-base and third-base lines. Instead of sitting back where the bench usually is, we were sitting on chairs right up against the foul lines, and the fans were right behind us. The overflow had been packed between the grandstand and the foul lines, as well as out in the outfield behind ropes. Fenway Park must have contained twice as many people as its seating capacity that day. I never saw so many people in one place in my life. In fact the fans were put on the field an hour before the game started, and it was so crowded down there I hardly had room to warm up.

Well, I won, 1–0, but don't let that fool you. In my opinion the greatest pitcher who ever lived was Walter Johnson. If he'd ever had a good ball club behind him, what records he would have set!

You know, I got an even bigger thrill out of winning three games in the World Series that fall. Especially the first game, when we beat the Giants, 4–3. In the last of the ninth they got two men on with only one out, and I started to get a little nervous. Only one run ahead and two Giants in scoring position. A sacrifice fly would have tied it, and a hit would have beaten us. But I struck out both Art Fletcher and Otis Crandall, and we won it. They say that was the first time Crandall ever struck out at the Polo Grounds. I fanned him with a fast ball over the outside corner. I doubt if he ever saw it, even though he swung at it. The count was three and two and that pitch was one of the fastest balls I ever threw in my life.

So there I was after the 1912 season—including the World Series I'd won 37 games and lost only 6, struck out 279 men in days when the boys didn't strike out much, and I'd beaten Walter Johnson and Christy Mathewson one after the other. And do you know how old I was? Well, I was 22 years old, that's all. The brightest future lay ahead of me that anybody could imagine in their wildest dreams.

And do you know something else? That was *it*. That was it, right then and there. My arm went bad on me the next year, and all my dreams came tumbling down around my ears like a damn house of cards.

I was fine that winter of 1912. After the series we went back to Boston and got a reception that would make your head spin. I rode through the city in the same car with manager Jake Stahl and Mayor John F. Fitzgerald. That was Honey Fitz, President Kennedy's grandfather. He was the mayor of Boston then.

Honey Fitz had gone back and forth on the train with us between Boston and New York so as not to miss a single game of the World Series. The Boston Red Sox had a contingent of fans called the Royal Rooters, and their theme song was something called *Tessie*. Old Honey Fitz used to sing *Tessie* louder than anybody.

Then it happened. In the spring of 1913 I went to field a ground ball on wet grass, and I slipped and fell on my thumb. Broke it. The thumb on my pitching hand. It was in a cast for two or three weeks. I don't know whether I tried to pitch too soon after that, or whether maybe something happened to my shoulder at the same time. But whatever it was, I never pitched again without a terrific amount of pain in my right shoulder. Never again.

I expected to have such a great year in 1913. Well, I did manage to win 11 games, with only 5 losses, and I struck out an average of 10 men a game. But it wasn't the same. The old zip was gone from that fast ball. It didn't hop any more, like it used to. The season after that I won 9 and lost 3, and in 1915 I won 14 and lost 5. But my arm was getting worse and worse. The pain was getting almost unbearable. After each game I pitched, I'd have to lay off for a couple of weeks before I could even lift my arm up, let alone throw. Still, in 1915, I led the league with an earned-run average of 1.49.

In the winter of 1915 I was desperate. I must have gone to hundreds of doctors over the previous three years, and nobody seemed able to help me. Nowadays a shot of cortisone would probably do the job in a flash, but that was over 50 years ago, you know. Hell, they didn't even know about insulin back then, not to mention cortisone.

Finally somebody told me about a chiropractor in New York, so every week that winter of 1915–16 I took the train into New York, and this fellow worked on my back and my arm. All very hush-hush—an unmarked office behind locked doors—because in those days I don't believe it was legal for a chiropractor to practice.

After each treatment this chiropractor wanted me to throw as long and as hard as I possibly could. He said it would hurt, but that's what he wanted me to do. So after he was through working on me, I'd go up to Columbia University, where Andy Coakley was the baseball coach, and I'd go into a corner of the gym and throw a baseball as hard as I could. I'd do that until I just wasn't able to stand the pain anymore. And I do mean pain. After about an hour I couldn't lift my arm as high as my belt. Had to use my left hand to put my right into my coat pocket. And if I'd go to a movie in the evening, I couldn't get my right arm up on the armrest.

So in 1916 I didn't play at all. I retired. I stayed on the farm here in Pennsylvania, fed the chickens, and just thought and thought about the whole situation. Only 26 years old and all washed up. A has-been. I put up a trapeze in the attic, and I'd hang on that for hours to stretch my arm out. Maybe that would help—who could say? But it didn't.

I stayed on the farm all through the 1916 season. That fall, though, I began to get restless. Well, that's putting it mildly. What it was, I was starting to

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gnaw on the woodwork, I was getting so frustrated. Maybe I could come back. So what if I couldn't pitch anymore. Damn it, in 1912 I'd hit .290 in addition to winning 34 games. I could hit, and I could run, and I could field, and if I couldn't pitch, why couldn't I do something else? Doggone it, I was a *ballplayer*, not just a pitcher.

I phoned my best friend, Tris Speaker, and told him I wanted to try again. Spoke had been traded from the Red Sox to Cleveland just before the 1916 season started. Tris said he'd see what he could do. Meanwhile the Red Sox had given me permission to make any deal for myself I wanted, provided it was satisfactory with them. So on February 24, 1917, I was sold to the Indians for $15,000, and once again I went to spring training, this time with the Cleveland Indians, all of 27 years old and a relic from the distant past.

I'd hear fathers saying to their kids, "See that guy over there? That's Smoky Joe Wood, used to be a great pitcher long ago."

Lee Fohl was managing Cleveland at the time, and he encouraged me every way he could. And for my part I tried to show him that I could do more than pitch. I played in the infield during fielding practice, I shagged flies in the outfield, I was ready to pinch run, to pinch hit—I'd have carried the water bucket if they had water boys in baseball. The hell with my pride. I wasn't the Invincible Joe Wood anymore. I was just another ballplayer who wanted a job and wanted it bad.

And it paid off. My arm never did come back, but the next year, 1918, they got short of players because of the war, and I was given a shot at an outfield job. Well, I *made* it. I hit .296 that season, and for *five* years I played in the outfield for Cleveland. In 1921 I hit .366. Could have played there longer, too, but I was satisfied. I figure I'd proved something to myself. So in 1923 when Yale offered me a position as baseball coach at the same salary as I was getting from Cleveland, I took it. Coached there at Yale for 20 years, from 1923 to 1942.

My biggest thrill came one day in 1918, shortly after they gave me a chance in the outfield. That day we beat the Yankees, 3–2, in a game that lasted 19 innings. It was at the Polo Grounds, the same ball park where six years before I'd won two World Series games as a pitcher for Boston. But now, as an outfielder for Cleveland, I hit two home runs, and the second one came in the 19th inning and broke up the ball game.

That was one of the biggest days of my life. May 24, 1918. The season was pretty young yet, and I hadn't been in the outfield very long. It was up to me to show Lee Fohl I could do the job. But from that day on he knew I could do it, and so did I. And the worst was finally over.

CHIEF MEYERS

When Smoky Joe Wood won three games for Boston in the 1912 World Series, the Giants' catcher was a Cahuilla Indian named Chief Meyers. Now 86 years old, Meyers has his doubts about the modern game and modern life.

You know, those fellows back there, they *thought*, they used their head in baseball a whole lot. They talked baseball morning, noon, and night. Baseball was their whole life. We had old pitchers, like Joe McGinnity, who'd go out and pitch two games in an afternoon. Pitch a doubleheader! He did that a number of times.

Nowadays the pitcher wastes so much time out there it's ridiculous—fixing his cap . . . pulling up his pants . . . rubbing his chin . . . wiping his brow . . . pulling his nose . . . scratching the ground with his feet. And after he does all that he looks all around at the outfield, and then he st-a-a-a-res in at the catcher giving the sign. Why, he's afraid to throw the darned ball! And with this modern jackrabbit ball, I don't know as I blame him.

They waste an hour or so every day that way. We *always* played a game in less than two hours. Never longer. Two hours used to be considered a long game, really a long game. We played a lot of games in an hour and a half. I played in one that took only 58 minutes. Nowadays, a three-hour game isn't at all unusual.

I'm not saying anything disparaging about the athletes of today. They're just as good and just as fast now as they ever were. In fact I think they're faster. But they've got so much to work with that we didn't have. The equipment, for instance. Our gloves were like a motorman's mitt. Now they're similar to a lacrosse net. You just catch the ball in the net.

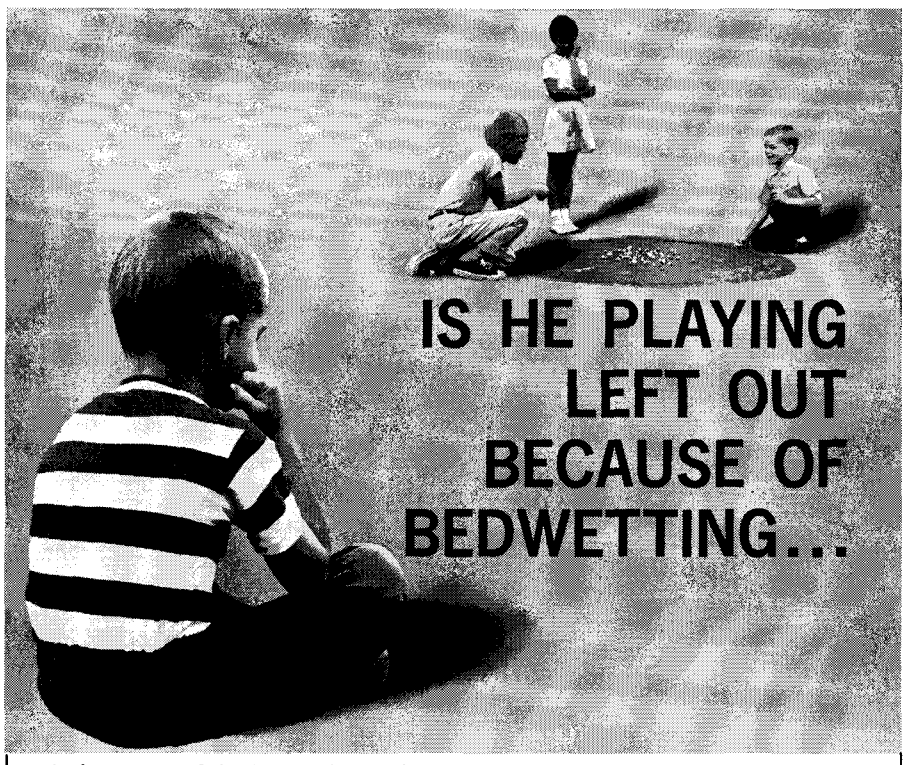
Another big difference between today and yesterday is that the ballplayers are all businessmen now. They've got agents and outside interests and all that sort of thing. We played for money too. Naturally. That's how we made our living. But mostly we played just for the love of it. Heck, most of us would have paid *them* just to let us play. We loved baseball.

I don't blame the modern players for making it while the making's good. I'm not belittling them. Why shouldn't they get the money? We never got it. I guess in a way we were just dumb eggs. We played for practically nothing. My top was about $6,000. Matty never made more than about $8,000. Well—that's the way it was then.

The world seems to be turned all upside down today. Progress, they call it. The radio and the television and all, brainwashing the children and teaching them to cheat and steal and kill. Always violence and killing. I think it's an awful bad example for the youngsters. Why can't they teach people about the good things of life instead?

In the old days, you know, a shake of your hand was your word and your honor. In those days, if anything was honest and upright, we'd say it was "on the square." Nowadays they've even turned that word around: Now it means you don't belong, you're nothing. "Square deal" is no more. You're a "square." Where do they get that stuff, anyhow? It just doesn't make sense—at least not to me, it doesn't.

I guess I'm like the old warrior Chief of the Great Six Nations, who announced his retirement by saying, "I am like an old hemlock. My head is still high, but the winds of close to a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and I have been witness to many wondrous and many tragic things. My eyes perceive the present, but my roots are imbedded deeply in the grandeur of the past." □



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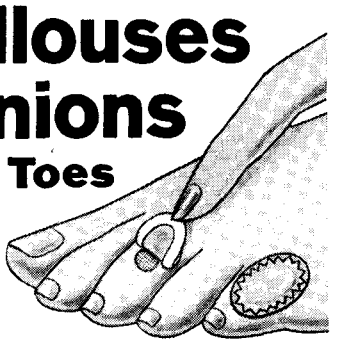

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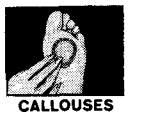
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THE JUNGLE OF LOVE

Finally, at long last, they were to be married—just as she wanted. Then she decided to have second thoughts.

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Suddenly, after all their years of love—ten of them: five a-growing and five a-dying—their lives were changed by the ringing of the telephone. They were lying side by side in the big bridal bed under its looped-up canopy of pink silk, on whose slope the sunset gently laid the twig pattern of the elms in her drive. She had tossed aside her fair hair so that it lay in a heavy tangle on her left shoulder, and was pensively watching him brushing up his graying, military moustaches with the knuckle of his forefinger. She started to scratch his shoulder with her nails, gently at first, then a little more wickedly until he turned to look at her. The sunset revealed the dark roots at the parting of her hair and caught a wrinkle at the corner of her eye. Recognizing a familiar mood, he smiled nervously at her curl-at-the-corner smile, slightly mocking, shy, minxish, naughty. A prelude to another petty quarrel? He soon stopped smiling; this time there was substance to her fret.

"Well, my dashing Major Keene? Are you betraying me with one of your great galumphing horsy wenches from the Hunt? Account for yourself. Two months all but a week? And before that how long was it? Keene by name but not so keen by nature? Is this your idea of devotion? Are you getting tired of me?"

"Anna!" he protested.

He wanted to glance at his watch, but his left arm still lay under her waist. He glanced at the ruddy sun through the elms. Half past four? With a sudden blare the telephone rang. "Botheration!" she snapped, and reached out her long, bare arm for the receiver. He noticed the little purse of skin hanging from her elbow. Poor dear! He really did love her, but, damn it, they weren't either of them as young as they . . .

She sat straight up, crying out, "No! Oh, no!" He heard a few more squawkings from the receiver and her "I'll be right over!" She hung up and leaped out of bed, scrambling all over the floor for her clothes.

"It's the hospital. Arty's dead. I've lost my poor husband."

Something kept bothering him for days, something out of tune that alerted him, something that did not seem right. It was not the time and the place, although, damn it, if, instead of the telephone ringing to say that Arty had gone, Arty had opened the door and peeped in, he could not have chosen a more awkward moment to impose himself. Nor could it have been guilt—not after all these years. It could not have been anything they said; so little had been said in their haste to dress. It could only be something tiny, like an eye glancing over a bare shoulder, or some single word or gesture that was not meant to mean anything but did. Not that he ever got down to thinking it out properly.

©1966 by Sean O'Faolain. To be included in his collection, THE HEAT OF THE SUN: STORIES AND TALES, which will be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown this fall.

A modest man, he knew his worth. She was not the only person who joked about his name. He did it himself. It was inevitable—F. L. Keene. In the army they used to call him old Festina Lente, and kept him to the rank of Major. A good old dobbin. *Festina Lente.* To make haste slowly. Sure and steady. But, at least, he tried to be honest, and he had flashes, damn it! Once, long ago, Anna had asked him how many women he had loved, and he had truly replied, "Only you." "You seem very adept," she had said skeptically, at which he had asked her the same question about herself, and she had answered, "Only you! Oh, of course, I thought I loved Arty when I married him. But I was very young. I soon found out."

Considering him, she had said, "We get on well for a pair of ignoramuses." He had thought about this for a while, and then, to his own surprise, came up with, "Love is like jungle warfare at night; it keys you up, you feel things you can't see." (Like now, when that indefinable something passed in the air between them.)

For her part, when he said that about love and the jungle, she had laughed merrily, sensitive enough to respond to his doleful humor, not intelligent enough to define it. It was his great attraction, of which he was quite unaware, always to expect the worst; it made him infinitely tender and compassionate to everybody. "I am a dull dog," he used to say to her sometimes, and it used to make her throw her arms around him. She was his opposite, endlessly hoping for the best, and better. Had she been smarter, she would have realized that pessimists are usually kind. The gay people, bubbling over, have no time for the pitiful. Love lives in sealed bottles of regret.

He went to the funeral, hoping to have a chat with Mabel Tallant, the only person, he hoped, who knew all about Anna and him. There were so many people there that he decided to keep discreetly to the rear of the crowd. He was surprised at the size of the turnout. He did not know one of them intimately, except for Mabel Tallant. With her he just managed to get a word. She said she was taking Anna home with her for a couple of days after the relatives left. "Give her my love," he whispered hastily.

Mabel had smiled sadly. "Everybody can sleep in peace now."

He drove away, unaccosted by anybody, wondering what the devil she meant, wondering also why the devil it was that ever since he came to live in Ireland he was always wondering what somebody meant about some damn thing or another. He decided once more that the Irish had to talk roundabout because they never had anything to say that was worth saying directly. The yews of his drive were dripping as he drove up to his empty house; nothing would do old Mrs. Mac, his housekeeper, but to go to the funeral. The fire was out. Why had he ever come here? But he had been over all that, too. If his uncle had not left him this place he might never have come back from Kenya; and he might have left after the first year if he had not met Anna Mohan. But now? With Africa gone to hell? Package-safaris all over the place. You might as well think of living in Piccadilly Circus.

The week after the funeral, as he was hacking home from the hunt, Mabel rode up beside him. She was red as a turnip from the wind, mud-spattered to her stock, a gray hair drooping from under her hat, and on her right jaw a streak of dried blood.

"Hello, Mabel. Fall? No bones broken, I hope? You know, you are looking younger every day. But, then, we all know you are a marvel!"

"My dear Frank," she laughed in her jolly, mannish way—she always laughed at everything—"if you're referring to my great age, I assure you I'm not giving up for a long time yet. Even if I am fifty, I'm not decrepit. And I don't think you can give me many years, can you? I wasn't tossed; I'm more wet than muddy."

They ambled along for a quarter of a mile with no more than a few tired words about the hunt. After another silence he said, "How is Anna?"

"You ask me?"

"I suppose I should call on her soon. I don't want to be indiscreet."

"You could be a bit too discreet."

"I was always discreet about Anna. I owed it to her. Nobody but you ever knew about Anna and me."

"Knew? Knows? Maybe not, but you've lived long enough in these parts to know that there's damn little goes on here that everybody doesn't suspect." She hooted gaily. "Sometimes a lot more than they've any reason to suspect. It fills their lives, I suppose."

"Anna and I always used to say that they might suspect but they couldn't be sure, and that was what really counted."

She laughed. "Past history?"

He frowned.

It was growing dusk when they got

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to Bardy Hill. Fumes of fog were lying over the reedy plain. The tired horses slowed to a walk. She tapped his thigh with her crop. "Frank! You're fooling yourself. I heard a bit of gossip at the meet this morning."

"What did you hear?"

"Not much. Somebody said, 'I wonder is Major Keene going to marry her now.'"

He suddenly realized what that nagging "something" about the hospital phone call had been when she had said, "Arty's dead, I've lost my poor husband." Lost? Or was that the word they said to her on the telephone? Damn it, she had lost Arty ten years ago.

"Mabel! If Arty had died ten years ago, even five, even three, I'd have married her like a shot. We dreamed of it. We lived on the dream of it. Not on the hope, damn it, no! We never said, 'die.' We said, 'if anything happened to him.' Always talking about how happy we could be together. Just the two of us. Morning, noon, and night. Lovers' talk! But, you know, hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Anna being a Catholic, there was no hope of a divorce. And, anyway, she was fond of him. In the end I gave up hope. I'll tell you something else, Mabel. I was with her the day Arty died. I hadn't been with her for two months before that. And before that I dunno when. That day, I knew it was all over."

He frowned again when Mabel said nothing. "Do you think she really expects me to marry her?" he asked unhappily.

"I can only give you the woman's point of view. I'd think it damn cheap of you if you didn't make an honest woman of her. It will be pretty lonely for her in that old house at Culadrum. To put it at its lowest, a husband is a handy thing to have about a house." She laughed sourly. "I should know."

She jerked the head of her horse and cantered away. He did the same. Once—and he regretted it—he took out his anger on the animal with his crop. Twice he uttered the word "Damnation!"

That evening he ate little, drank too much wine, slept badly, and immediately after breakfast drove over to Culadrum. He found her in her drawing room, reading the *Irish Times* before the fire, slim-looking in proper black, very becoming, with a tiny white ruff. She had a Victorian look, like a queen in mourning. His heart went out to her. He kissed her and said gallantly, "Now, my darling, before the whole world you can be all mine!" To his delight she blushed, a thing he had not seen her do for years. They sat in armchairs on either side of the fire.

"Frank! We have waited so long you won't mind waiting another while, will you?"

"As long as you like, Anna."

"There is a special reason why we must wait a bit. It has to do with local opinion. I want to be married in a Catholic church."

So, she *had* been thinking about it!

"By all means. I'm not bigoted. In for a penny, in for a pound."

"I want everything to be done properly. I want to clear up everything. We will live here. In this house our life is before us. All my friends and all Arty's old friends are Catholics. They move in their own circle, just as people do everywhere. I'm not one of the hunting set, and they aren't either, except for one or two, maybe. So it is frightfully important that they should all become your friends too. Oh, my darling, it would make all the difference in the world if you were a Catholic!"

He sat back slowly.

"Well, unfortunately, I'm not."

"Frank! For me? It would make all the difference for me if you became a Catholic. Oh, if you could only become a Catholic, Frank! Won't you? We'd be all together then. And I'd be so happy!"

"But, damn it, Anna, you're not seriously suggesting that they'd look down on you in some way if you married a Protestant?"

"A mixed marriage? They won't have it in this diocese. Anyway, we never did it in our family. Even where they do allow it, it's a hole-and-corner affair. It's not the same thing at all. Documents. Guarantees. Back-door stuff. Ugh!"

"It's beyond me."

She laughed her little curl-at-the-corners laugh.

"You've lived in Ireland, Frank, for ten years, and I honestly don't believe you yet understand the Irish."

"Is there anything to understand?"

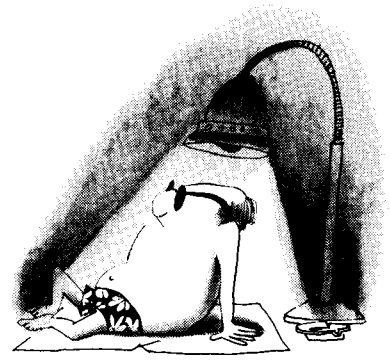
"Besides, there is something else we have to face."

"Something else? What else, for God's sake?"

"We always said they didn't know. But in our hearts we always knew that they did know. They always do know. Bother them! Oh, they mightn't have known *exactly*, but they must have known that there was *something* between us. Of course, there is one way out of it. If you don't marry me now they will say they were wrong."

"But I don't want a way out of it. I want you!"

"But Frank, if we do marry, you see,



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then they will know for certain that they were right all along. They'd never feel happy about us. They'd always be whispering about our past. We'd see it in their eyes. They might never visit us at all! And you couldn't blame them, could you? But if you became a Catholic, Frank, they'd be so happy about it that they'd forget and forgive everything. Besides, it was always the one thing—I mean if there ever was any teeny, little thing at all—that stood between us now and again. Now when we can be married, if we do marry, at last, at long last—oh, my darling!—I want us to be one in everything before the world!"

"It never seemed to bother you before."

"Of course it bothered me. I often cried about it when you left me."

"Why did you never speak to me about it?"

"I was afraid of losing you," she said somberly.

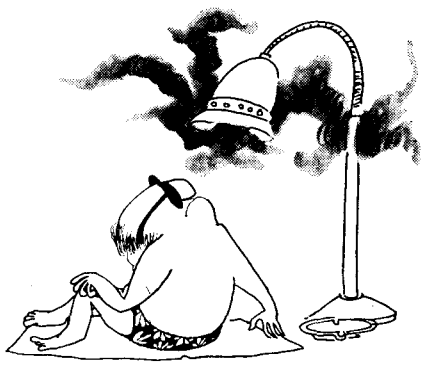
He stood up, went to the window, and looked glumly out through the frosty leaf-tracery on the glass. Accustomed to his ways, she kept looking at his back from under her eyebrows, waiting on his digestion. Presently he did a smart right-about turn.

"This," he declared, "is a bombshell. Damn it, it's an absolute bombshell. When we couldn't marry, you were so afraid to lose me that you never uttered a word about religion, and now, when we can marry, you give me the choice of being a cad if I don't and a Catholic if I do."

"Darling, if you can't, I shan't blame you. And if you can't, I am not going to lose you. No matter what it costs me. Unless you want to ditch me, of course?"

"That I shall never do."

She joined him at the window, and with one coaxing, pussycat finger she stroked his moustaches right and left, and kissed his lips. "Think about it, darling."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He stared at her, snatched his cap, and left abruptly. After driving in circles for an hour, he found himself outside Mabel Tallant's house at Bunahown. She was in the stables, watching her groom combing her gray hunter. When he told her, she laughed so loudly that he saw her gold-tipped molars.

"You're stuck, my boy!"

"But she might just as well ask me to become a Muslim or a Parsee! It isn't fair!"

She laughed gleefully again, then became solemn.

"Frank?"

"Well?"

"Suppose this happened ten years ago when you first fell in love with Anna. Suppose she wasn't married then. Suppose she asked you then to do this for her, would you have done it? Would you have said it wasn't fair?"

He glared at her, shuffled a bit, and strode away.

After a week of torture, sitting for hours alone over his fire, or stalking alone about the leafless roads, he drove into town, stiffened himself with a glass of whisky at the Royal Hotel, and asked the waitress where the Catholic presbytery was. She directed him to Pearse Square with an enthusiasm that he found nauseating. The presbytery—tall, Victorian, red brick—looked like a home for orphans. He hauled stoutly at the brass bell handle and stood to attention, glaring at the door. He asked the scrubby boy who opened it for the parish priest, and was shown into a chilly front room. Drawing? Waiting? Committee? Dining? He found himself faced by a life-size statue of Christ. He turned his back to it. He did not sit down. This was a thing a man met on his two feet.

The door opened, very slowly. The priest who entered was an old man of at least sixty-five. He wore a monsignor's russet vest beneath a celluloid Roman collar that brushed the fringe of white hair about his ropy neck. His voice was as mild as milk, his manner as courteous as a glass of port as he told his visitor that he had been a chaplain with the Royal Inniskillings toward the end of the 1914 war, so they were both only too happy to sit, smoke and chat about Château-Thierry, the Sambre, the Somme, places known to the younger warrior of the two with the reverence proper to ancient history. Then they retired upstairs to the monsignor's sitting room, the fireside, and a whisky bottle. An old Alsatian bitch lay strewn on the hearthrug between them.

By the time they got down to business the major felt as relaxed in his armchair, prickly with horsehair, as if they had just met in a club. All went well until he uttered the name, Mrs. Anna Mohan. The monsignor's eyelids fell.

"Mrs. Mohan? Ah, yes! Lives over at Culadrum House. I knew her father and mother very well. I wouldn't say they were exactly zealous Catholics. But they were good people. Hm! Well, well! Anna Carty, that was. A handsome girl when she was a child. I remember now, they sent her to some convent school in Kent. And after that to some place in Switzerland—Lausanne, I believe—to a finishing school. Rather a mistake, that. Risky."

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"Risky?" The word could have connotations.

"Oh, I am not criticizing them. It is simply that I always feel that if a girl is going to live in Ireland it's wiser to bring her up here. She must have been very young when she married Mohan. Why, we buried him only two weeks ago. Hm! I see!"

He looked at the major without expression, but it was plain enough that he did see.

"Well, Major? Tell me this. Would I be wrong in surmising that you have come to see me chiefly, if not wholly, to please Mrs. Mohan?"

"A fair question, Padre. Yes, you've got it. That's about the run of it."

"I mean, you are not being drawn to the Catholic Church entirely for its own sake, are you?"

"I'll be perfectly straight with you, Padre. I don't know anything at all about the Catholic Church. I'll go farther. I'm not going to become a Catholic, or anything like it, until I know a lot more about the whole thing."

"Very wise. In other words, you are not asking me to give you a course of instruction. You are just asking me for some preliminary information."

"Yes. Yes, that's about the run of it."

"Is there, then, something that particularly interests you, or shall I say that bothers you, about our Church?"

"Why, damn it, everything about the Catholic Church bothers me. Not that I ever thought about it. But I suppose if you ask me a straight question I might say—well, for example, I might say what's all this about the infallibility of the Pope? It's a tall order, you know, if somebody comes out every day of the week about something and says, 'That's it! You've got to take it because I'm infallible!' I mean, supposing the Pope came out tomorrow and said Napoleon was a woman, or that a line isn't the shortest distance between two points, or that the law of gravitation is all nonsense—you can't deny it, Padre, that that'd be a hell of a tall order. You don't mind my being frank about this, I hope?"

The monsignor patted down the glowing tobacco in his pipe with an asbestos finger and said mildly that no, he did not mind at all. "Not, of course, that what you suggest bears any relation to reality. But I don't mind. I mean, the examples you have chosen are not the very best in the world." Here he waved his mottled hand. "Since Mr. Einstein, as the old song says, fings ain't wot they used ter be."

He wandered off a bit about Tycho Brahe and the mathematics of planetary attraction until he saw a glaze gathering over his visitor's eyes. "In fact, His Holiness hardly ever speaks infallibly. The Doctrine of Infallibility was pronounced in 1870. Since then I don't think the Pope has spoken *ex cathedra* more than . . . is it twice, or three times? And if I may say so, quite enough, too! Though some people might think even that much was excessive. Things change." He fell into a private thought. "Change and expand."

"Only twice or three times? Is this a fact? Damn it, I never knew this! But," the major pounced, "when he does, we have to believe him, eh?"

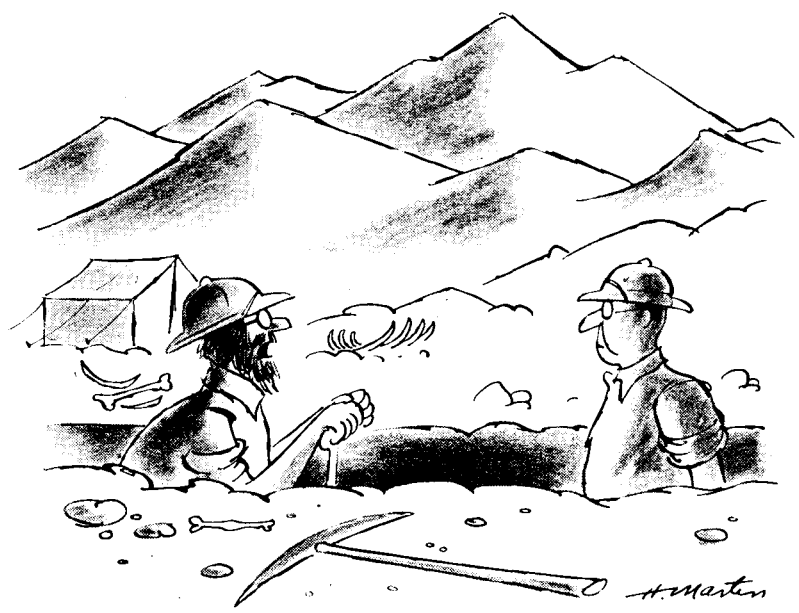
"Major Keene, I think all this would seem much simpler to us if we were to think of the whole matter as one of obedience rather than of conviction. You are a soldier. You know about obedience. During the war, if your colonel told you to advance on Hill 22 with three men and that old Alsatian there and take Objective 46, which you knew quite well was held by a thousand men, what would you do about it?"

"I'd obey at once."

"Yes. You would obey. Somebody's got to give the orders."

Keene stared at him out of his two great, blue eyes, like a horse facing a jump.

"By George, you're a hundred percent right, Padre! Somebody's got to



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's see—so far we have one set of male and female zebra bones, male and female elephant bones, male and female giraffe bones, male and female monkey bones and the hull of a boat. Is it too early for guesses?"

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be boss. Not like all this damned, modern nonsense we've got now, when everybody wants to be the boss. All those trade unions. . . . But, mind you, you've touched on another question there. Only last Sunday my housekeeper, Mrs. MacCarthy, told me that, when she was at Mass, right here in town, one of your curates—you won't mind my saying this?"

"Fire away, Major. Fire away."

"She told me—mind you, she's a bit of an old exaggerator, but I wouldn't say she's a liar, just Irish you know. She told me that one of your curates said from the pulpit that any girl going around this town in tight jeans was walking straight on the road to hell. Now, that's a bit of a tall order, Padre! What do you say to that?"

The monsignor sighed wheezily.

"Yes. Well. We do seem to have wandered a bit from papal infallibility. But, since you raise the question. . . . You, again as an old soldier, must know what happens to orders by the time they pass down to the lower ranks."

"By George! Don't I? You know, Padre, it's a downright pleasure to talk to a man like you who knows the ways of the big world. You make me feel quite homesick for it."

"So? Obedience! And order. And authority. You revere your Queen. The proud symbol of the power of your Empire. We Catholics revere the Pope. The proud symbol of our Empire. The Roman Empire. You and I, each in his own way, respect authority, desire order, and uphold power."

"Splendid! I can see that. In fact, I begin to see a lot of daylight. You know, if we had a couple of chats I shouldn't be at all surprised if we found we had a good deal in common. Mind you, I'm not going to be rushed into this. I'm sure that when I start thinking about it I'll come up with a lot of things that bother me. Mixed marriages, for instance. There's another tall order. And, let me see, hasn't there been some difficulty about the Virgin? And then, of course, there's contraception—I ran into that a lot in India. I need hardly say my interest in that matter is purely academic."

"So is mine." The monsignor rose. "Why don't you come to dinner next week, Major, when, as you say, you will have thought some more about it, and we can combine business, if I may so call it, with pleasure. I've got quite a sound port."

"Aha! I know something about port."

The monsignor warmed. "Do you, now? Tell me, did you ever take port for breakfast?"

The major guffawed. "Oh damn it, no! No! Not for breakfast, Padre!"

The monsignor chuckled. "Then I am afraid you don't know anything at all about port. Wait until you taste mine. But I'm afraid if you are a connoisseur in wine you had better bring your own. Ah! The great wines of France. 1917. Spoiled my palate. I can't afford vintage wine any longer."

"I've got a dozen of '49 Beaune-Villages at home. I'll bring a couple of bottles with me. By God, this is a splendid idea! I beg your pardon, Monsignor, here I am cursing like a trooper in the presence of Your Reverence."

"Pshaw! I'm inured to it."

Keene clasped his hand. He left the presbytery, glancing in respectfully at the impassive eyes of the statue of Christ.

Those Thursday dinners became such a solemn, as well as delightful, opening of hearts that within two months the monsignor was straining hard to hold his neophyte from declaring himself a Catholic on the spot. Indeed, one silent April night, during their third month, as he was showing his guest out into the moist emptiness of Pearse Square, he said, "I shall bless the day, Frank, when you become, if you do become, a Catholic, but I confess I shall have one small regret. The end of our little dinners."

"Nonsense! Why should they end?"

"They will end."

By the end of April the major was coming up against the hard stuff: the one sector of the battlefield to whose ground he returned obstinately, uncomfortably, scarred a little, sometimes approaching it as quietly as if he were on a lone night raid. They might be talking about books—say *Adam Bede* or *The Three Musketeers*—and he might slip in: "Padre! Can one never, simply never, say that there are times when love conquers all? I mean, is that kind of love always, simply always, a sin?"

"I'm afraid, Frank, it is. Always a sin. I'm afraid there just isn't any way around that one. Nor, I fear, could any clergyman of any persuasion say anything else."

Finally, one night, Frank said, plump

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out: "Padre! When, and if, you consider me worthy to be received into the Church, shall I have to go to confession?"

"We will, naturally, have to clear up your past. Not that I think it will bother you very much. There are so few sins, and they repeat themselves endlessly. Even boringly. It is only the circumstances that change."

"I was coming to exactly that. There is a bit of my past that I would like to clear up right away. I want to tell you that I have been in love with Anna Mohan for some ten years. I mean, we have been lovers in the full sense of the word. And I have never felt guilty about it. My fault, no doubt, but there it is. After all, she was only married to him in theory, as you might say. And—he's gone now and words cannot harm him—everybody knows that he was a roaring alcoholic. Don't those circumstances you speak of alter such cases as mine?"

"He was addicted," the monsignor agreed sadly. "As for your case, that he was addicted is sad, but it is not relevant to the law. Hard cases make bad laws. Nor is it relevant that you did not feel a sense of guilt. A stern moralist might speak to you of an atrophied conscience. I think it is enough for me to remind you that many men, known to history, men like Hitler or Stalin, committed the greatest crimes without feeling any sense of guilt. I can only repeat to you that adultery is a very grave sin. It is even two sins, for it also sins against the law that thou shalt not steal. She was his wife. I do not wish to overstress the point, but it does arise. Furthermore, chastity is not only of the body. In what is commonly called sex, the body and the soul are one. You simply have to accept what I say."

"She did lose something when he died. I have realized that."

"I think," the monsignor added gravely, "that this is something that it is your duty to clarify." He paused, and then added pointedly, "All round."

"I accept what you say," his neophyte sighed. "It is most troubling."

The monsignor quietly refilled his glass, wondering a little whether his pupil had some extra reason to be troubled.

He had. By now he was also receiving intermittent instruction from Anna, and on those occasions the tender feelings that she aroused in him were at times more than he could control. On one such occasion, looking up at her pink canopy, he said to her, "Poor Anna! I can see now why you used sometimes to cry. It was a sin."

She smiled her curl-smile and whispered, "But, sure, it no longer is!"

"Anna! We must not deceive ourselves. We're not married yet, you know."

"We are married in the sight of God," she said, and scratched a little more strongly. "The Church will bless us."

"The Church must bless us *first*."

"Ah, but sure," she wheedled, "it's so much nicer before."

"It will be much, much nicer when you will lawfully be mine before man and God."

"Darling!" she cried, and scratched wickedly. "Don't be a bore! Are you a lawyer or a lover?"

"But the monsignor says ——" At this she flew into a rage. "For heaven's sake, who are you marrying? Me or the monsignor?"

He forebore to reply. He was the more troubled, and not for the first time, by the thought: Is she in more need of instruction than me? This, however, was something that, in delicacy, he could not broach to her, or, in loyalty, to the monsignor—unless he might, perhaps, act as a go-between.

"Monsignor! I have one last question. To revert once more to my old problem, I do see now that I have indeed been guilty of a grave sin. I no longer contest it. It is undeniable. I cannot understand how I ever doubted it. But, supposing I had lain, not with a married woman but with an unmarried woman, may I ask, is it in that case permissible for either party to feel just a little bit less guilty?"

"In such a hypothetical case," his friend said dryly, "either party would merely have been committing one sin at a time."

"How stupid of me! How is it that everything becomes so simple when you explain it?"

The occasion to relay the consequences of his question was not long in coming. Under the canopy, he gently pointed out to Anna that they would both have to confess all this sooner or later, as one sin on her part, of two on his. She declared at once, and with passion, that she had no intention of doing anything of the sort.

"Do you think," she cried, drawing blood from him this time, "that I am going to spoil all our years and years of love by saying now that they were beastly and horrible?" Then, seeing in his terrified eyes how deeply she had shocked him, she added, easily, "One could of course go through the *formality*."

"Of course!" he agreed, profoundly relieved to find that she really was, after all, a Catholic. She went on: "Why not? One will say that one has transgressed. That's it. Transgressed. To pass over. To step beyond. Beyond the red line. A little."

"Indeed," he agreed happily, "so we will! I'm so relieved! I'm so glad!"

"But sure, Frank, we'll know in our hearts, of course, that we didn't really do anything very bad at all!"

"But, my dear Anna, there is the law! *Thou shalt not commit adultery*."

At this she sat up, seized him by the hair, and shook him like a dog. "Are you calling me an adulteress?"

He sat up, waved his arms despairingly, and wailed at her: "My darling! I sit in judgment on nobody. But I," he said miserably, "I *have* been an adulterer."

She stroked his moustaches and kissed him tenderly. "Not really, darling. That's just an old afterthought you are having now. You were as innocent as a child at the time."

He sank back and rolled his tousled head sadly on the pillow. "I'm such a simple sort of chap, Anna, and it's all such a simple thing, and I understand it so simply, and I do wish that you didn't make it all so damned complicated."

She laughed and laughed. "I make it complicated? It is I who am simple about it. It is your new friends who are tying everything up in knots with their laws and rules and regulations and definitions and subdefinitions that nobody can make head or tail of. I was brought up on all that stuff. I know it. You don't. They are at it all the time. So many ounces you may eat during Lent in France, so many in Spain. You can't eat meat on Fridays, but it's no harm to eat frogs and snakes and snails. I suppose you could even eat tripe! How much interest may one businessman charge on this deal? How much may another charge on another? Do you think anybody can really measure things like that? A baby who dies without being baptized must go to some place called Limbo that nobody ever knew what it is or in what corner of creation to put it. All that stuff has nothing to do with religion. How could it? Do you know that Saint Augustine said that all unbaptized children are condemned to suffer in eternal fire? Is *that* religion?"

"Are you sure Saint Augustine said this?"

"I was educated in Lausanne," she said proudly. "It's the home of Saint Augustine." She began to sob into the pillow. "I wish I'd never asked you to become a Catholic. I wouldn't have if I knew you were going to take it as seriously as all this."

"Don't cry, my daffodil! In a few months it will all be over, and we will never need to talk of these terrible things again."

She flew at once into a state of total happiness; she clapped her hands gaily. "Oh, what fun it will be! In a couple of months you will be my loving husband. We'll be welcomed by everybody with open arms, we'll be known as the greatest lovers in all Ireland; the women will envy me, and the men will smile at you and clap you on the back. I can't wait for it."

"God speed the day when I shall at last be received."

"And I shall be married!"

For six days and six nights he kept away from the monsignor, thinking of those millions of babies burning in eternal fire, until his whole soul felt beaten all over by devils armed with sticks and shovels and red-hot tongs. On the seventh night he invited the monsignor to dinner. Like a good host, he kept from his troubles until the port passed. Then, unsteadily, he said, "Monsignor, I have another question, a small, tiny little problem. Tell me, where is Limbo?"

The old man paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips and looked at him apprehensively. He had dealt with transubstantiation, miracles, the Resurrection, indulgences, Galileo, the Virgin Birth, the Immaculate Conception, grace, predestination, the will, mixed marriages, even adultery. These great mysteries and problems had presented no lasting difficulty either to him or to his dear friend. But Limbo? He knew from long experience how easily the small things, rather than the big ones, can shatter a man's faith.

"Why did you ask me that question?" he said sadly.

"It just occurred to me," the major said loyally, and curled a little at his lack of frankness to his friend.

"I see!"

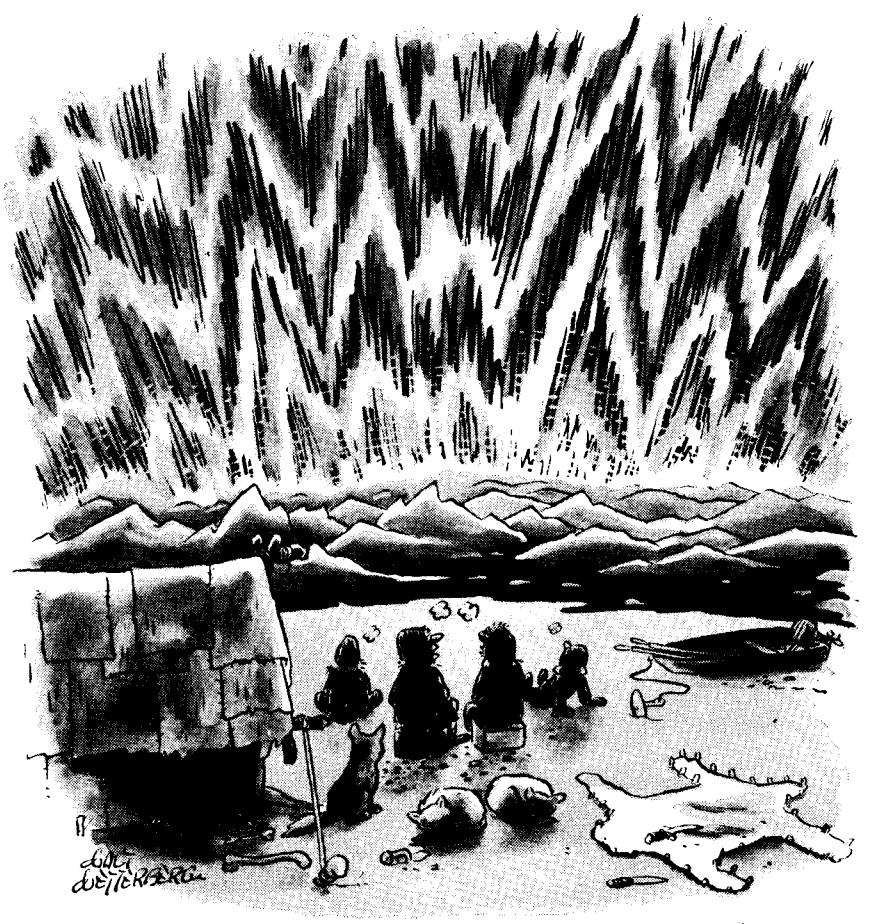
"Is it true, Monsignor, as I have read, that Saint Augustine said that all babies who have not been baptized must burn in eternal fire?"

With a whole movement of his arm the monsignor pushed his glass slowly to one side. The night was in ruins.

"I believe so," he said, and thrust gallantly on. "Still, there are other and more liberal views. Do you really want me to go into this matter of Limbo? It is not a primal question."

"It bothers me, Monsignor."

"I see. Well, I do know that one Italian theologian, whose name escapes me at the moment, felt that God might instruct the angels to confer baptism on those children who might otherwise perish without it. Another theologian felt that the sincere wish of the parent that the child might have been baptized



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could be a fair equivalent. Saint Thomas felt, humanely, that those children suffer no pain of the body, although they must, indeed, always grieve that they can never see God. Just as a bird or a mouse might grieve that it can never be a man, or speak to an emperor or king."

"How sad!"

"Of course, Major," the monsignor whispered, "we have to recognize that we have no purely human right to heaven. Heaven is a gift. God could, without injustice, deny it to us. I suggest it was originally a rabbinical idea."

The priest looked into the glowing ashes of the fire. The major looked out at the darkness of the night. Through the open window the invisible fields sent in the sweetness of lilies of the valley. After a long while the monsignor said, "There are many mysteries in life that we have to accept in humility, without understanding them. Indeed, it is because we do not understand the mystery that we do accept it—and live with it."

As the monsignor drove away, the major watched the beams of his car until they touched the last of his yews, and stood there until the gasoline smell faded in the pure air. He walked up and down his avenue many times. Afterward, he sat before his dying fire until sleep came to him.

It was quite early—a bird-singing May morning, gleaming after a light shower of rain—when he faced her, fresh and handsome, breakfasting beside her cheerful morning fire. He said firmly, "Anna, I can never become a Catholic."

Her cup clattered into its saucer.

"But Frank, you must! Do you expect me to marry you like a Protestant in a registry office? Or to live with you for the rest of my life, with you in what you now think of as a cesspool of sin?"

"I am proposing nothing. I can think of nothing. It is just that I am too old, or too stupid, to be able to follow you both."

"You just want to be shut of me." She raised her tear-filled eyes. "Or is it that it is I who am too old and too stupid? Why can't you be as I am? After all, I am a Catholic!"

"I have sometimes wondered, Anna, what you are."

Her fury burst about him like shrapnel. She dashed down the *Irish Times*.

"How dare you? Of course I am a Catholic! What's wrong with you is that you want everything to be perfect. As clean and bare and tidy as a barracks. That's it! All you are is a bloody English major who wants everybody's buttons to be polished and everybody's cap to be as straight as a plate."

"But it wasn't I who raised the question of Limbo!"

"To hell with Limbo! If there is a hell! Or a Limbo! What's wrong with you is you're too conceited. You want to cross every I and dot every T. Why do you want to understand everything? Why can't you just accept things the way I do?"

"Do you accept Limbo?"

"I never think about Limbo. I never think about stupid things like that. I think only of God, and the stars, and of heaven, and of love, and of you."

"You put me to a great test, Anna. As the monsignor says, I must also think of the Cross and the nails. Just as he says that in love the soul and the body are one."

"You're a liar! All this is just a cute device to get out of marrying me. I see through you. I see through your cheap trickery. I see through your dirty Saxon guile. If you were the last man on earth this minute, Frank Keene, I wouldn't marry you now. Please don't come near me ever again!"

She swept out and crashed the door. He retrieved the *Irish Times* from the fire, beat out its flames, and went away.

After three weeks of the blackest misery, he dashed off a letter.

Monseigneur, Mon Général, Mon ami,

If I may be allowed to declare my belief in things that I do not understand and to accept in humility things that I do not approve, I am ready, at your command, to take Mount Zion, even unaccompanied by your Alsatian bitch. Give me your order. I will obey.

Your obedient servant,
FRANCIS LANCELOT KEENE,
Major,
L.R.C.P.E. and L.M.,
Late R.A.M.C.,
Dunkirk, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Italy.
Despatches, medal and clasp, D.S.O.
1940–1945.
Retired.

The reply came by telegram the next day. At the sight of the single word of command, a sudden rage boiled up in him. Who did he think he was? A bloody general? One man? And no dog? Against an army of doubts. . . .

He chose July ninth for it, the feast day of two English saints, John Fisher, Bishop, and Thomas More, Chancellor, both martyrs.

It was raining as he entered the presbytery. In the monsignor's parlor the old Alsatian half lo cked up at him and sank back into its doze. The two men walked silently across to the church, where the monsignor invested himself in his surplice and stole, and the major knelt by the rails of a side chapel, feeling nothing whatsoever as he repeated the words of recantation and of belief. They then retired to the presbytery, where the major knelt by the monsignor's chair for his first confession. During the previous days he had been girding himself for his complete life story. The monsignor shortened even that piece of the ceremony, saying, "I imagine I know it all. Women, and drink, and I suppose swearing like a trooper. Unless there is some special sin of your past life that you want to mention?"

Humbly, the major said, "Sloth," and got a faint satisfaction from the painful admission.

Then sunshine flooded his heart when the monsignor told him that his penance would be to say, that night, three Hail Marys.

"So little? After so long?"

"God loves you," the monsignor said, and bade him say his act of contrition.

The major's eyes filled with tears as he heard the murmuring words of absolution mingle with his own. The monsignor then raised him to his feet and warmly shook both his hands.

"My dear friend in Christ. Now you are one of us. Do your best. In the bosom of the Church. And"—briskly removing his vestments—"let's go back now and have a good dollop of malt."

He tore back at sixty miles an hour to Culadrum to meet her, singing all the way at the top of his voice, *When the Saints Go Marching In.* There was a shower, the sun ebbed and flowed, and "Blow me," he cheered, "if they haven't sent me a rainbow!" He hooted his horn along her drive, and there she was, running down the steps onto the gravel to embrace him.

"'Tis done," he laughed, and she said, "You look about seventeen!"

"God loves me!" he said.

"Did you fix up about the marriage?"

"Good Lord! I forgot all about it!"

"You immense dope!" she laughed. "That was the whole point. Go back tonight and fix it. And do remember—the tenth of August."

"You're still sure it's not a bit too soon? I mean, that people may think that . . ."

She laughed triumphantly. "I want them to think! I'll blame it all on my impetuous lover. And now you must come and see my new dresses and hats; a whole crateful of them came this morning from Dublin."

She took him by the hand and galloped him upstairs to her room's litter of tissue and colored cardboard boxes.

"Sit there. And don't dare stir." She tore off her frock. He sat and beamed at her, in her white, lace-trimmed corset, circling, preening, glaring in the long mirror at herself in pale toques, straw hats in white, in mauve, in liver-pink. Once as she posed, a pale-blue pillbox on the back of her head, saying, "Or this one?", he wondered whether she had gone—or when she would go—to confession, and decided that he would not press her about it just now. Perhaps never at all.

They were married before a large congregation in the cathedral. He recognized many whom he had seen six months before at the funeral. He felt a bit self-conscious about his age, and hers, and several times, when it was over, he had to stop himself from interpreting their broad smiles and their hearty congratulations. Still, whether confetti-speckled in his gray topper and tails outside the church door, or mingling with the crowd in his new pinstripe at the champagne reception in the Royal Hotel, he felt he had carried it all off like a soldier and a gentleman. Then they were in his car driving off amid huzzas and laughter, down along the Main Street, out into the country for Dublin, for London, and Lausanne. They were both tipsy. She was weeping softly; he filled with pity and love.

"You're not upset, darling?"

"It's just my nerves." She smiled bravely, took a pill from her bag, and was soon chortling once more.

Everything turned out afterward just as she had foretold. They set up house together in Culadrum. All her old friends, and her late husband's friends, came regularly to visit them. They played bridge with them at least twice a week. In the season he hunted three times a week. He took complete charge of her garden. He developed an interest in local archaeology. She was entirely happy, scratched him no longer,

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and wept no more. He enjoyed all the quiet self-satisfaction of a man who, at some cost to himself, has done the right thing and found everything turning out splendidly. As he marched the roads, erect, chest out, with his stick and his dog, he was admired, liked, and envied by all.

Winter came. The rains and the barometer fell. She began to make excuses about going to Mass on account of the awful weather and her health. At first he found, to his regret, that he was often going to Mass alone. Then he found that he was always going alone. He began to wonder at this, ask questions about it, become testy about it, and at last they argued crossly over it every Sunday morning. There were long silences because of it. Once, a whole week passed without a word spoken. He finally realized that she had no interest at all in religion, and had never had. He felt a great hole opening in his belly, crawling like fear, recurrent as a fever, painful as betrayal, until he could no longer bear his misery alone.

"But, Monsignor," he wailed, "why did the woman insist on my becoming a Catholic if she doesn't believe in it herself? Why in God's name did she do this to me?"

His friend did not hesitate; he never had hesitated.

"Superstition. Fear, perhaps? She has memories of childhood. Of the dark. The thin red line that may not be crossed."

"But we crossed it over and over again, for years!"

"That was not forever."

"Could we not have had a mixed marriage?"

"It could have been managed. Somehow. Somewhere. She wanted the real thing. The laying on of hands. The atonement. The magic touch. I suspect, Frank, that your wife is a very simple woman. We have millions of them in the Church. Full of what I call ignorant innocence. They don't do much harm to anybody, except to themselves. Or if they become vain, or proud, or we press them too hard, then they turn on us like a knife. Don't force her. You have a problem. You took a chance and now you must find some way of living with it, in faith, and courage, and trust. Just remember that your wife is a little vain—rather spoiled, I imagine—possibly a trifle conceited, too. And—or so I feel—very unsure of herself. Hence her superstition. African missionaries tell me that they are very familiar with it."

The major stared at him, containing the urge to say, Why the hell didn't you tell me all this before?

"And what is my superstition?" he asked curtly.

"You are different. You worked your passage. Only. . . ." Here he did hesitate.

"Only?"

"Only do not expect miracles. You may, of course, pray for one. I suppose it is what we all pray for, really."

He took to going to early Mass every morning, much to her annoyance because no matter how quietly he stole out of her bed she always woke up, turning over and muttering things like, "For God's sake, isn't Sunday enough for you?" or, "My nerves are shot to bits with you and your blooming piety!" By Christmas he had taken to sleeping alone. By February he was praying for the gift of silence, and drinking like a fish. In spite of that, he had lost eleven pounds' weight by March and was thinking of running away to Malaysia. By April he could no longer keep his food down. And then their war ended, suddenly, in an explosion of light.

He had gone out one morning into her walled garden to jab stoically at the grass with his weeder. The night had been a blur of wet trees; now a skyload of sun warmed his stooped back. He smelled the rich earth, glanced at her ancient espaliered trees. As he picked on and on, patiently and humbly, his memory slowly expanded in widening circles: out to Easter Hill, out beyond the furze-yellow slopes of the Stameen river, away out after that great wheeling hunt of a month ago across the reedy plain, losing the scent, finding it again—five glorious, nonstop, hammering miles of it. As he shifted the cushion beneath his knees, he noticed the first tiny bells of her white rhododendron. Christ was risen. Steaming roads stretched like wet rulers across the bog, past a pub, a garage, under a procession of elms against a foam bath of clouds. At his toe he saw a blue eggshell.

At that moment a window in the house was lifted. Looking up, he saw her, in her pink morning dress, leaning on the sill with both hands, staring over the countryside. He had a vision. In a flash it burst on him that everything she saw and he remembered came out of that one eggshell. She waved to him, casually. He waved back wildly with his weeder. She retired.

"Monsignor! It was something that could only happen in Lourdes! How right you were! Never force things! Change and expand! Move slowly! Live with your problems. There are no laws for hard cases. Trust and courage solve everything. Heaven is a gift! The heart is the center! Carry on! We can only all do our best. God loves us! Not a single cross word for two weeks! Everything absolutely tickety-boo! Monsignor, you should be a cardinal!"

They had met in the street. The old man had heard him impassively. Leaning forward on his umbrella, he lifted his head from his toes for one quick glance—almost, it occurred to the major in his excitement, as if he were not a monsignor but an African missionary.

"You say nothing?" the major asked anxiously.

"That's good news." The Monsignor shook hands limply, turned to go, turned back, said, "Carry on, Frank," and went on his slow way down the street, followed by his friend's wide-eyed stare of puzzlement, annoyance, affection, and undiminished admiration.

Two days later he attended the monsignor's funeral. It was a damp day, and it did not do the major's rheumatism any good.

The next morning was a Sunday. The storm woke him. Through the corner of his blind he saw spilling rain, waving treetops. He felt a twinge in his shoulder. He said, "Well, I was at Mass yesterday," lay back, and dozed for an hour. He heard the soft boom of the breakfast gong, and Anna's door open and close. As he went downstairs in his dressing gown, he smelled bacon and coffee. She was sitting by the breakfast table in her morning gown. The fire blazed cozily. "Good morning, love," he said, and kissed her forehead.

"Are you going out?" she asked, and looked at the overspilling gutters dropping great glassy beads like a curtain past the window.

"Arthritis," he said sheepishly.

"Why in God's name," she groaned, "do we live in this climate?"

"We live where we are fated to live, in the bosom of the country," and he lifted the chased lid of the breakfast dish.

She frowned. They munched silently. To cheer her, he suggested that they might go to Italy in May, to Venice, to Rome, and he began to plan how they could go and what they could see there together. Far away a church bell tolled on the wet wind like a bell for the dead. He went on talking very gaily, very rapidly, very loudly. She smiled her curl-smile and said, "Why not Lausanne?"

"Indeed, indeed! Anywhere! To get away!" □

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SEARCH FOR A FUTURE

There's a man out there running wild through the rain and the wind. I hope they never find him.

I read where a great writer, just before he died, was having dinner in a restaurant, and said, "It all tastes the same." Maybe I am dying. But I feel good.

I was pasting on my beard. My mind was going back through the mirror to all the other beards, and I counted this as number nine in my life. I used to like beard parts when I was younger because they made me look mature and more sure of myself. But I don't like them as much now that I'm older. No matter how I try I can't help acting philosophical on stage with a beard, and in this part I'm a loud farmer.

That night I looked at my makeup jars, the sponge, the towel, the eye pencil, and I had a strong feeling all of a sudden. That it had always been the same jars, the same sponge, the same towel stained with pink pancake exactly like this one, that I had not gotten up from this dressing table for thirty-five years, and that I had spent my whole life motionless, twenty minutes before curtain. That everything tasted the same. Actually I feel I am optimistic. But for quite a lengthened-out minute there I felt that I had never done anything but make myself up for a role I never got to play. Part of it is, I suppose, that all dressing rooms are the same. The other part is that I have been waiting to hear that my father has died. I don't mean that I think of him all the time, but quite often when I hear a telephone ring, I think: There it is, they are going to tell me the news.

The stage-door man came in. I thought he was going to announce ten minutes to curtain, but instead he said that somebody was asking to see me. People never visit before a show. I thought it might be somebody from the nursing home. I felt frightened. But I wanted to know immediately, and the stage-door man hurried out to bring in my visitor.

I have never married, although I have been engaged several times. But always to a Gentile girl, and I didn't want to break my mother's heart. I have since learned that I was too attached to her, but I don't feel sure about that. I love nothing more than children, family life. But at the last minute a certain idea would always come to me and stick in my brain, the idea that this marriage was not absolutely necessary. It gave me a false heart, and I never went ahead with it. There are many times when I wish I had been born in Europe, in my father's village where they arranged marriages and you never even saw the bride's face under the veil until after the ceremony. I would have been a faithful husband and a good father, I think. It's a mystery. I miss the wife and children I have never had.

I was surprised to see a boy of twenty-two or -three walk in. He was short, with curly hair and a pink complexion that made him look as though he never had to shave. He had a sweet expression, a twinkle in his eye. "I just wanted to remind you about midnight," he said.

About midnight? What about midnight? I was completely lost. For a minute there I even thought: My father has died and I have forgotten about it and there is some kind of procedure or a ceremony at midnight.

"The meeting," he said.

Then I remembered. I had agreed to sit on the platform at a meeting called "Broadway for Peace." My dresser's nephew, a musician twenty-one years old, had just had his eyes shot out in Vietnam somewhere, and I was sick about it. I still haven't seen my dresser, Roy Delcampo; he doesn't even call me up since it happened. I know he'll show up one of these nights, but so far there is no sign of him. To tell the truth, I do not know who is right about this war, but I know that nobody is going to remember ten years from now what it was all for—just as I know that I have had forty-three shows, forty-three openings, but who can even remember the casts, the exact kind of battles we had in production, let alone the reviews or even most of the titles? I know it all kept me alive, but it is even hard to remember the kind of actor I had wanted to be. It wasn't this kind, is all I know.

Suddenly I was a little nervous about this meeting. I have always respected actors with convictions, the people in the old days who were Leftists, and so on. Whatever people might say, those guys and girls had wonderful friendships. But I never felt it was really necessary for me to put my name on anything political; I never felt it would make any difference if I put down my name or if I didn't.

I looked at this boy and he looked at me, and I could see once again how my generation used to see things when I was his age. This meeting was more than a meeting; it was to stop the world from ending. Which I didn't believe, but for him it wasn't all the same. For him—and I could see he was an actor—every experience was some kind of new beginning. I could see that he still remembered every single thing that had ever happened to him, that he was on his way up, up.

Actually, I was quite frightened about the meeting, but I couldn't bear to say to him that it was not going to make any difference whether or not I appeared. So we shook hands, and he even grasped my arm as though we were in league, or even to indicate that he felt especially good that an older man was going to be with them. Something of that kind.

When he turned around and walked out, I saw that the seat of his overcoat was worn; it was a much lighter color than the rest of the coat. An actor notices such things. It means that he sits a lot in his overcoat, and on rough places. Like the steps in front of the Forty-second Street library, or even park benches, or some of the broken chairs in producers' outer offices. And here he is, this boy, spending his time with meetings. I thought

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BY ARTHUR MILLER

Illustration by
Leo and Diane Dillon

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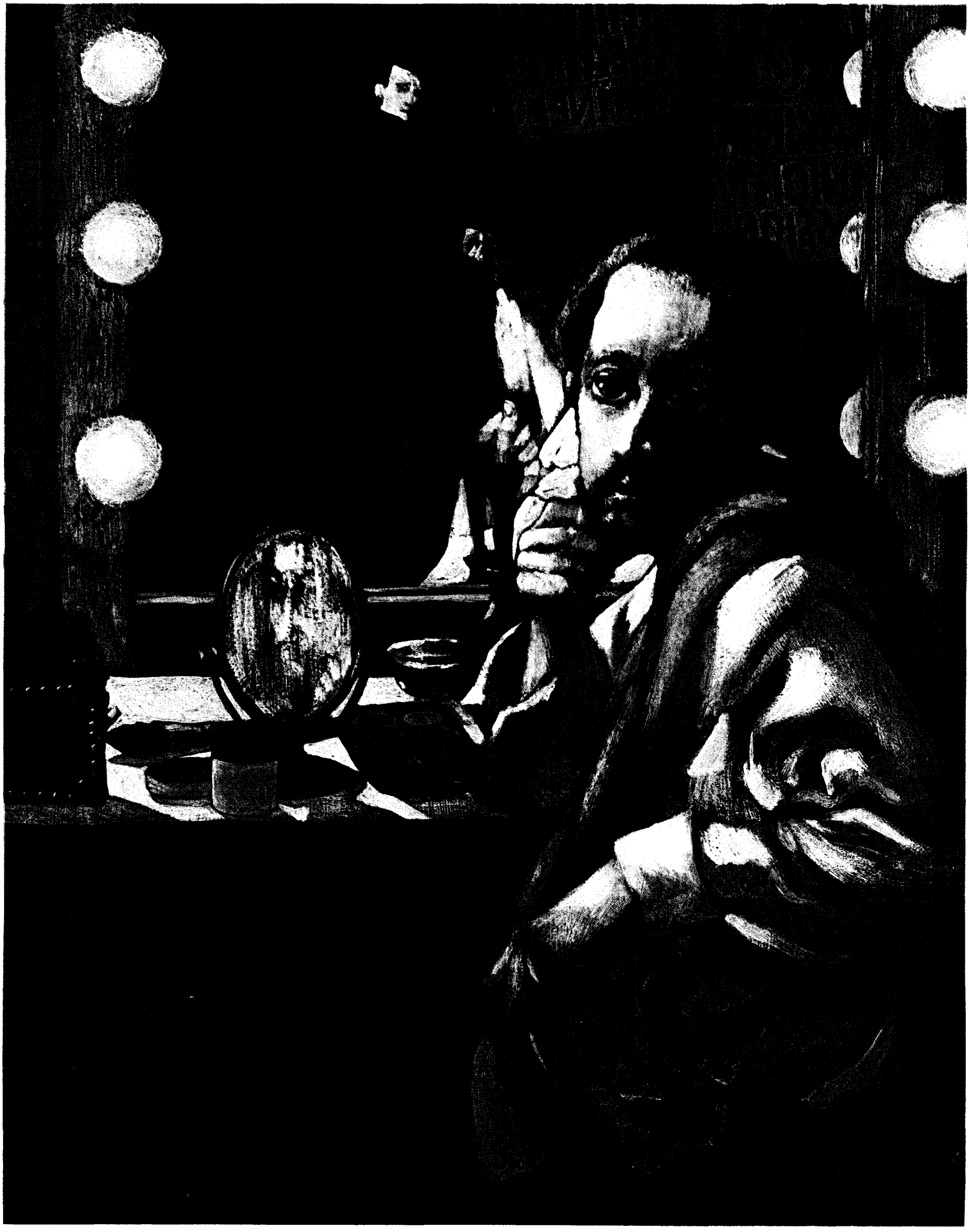

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to myself, I cannot imagine anything I would sit and wait for, and I wished I had something like that. I ended up a little glad that I was going to be at the meeting. Exactly why, I don't know.

I think I acted better that night, not that anyone else would notice, but I found myself really looking at my fellow actors as though I had never seen them before. Suddenly it was remarkable to me, the whole idea of a play, of being able to forget everything else so that we were really angry up there, or really laughing, or really drinking the cider we were supposed to drink, which is actually tea, and coughing as though it were bitter. Toward the end of Act Two some man got up from the third row and walked out. I usually feel upset about a walk-out, but this night it went through my mind that it was his role to walk out, that the whole audience was acting too. After all, the whole idea of so many people sitting together, facing in the same direction, not talking, is a kind of acting.

Even the President gets made up now for his TV talks. Everybody every morning gets into costume. As we were taking the curtain calls, I thought: Maybe I never got married because it would make my life real; it would rip me off the stage somehow.

The next morning I went to visit my father at the nursing home. I had been there only four or five days before, but I felt pulled. So I went.

It was a very windy day in October, a clear blue sky over New York. My father always liked strong wind and cold weather. He would put up his coat collar and say, "Ahhh," and even as a little boy I imitated the way he exhaled and enjoyed facing into a cold wind. He would look down at me and laugh, "This is not a hot day, boy."

The old man is in a cage. But the bars are so close to his face he cannot see them, so he keeps moving, a step this way and a step that way. And finally he knows, for the hundredth time every day, that he is not free.

But he does not know why. He feels someone knows, and whoever it is means him harm. Something is going to happen. Someone is keeping him here for a long temporarily, as you might say.

The room is freshly painted and smells it. A light blue color over many coats of paint, so that the shiny surface is lumpy. A string hangs from the middle of the ceiling with a fluorescent plastic tassel on the end of it. His head strikes it whenever he moves about the room. In the dark at night he lies on his bed and goes to sleep with the bluish glow of this tassel on his retina. In the afternoons he can pull the string and make the ceiling light go on. He has never been a tease with machinery, so when he pulls the string he looks up at the ceiling fixture, a little surprised that the light went on. Sometimes after his head has hit the tassel he scratches the spot lightly as though a fly had sat on his skin. The word "stroke" is very right, like a touch on the brain, just enough.

The nursing home is an old, converted apartment house, but an extremely narrow one. The corridors on each floor are hardly wider than a man. You come in and on the right is an office where a fat woman is always looking into a thick registry book. On the left is a slow elevator. A zoo smell is always in the air as soon as you walk into the building, and it gets thicker upstairs. But it is not a filthy smell. It is like earth, humid but not diseased. At my first visit I was repelled by it, as by sewage. But after a while, if you allow yourself to breathe in deeply, you realize it is the odor of earth and you respect it.

Up one flight is my father's floor. There is always a mattress or springs standing on edge in the corridor; someone has been moved out or died. Rooms open off the corridor, most of them occupied by old women. They sat motionlessly facing their beds, some asleep in their chairs. There is no sound in the place; they are all dozing like thin, white-haired birds which do not thrive in captivity. All their eyes seem blue.

The old man's room is the last one on the corridor. Opposite his door is a widened space where the nurses have a desk. They do not look up when I open his door. Nobody is going to steal any-

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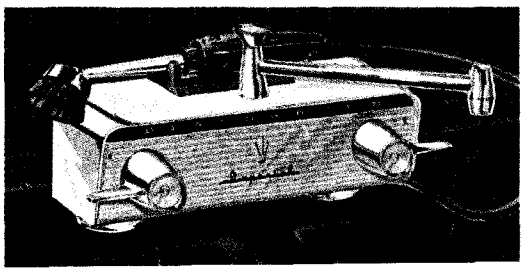

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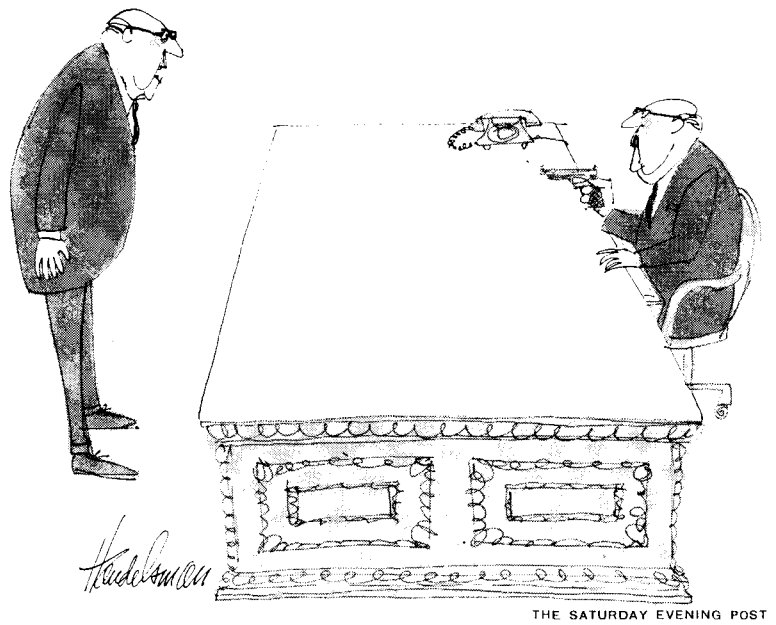
thing here or do any harm. Everyone is so old that there cannot be an emergency.

He is usually asleep on his bed, whatever time I come. I am already twenty years older than he was at my birth. I am an older man than the one I looked up at during the windy walks. My hair is gray at the sides. Mother has been dead a long, long time. All of his brothers and sisters are dead; everyone he knew and played cards with. I have also lost many friends. It turns out that he is not really too much older than I am, than I am becoming.

I stood there looking down at him and recalled the meeting the night before. About fifteen others were sitting on a row of chairs on the stage. The chairman introduced us by turn. For some reason, when I stood up there seemed to be heavier applause, probably because it was the first time I had ever come out for such a thing, and also because I have been quite a hit in this current play, and they knew my face. But when I stood up and the applause continued, the chairman waved for me to come up to the microphone. I was frightened that the newspapers would pick up what I might say, and I had no idea what to say. So I came to the microphone. There was a really good silence. The theater was packed. They said that people were jammed up outside trying to get in. I bent over to the microphone and heard my own voice saying, "Someone went blind that I knew." Then I realized that I did not actually know the boy who had been blinded, and I stopped. I realized that it sounded crazy. I realized that I was frightened; that some day there might



"It's you! Malcolm! My scapegrace twin brother! Escaped from prison! Sitting at my desk! (Choke!) What's your game?"

be investigations and I could be blamed for being at such a meeting. I said: "I wish the war would stop. I don't understand this war." Then I went back to my chair.

There was terrific applause. I didn't understand why. I wondered what I had really said that made them so enthusiastic. It was like an opening night when a line you never had thought about very much gets a big reaction. But I felt happy, and I didn't know why. Maybe it was only the applause, which I didn't understand either, but I felt a happiness, and I thought suddenly that it had been a terrible, terrible mistake not to have gotten married.

"Pop?" I said softly, so as not to shock him. He opened his eyes and raised his head, blinking at me. He always smiles now when he is awakened, and the lower part of his long face pulls down at his eyes to open them wider. It isn't clear whether or not he knows who you are as he smiles at you. I always slip in my identification before I say anything. "I'm Harry," I say, but I make it sound casual, as though I am saying it only because he hasn't got his glasses on. His fingers dance nervously along his lower lip. He is touching himself, I think, because he is no longer certain what is real and what is dream, when people he is not sure he knows suddenly appear and disappear every day.

He immediately insists on getting out of bed. He is fully dressed under the blankets, sometimes even with his shoes on. But today he has only socks. "My slippers."

I get his slippers from the metal closet and help him into them. He stands on the floor tucking in his shirt, saying, "And uh . . . and uh," as though a conversation has been going on. There are no immense emotions here, but deep currents without light. He is bent a little, and stiff-kneed, and plucks at his clothes to be sure everything is on. He is very interested that someone is here but he knows that nothing, absolutely nothing, will come of it. But he wants to lengthen it out anyway, just in case something might happen to free him. He is afraid the end of the visit will suddenly be announced, so he tries to be quick about everything. He says, "Sit down, sit down," not only to make you comfortable but to stall off the end. Then he sits in the one armchair, the fire escape and a patch of city sky behind him, and I sit on the edge of the bed facing him.

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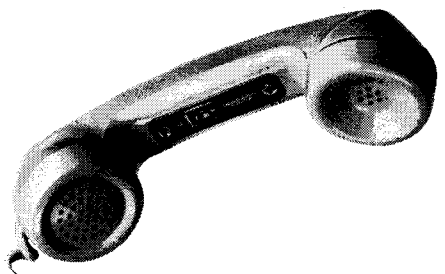

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"I hear you went for a walk today with the nurse?"

"Ya. Awd the river. Doom days deen unden, but this here's a beautiful day. Some day."

"Yes. It's a beautiful day," I repeat so that he'll know I understand what he is talking about, although it doesn't make much difference to him. Some things he says, though, he is very anxious should be understood, and then it all gets terrible. But I am not sure he knows he is mostly incomprehensible.

He wanders his arm vaguely toward the night table. "My glasses." I open the drawer and hand him one of the two pairs he keeps in there.

"Are these the ones?"

He puts on the wobbly frames which his incapable hands have bent out of shape. The lenses are coated with his fingerprints. "Ya," he says, blinking around. Then he says, "No," and roots around in the drawer. I give him the other pair, and he takes off the first pair, opens the second, and puts the first ones on again and looks at me.

I realize as he is looking at me that he feels friendship between us, and that he is glad to see me, but that he is not sure who I am. "I'm Harry," I say.

He smiles. He is still a big man, even though he is very thin now. His head is massive, and his teeth are good and strong, and there is some kind of force lying in pieces inside of him, the force of a man who has not at all settled for this kind of room and this kind of life. For him, as for me and everybody else, it is all some kind of mistake. He has a future. I suppose I still go to see him for that reason.

I never realized before that his ears stick out, that they face front. I think I was always so busy looking into his eyes that I never really saw his ears. Because there is nothing more to listen to from him or to fear, I have time to look at his body now.

His left leg is quite bowed out, more than I ever realized. His hands are very slender and even artistic. His feet are long and narrow. He has strangely high, almost Slavic, cheekbones which I never noticed when his face was fuller. The top of his head is flatter, and the back of his neck. It was less than five years ago that I first realized he was an old man, an aged man. I happened to meet him walking on Broadway one afternoon and I had to walk very slowly beside him. A little breeze in his face made his eyes tear. But I felt then that it was not something very sad; I felt that after all he had lived a long time.

But this day I felt a difference about him. He had not given up his future. In fact, he was reaching toward his future even more energetically than I was toward mine. He really wanted something.

"Linnen, I ah gedda hew orthing. Very important."

"You want something?"

"No-no. I ah gedda hew orthing."

He waited for me to reply. "I don't understand what you're saying, but keep talking, maybe I'll understand."

He reached over toward the door and tested that it was shut. Now, as he spoke, he kept glancing with widened eyes toward the door as though interlopers who meant him no good were out in the corridor. Then he shook his head angrily. "I never in my life. Never."

"What's the matter?"

"He maug lee me ounigh."

"They won't let you out?"

He nodded, scandalized, angry. "Hew maug lee me ounigh."

"But you went out with the nurse, didn't you?"

"Linnen. Hew linnen?" He was impatient.

"Yes, Pop, I'm listening. What do you want?"

Something politic came over him as he prepared to speak again, something calculating. He was positioning himself for a deal. His lips, without sound, flicked in and out like a chimpanzee's as he practiced an important message. Then he crossed his legs and leaned over the arm of the chair toward me.

"Naw gen my money."

"Your money?"

"Naw gen. Yesterday she said sure. Today, naw gen."

"The lady downstairs?"

"Ya."

"She asked you for money?"

"Naw gen my money."

"She wouldn't give you your money?"

He nodded. "Naw gen. Fifty thousand dollars."

"You asked her for fifty thousand dollars?"

"For my money gen."

He was leaning toward me cross-legged, just as I had seen him do with businessmen, that same way of talking in a hotel lobby or in a Pullman, a rather handsome posture and full of grace. Of course, he had no fifty thousand dollars; he had nothing anymore, but I did not realize at the time what he really had in his mind even though he was telling it to me clearly.

"Well, you don't need money here, Pop."

He gave me a suspicious look with a little wise smile; I, too, was not on his side. "Linnen."

"I'm listening."

"I could go home," he said with sudden clarity. He had no home either. His wife was dead eight years now, and even his hotel room had been given up. "I wouldn't even talk," he said.

"It's better for you here, Pop."

"Better!" He looked at me with open anger.

"You need nursing," I explained. He listened with no attention, his eyes glancing at the door, while I explained how much better off he was here than at home. But his anger passed. Then he said, "I could live." I nodded. "I could live," he repeated.

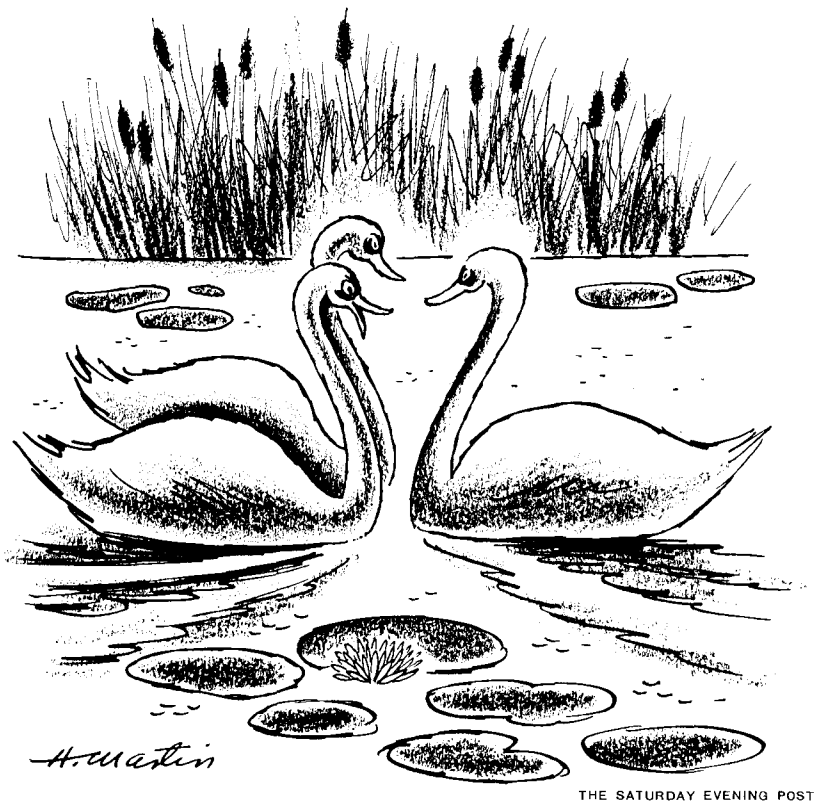
Now came the silence, which is always the worst part. I could find nothing further to say, and he no longer had a way to enlist my help. Or maybe he was expecting me to start packing his things and getting him out. All we had in the room was his low-burning pleasure that someone was here with him, even though he did not know for sure who it was, excepting that it was someone familiar; and for me there was only the knowledge that he had this pleasure.

He would look at me now and then with various expressions. Once it would be with narrowed eyes, an estimating look, as though he were about to speak some searching sentence. Then he would blink ahead again and test his lips. After a few moments he would look at me, this time with the promise of his warm, open smile, then once again drift into a stare.

Finally he raised his finger as though to draw my attention, a stranger's attention, and tilting back his head as though recalling, he said, "Did you St. Louis?"

"Yes, I'm back now. I was there and now I'm back." I had been in St. Louis with a show nine or ten years ago. One of his factories had been in St. Louis forty years ago.

He broke into a pleased smile. He loved cities. He had enjoyed entering them and leaving them, being well served in hotels. He had loved recalling buildings that had been demolished, the marvelous ups and down of enterprises and business careers. I knew what he was smiling at. He had once brought me a toy bus from St. Louis, with a whole band on top which moved its arms when the bus moved, and inside it was a phonograph record which played *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. He had come home just as I had gotten up from my nap. In his arms were gift



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Prince John, I'd like you to meet Her Highness, the Duchess of Saxeberg."

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boxes—this bus, and I remember a long pair of beige kid gloves for my mother. He always brought fresh air into the house with him—the wind, his pink face, and his reedy laugh.

"Well, I have to go now, Pop."

"Ya, ya."

He stood up, hiking his pants up where his belly used to be, plucking at his brown sweater to keep it properly placed on his shoulders. He hurried to stand, and even enjoyed the good-bye, thinking I had important work to do—appointments, the world's business—with which no one had a right to interfere. We shook hands. I opened the door, and he insisted on escorting me to the elevator. "This way, this way," he said in a proprietary manner as though he could not help being in charge. He walked ahead of me, bent, heavily favoring his bowed left leg, down the narrow corridor, his face very much averted from the open rooms where the old ladies sat motionless.

Outside, the wind was even faster than before, but the sky was turning gray. I had some time so I walked for a while, thinking of him turning back and re-entering his room, lying down on the bed, probably exhausted, and the plastic thing on the light string swaying overhead.

It was fine to walk without a limp. I resolved again to stop smoking. I have wide hands and feet. I am not at all built like him. I crossed from Riverside Drive to the Park and caught a bus to Harlem, where I was born. But as soon as I got out I knew I had lost the feeling I had started with, and it was impossible to feel what I had felt there in my youth forty years ago.

There was only one moment that held me: I found myself facing a dry-cleaning store which had once been one of the best restaurants in New York. On Sundays the old man would take my mother and me for dinner. There had been a balcony where a baker in a tall white hat baked fresh rolls, and whenever a customer entered, the baker would look down and put in a fresh batch. I could smell the rolls through the odor of benzine on Lenox Avenue. I could see the manager who always sat down with us while we ate. He had some disease, I suppose, because the right side of his face was swollen out like a balloon, but he always wore a hard wing collar and a white tie, and never seemed sick. A Negro with a moustache was looking through the store window at me. For a moment I had the urge to go and tell him what I remembered, to describe this avenue when no garbage cans were on the street, when the Daimlers and Minervas and Locomobiles had cruised by, and the cop on the corner threw back the ball when it got through the outfield on 114th Street. I did not go into the store, nor even toward our house. Any claim I had to anything had lapsed. I went downtown instead and sat in my dressing room, trying to read.

I was just opening my pancake can when I thought of something which I still don't altogether understand: that the old man is the only one who is not an actor. I am, the President is, and the chairman of the protest meeting is, even though his convictions are very sincere; but on the platform the other night I could tell, probably because I am an actor, that he was listening to his modulations, that he was doing what he was doing because he had told himself to do it. But he is not desperate enough, not like the old man is desperate. The old man does not know enough to listen to his own voice or to ask himself what he ought to do; he just speaks from his heart, and he has even lost his hold on the language, so all that is left is the sound, you might say, of his gut. The old man is not acting.

I wondered about the young, pink-cheeked boy who had come to remind me about the meeting—if he also was acting. Maybe in his case, with the draft grabbing for him, it was real. I started pasting on my beard and I thought again of my not being married. It was like all this agitation now, like everything I see and know about: It was a lack of some necessity. Nobody seems to *have* to do anything, and the ones who say they *do* have to, who say that something is absolutely necessary for them, may only be the best actors. Because that is what a really good actor does: He manages to make his feelings necessary, so that suddenly there is no longer the slightest choice for him. He has to scream or die, laugh or die, cry real tears or die. And at the same time he knows that he is not going to die, and this thought makes him happy while he is screaming or crying, and it may be what makes the audience happy to cry too.

I was just taking off my clothes in my bedroom that night when the telephone rang. And it frightened me, as it usually does these days. It really was the fat woman in the nursing home this time. The old man had escaped. It seems he had slipped out not long after I had left, and here it was nearly two in the morning and the police had a missing-persons alarm out but there was no sign of him yet. The worst thing was that he had gone out without his overcoat, and it was raining and blowing like hell. There was nothing more to be done now, as long as the police had an eye out for him, but I couldn't go back to sleep. I couldn't help feeling proud of him and hoping they would never find him, that he would just disappear. I have always admired his willfulness, his blind push toward what he has to have. I have admired his not being an actor, I suppose, and he was not acting tonight, not out there in that rain and wind. I couldn't sleep, but there was nothing I could do. The clock was inching up to three by this time. I got dressed and went out.

I had only walked a block when I felt my socks getting wet, so I stepped into a doorway, trying to think what do do. It was somehow strange that both of us were walking around in the same rain. But who was he looking for? Or what? I half didn't want to find him. In fact, for moments I had visions of him crossing the river to the west, just getting the hell out of here, out of the world. But how would he talk to anybody? Would he know enough to get onto a bus? Did he have any money? Naturally, I ended up being worried about him, and after a while I saw a taxi and got in.

I joke with cab drivers but I never *talk* with them, but this time I had to explain myself for wanting to cruise around. I told the driver that I was looking for my father. Cab drivers never seem to believe anything, but he believed me; it seemed perfectly natural to him. Maybe it happens quite often like this. I don't even remember what the cab driver looked like, even whether he was white or Negro. I remember the rain pouring over the windshield and the side windows because I was trying to see through them. It was getting on toward half-past four by the time I got home again, and the rain was coming down stiff. I went into my bedroom and undressed and lay down and looked toward my window, which was running with water. I felt as though the whole city was crying.

They found him next morning at about ten o'clock, and the police called me. They had already returned him to the nursing home, so I hurried up there. The rain was over and once again the sky was clear, a good, sharp, sunny October day. He was asleep on his bed, wrapped in his flannel robe. A bandage was plastered over his nose, and he seemed to have a black eye coming on. His knuckles were scraped and had been painted with Merthiolate. He badly needed a shave. I went downstairs and talked with the fat woman in the office. She was wary and cautious because they can probably be sued, but I finally got the story out of her. He had been found in Harlem. He had gone into a luncheonette and ordered some food, but the counterman had probably realized that he was not quite right and asked for the money in advance. The old man had a dollar but would not pay in advance, and they went looking for a cop to take care of him. When he realized they were looking for a cop he got up and tried to leave, and stumbled and fell on his face.

I went up again and sat in the armchair, waiting for him to wake up. But after a while one of the nurses came in and said they had given him a sedative which would keep him under for several hours. When I left just before my show, he was sitting in the armchair, eating some chicken. He looked up at me very surprised and again felt his lips with rapid fingers. I smiled at him. "I'm Harry," I said.

He looked at me without much recognition, only knowing that there was something of a past between us. I sat on the bed and watched him eat. I talked at length about the good day we were having, and how hard it had rained last night. I kept wishing and wishing that even for one split second he would look at me clearly and laugh. Just one shrewd laugh between us to celebrate his outing. But he sat there eating, glancing at me with a little warmth and a little suspicion, and finally I grinned and said, "I hear you went for a walk last night."

He stopped eating and looked at me with surprise. He shook his head. "No. Oh, no."

"Don't you remember the rain?"

"The rain?"

"You went to Harlem, Pa. Were you going home?"

A new attention crossed his eyes, and a sharpened interest. "I en home raro." He spoke the sounds with an attempt to convince me. He had one finger raised.

"You're going home tomorrow?"

"Ya."

Then he glanced toward the closed door and returned to the chicken.

Every night, sitting here putting on my beard, I keep expecting a telephone call or a visitor, a stranger, and I feel I am about to be afraid.

He was trying to reach home, where ages ago he had entered so many times carrying presents. He has a future which they will never be able to rip away from him. He will close his eyes for the last time thinking of it. He does not have to teach himself or remind himself of it. As long as he can actually walk they are going to have trouble with him, keeping him from going where he wants to go and has to go.

I'm not sure how to go about it, but I have a terrific desire to live differently. Maybe it is even possible to find something honorable about acting, some way of putting my soul back into my body. I think my father is like a man in love, or at least the organism inside him is. For moments, just for moments, he makes me feel as I used to when I started, when I thought that being a great actor was like making some kind of a gift to the people. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"To my oldest brother, Ralph, I leave Boardwalk and Park Place—to my sister, Marilyn, I leave Atlantic Ave. and Oriental Ave.—to my favorite nephew, Andrew, I leave a 'Get Out of Jail Free' card—to. . . ."

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How come 1 out of 4 professional nurses is insured by Metropolitan Life?

Ever notice how nurses have a way of lending a nice warm glow of friendliness to cold, institutional surroundings?

Maybe that's what so many of them like about us—the friendly feeling they get from being treated like *people* instead of numbers.

Metropolitan achieves its personal touch through 32,000 full-time representatives across the continent. This way, there's a Metropolitan adviser right on hand when you need him.

Another touch these registered professional nurses appreciate is the way we put life insurance dividends to work buying extra protection for them.

And they also like the way Metropolitan insurance can be turned into a retirement income for life.

If you like the sound of these ideas, why not give your Metropolitan representative a call? He'll give you the whole story, plus our free Family Security Check-Up.

And there's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company

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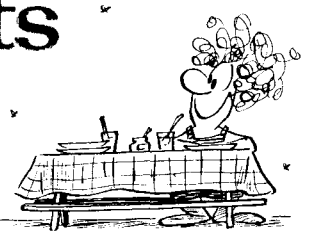
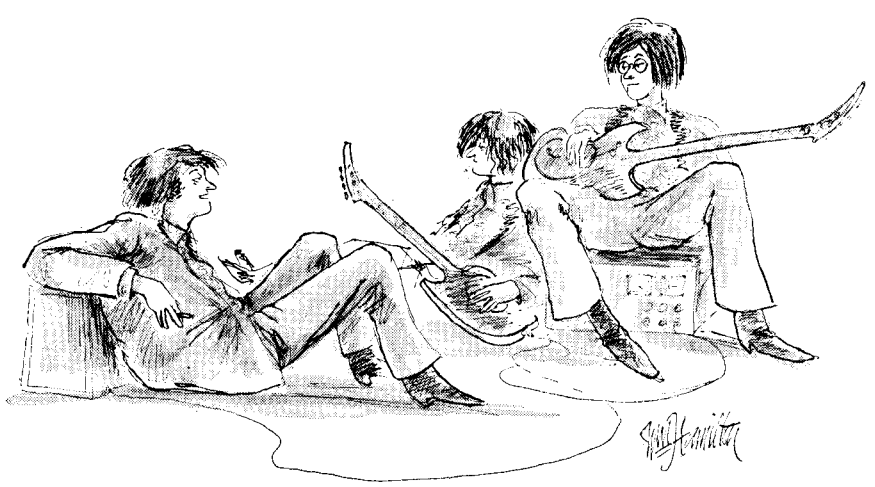
Post scripts



"Ninety-five percent of the mail supports my stand on foreign policy, although I'm a little uneasy about these Russian postmarks."

"What's so super about a boy who never calls his mother?"

"Sorry."

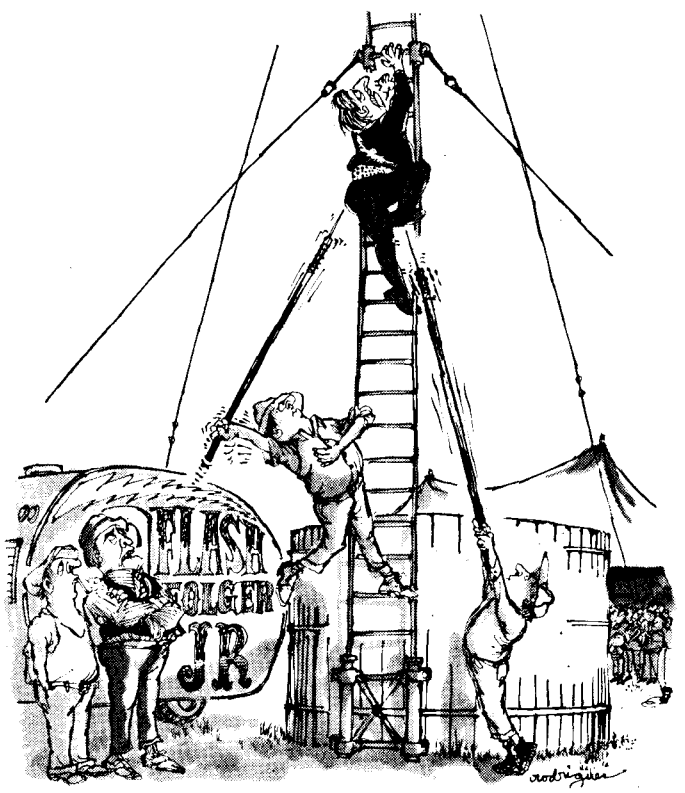


"Boys, I think it's time we moved into low-yield, tax-free municipals."

EXPERIMENT DEGUSTATORY

A gourmet challenged me to eat
A tiny bit of rattlesnake meat,
Remarking, "Don't look horror-stricken,
You'll find it tastes a lot like chicken."
It did.
Now chicken I cannot eat
Because it tastes like rattlesnake meat.

OGDEN NASH



"... He's nuthin' like his old man...."

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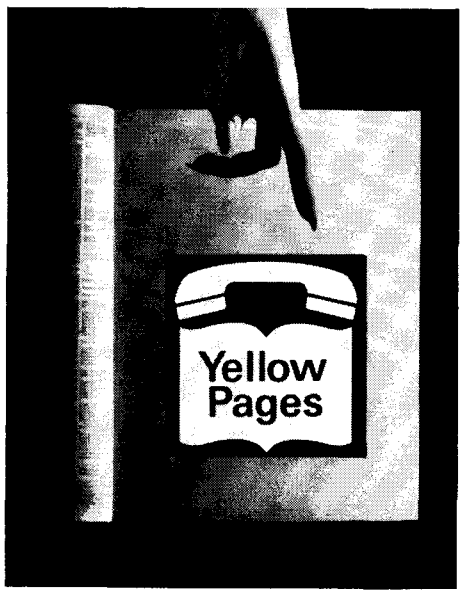
Let's face it. The Yellow Pages are only good for one thing!

(Finding.)



Action-People find it here first–fast.
Let your fingers do the walking.

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BRITAIN'S Rx FOR OUR DRUG ADDICTS

The American junkie can get his fix quite legally by moving to England, where he is treated as a sick man, not a criminal. Many think we could curb addiction here by adopting the "British system." But how well is that system really working?

By JOHN KOBLER

Mainlining heroin prescribed by his doctor in the course of

Frankie Ryan, an American drug addict living in London, got to the all-night drugstore at about 11:30, as usual. Wearing grubby chinos and a scuffed leather windbreaker, he shambled on frail legs toward the dispensary at the rear. Frankie is skeletal because food doesn't interest him. Nothing does: not work, not friends, not sex, nothing except getting his fix regularly. He reeks of decay. His upper front teeth are gone, and the rest of his teeth are rotting. His pale, protuberant eyes lie in his chalky face like dead fruit. You might take him for a man over 40. He is 23. He has been mainlining for three years. (Frankie Ryan is not his real name; the identities of all addicts in this article have been disguised.)

As he entered the dispensary, he plucked from a frayed billfold his dearest possession—the "scrip" (prescription) that his doctor had renewed, enabling Frankie to draw another day's ration of cocaine and heroin.

A score of junkies paced the room or sat tense and still on the folding wooden chairs against the wall. Like Frankie, they had failed to space their fixes far enough apart and had run out of dope too soon. They were waiting for the stroke of 12 when the specified renewal date began. A bearded youth in shirt sleeves, his fists jammed to his temples, hunched so far forward in his chair that his hair brushed the floor. Across the room a pretty West Indian girl tried to concentrate on a movie fan magazine, but her gaze kept straying to the clock over the door. At 11:50 they began crowding around the counter.

Frankie's scrip allowed him six grains of heroin and six of cocaine a day, twice as much as he was using a year ago. Under the British National Health Service, which draws no distinction between drug addicts and other sick people, the cost to him was a trifling two shillings (28 cents) for each drug prescribed. In New York, where Frankie got his first fix, his habit would not only cost him at least $120 a day, but also carry the risk of a jail sentence for merely possessing narcotics (first conviction, up to a year; second conviction, up to 10 years). That is why Frankie, like a number of other American junkies, went to England.

The so-called "British system" of handling addicts—acclaimed by some, condemned by others and totally misunderstood by many—is a general principle rather than a fixed procedure. British law considers addiction a disease demanding medical care, not a crime deserving punishment. The British doctor, unlike his American counterpart, retains the right to administer narcotics to addicts in any amount, over any period of time, that he deems necessary for treatment by gradual withdrawal. He may continue prescribing drugs indefinitely if he decides, after a prolonged effort to cure, that withdrawal would endanger the patient's life, or if satisfied that, without a minimum dosage, the addict could not lead a useful life.

Such a humane approach strikes many legislators and most physicians in this country as infinitely preferable to the punitive policy enforced by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Not only does that policy fail to cure addicts (about 90 percent of those treated at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Ky., sooner or later revert to drugs); it also breeds a host of crimes. Some 57,000 addicts (the Bureau's own admittedly conservative figure; unofficial estimates run as high as 200,000) support a $350 million-a-year racket. This vast traffic, a major source of revenue for the underworld, corrupts police and drives addicts into prostitution, robbery and murder in search of money to pay for their habit.

Several bills now before Congress would bring our laws on narcotics closer to the British system. Ironically, however, the British system itself is today under intensive re-examination on both sides of the Atlantic. For even British authorities admit that it has neither produced a high rate of cures nor prevented a steady increase in the number of addicts. These must now be counted by the thousands, not, as the Home Office claims, the hundreds.

I came to know several of them—including Frankie Ryan—by hanging around Bell & Croyden, one of four London pharmacies that never close. Frankie showed no reluctance to discuss his habit. In fact, as he put it, "The only subject us junkies really want to talk about is junk." I had borrowed a car, and when Frankie collected his allotment of drugs that night, I offered to drive him any place he wanted to go. Climbing into the back seat, he directed me to a side street and asked me to park under a street light. I turned around to see him neatly arranging on the seat a small bottle full of white tablets, another bottle containing a white powder, a phial of water, a metal comb and a disposable syringe. There was a ritualism about his gestures as he opened the first bottle,

Photographs by Ian Berry

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radual withdrawal treatment, one young addict concentrates on shooting the drug into a vein with syringe. His companions in the room ignore him, lost in their own private worlds.

tapped out three tablets into the palm of his hand and crushed them with the comb. He seemed delighted to have an audience; it gave him, I realized, a sense of importance.

"Horse—heroin," he said. "A sixth of a grain to a tablet, so what I'm mixing here comes to half a grain." He dribbled the powder into the phial of water. "I can't go more than three hours without it." The second bottle, he explained, held cocaine. Measuring by eye what he estimated to be two grains, he added it to the solution. "You're really supposed to heat it in a spoon. Combines better. But I haven't time."

"Why cocaine too?" I asked.

"If you take horse alone, you're groggy all the time. It's good for the long pull. You're peaceful, you can sleep. But for the big flash, to keep you jumping, you need coke."

(It is common British medical practice to prescribe cocaine as well as heroin, though many doctors elsewhere consider it dangerous. Unlike heroin, cocaine stimulates the nervous system, inducing delusions of omnipotence that may lead to violent crimes.)

Frankie pulled the contents of the phial up into the syringe. He rolled back his left sleeve, slipped off his belt and wound it tightly around his forearm so that the veins bulged. He started jabbing at the veins with the needle. "This is the hard part," he said, "getting a hit. Takes me half an hour sometimes. Sooner or later your veins collapse and get blocked. You have to give them a chance to restore.

"There, I got a hit!" The solution in the syringe had turned pink with blood tapped from a healthy vein. He sank the needle deep and lay back.

"How long does it take?" I asked. "What do you feel?"

"A couple of seconds. You get this flash in your belly and a funny taste in your mouth, kind of a dryness. I try to get about six flashes by leaving the needle in. . . ." I could detect no change except that he spoke faster and more confidently. We stopped for coffee at a cafeteria and he recalled how he started on heroin.

"I met this junkie in Greenwich Village. I was wearing a blue suede jacket and he wanted it. I said OK he could have it for ten bucks. He paid me five—all he had—and a grain of heroin. He told me to find myself a syringe and a spoon and cook the stuff and shoot it into my arm. Well, I did that and it was fantastic.

"I remember later seeing the way-out ones with scabs all over their arms and thinking, 'If I go on, I'll end up like them—but it's worth it.' I built up a thirty-dollar-a-day habit. I had to steal for it—shoplifting, snatching purses. I knew I'd get caught sooner or later, and then I heard how things are over here. I made it on a tramp steamer."

But Frankie didn't find the "British system" quite as accommodating as he had been led to expect. Though National Health Service doctors are, in effect, government employees, they retain the same right as private practitioners to reject a patient. They are paid a basic annual fee of 20 shillings, sixpence ($2.87) per patient, so they must carry 2,000 to 3,000 patients on their registry. Under such pressure of work the majority tend to reject junkies because of their inordinate demands for attention (one doctor recorded 110 visits from the same junkie within 12 months). Private doctors are better situated economically to treat junkies, since they maintain far-smaller practices and can fix their own fees, but not many of them care to do so either. There are only around a dozen London doctors, about half of them private practitioners, who will accept any substantial number of junkies as patients.

Under British regulations the doctor must attempt to cure the addict, not just gratify his craving. But every case poses the same dilemma: How to determine the minimum dosage required to keep the patient comfortable during treatment? It depends largely on the length of time he has been addicted—and few British doctors have enough experience of addiction to judge. Some of them simply accept the junkie's word and therefore overprescribe, because the junkie almost invariably lies. "The addict can deceive the most experienced physician," says Dr. Ellis Stungo, former secretary of the Society for the Study of Addiction. Other doctors, realizing this, arbitrarily cut the dosage the junkie asks for by half or more, underprescribe and drive him to illegal sources.

"I go to a private doctor now," Frankie said. "He soaks me four pounds a week and the stuff costs me nearly five but I can get all I need."

"What do you do for money?"

"Same as we all do sooner or later," he told me, "only thing we can. I got no job. So I sell a grain or two out of my supply. It gives me enough for the doctor, a place to sleep at night and food."

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Addicts gather at London pharmacy to wait for midnight—and another day's supply of drugs prescribed by their doctor.

Many junkies infect other people. 'You don't like to feel different all the time, beyond the pale. So you try to turn somebody else on.'

Impatient for their first fix of the new day, two junkies pause in the pharmacy's outer lobby to satisfy their cravings. Girl on left injects herself in the hip because the veins of her arms have become too fragile to use.

"Where do you find your customers?" I asked.

"Around Piccadilly mostly. I know who's safe." Black-market dealings in drugs are, of course, illegal. "If I'm in doubt, if I suspect a cop or a stoolie, I take him to a room and watch him. If he says no, he'll take it later, I shoot the stuff into myself and that's that. Nothing he can do."

"But why would anybody pay black-market prices when they can get drugs legally for next to nothing?"

"Because their doctors won't prescribe enough. Another thing—for a lot of junkies, part of the kick is getting the stuff illegally. Their psychology just works that way."

The doctor with the heaviest case load of addicts—and the most controversial practitioner in the field—is a 67-year-old woman psychiatrist, Lady Isabella McDougall Frankau, the wife of an eminent surgeon. Since 1957 almost 600 addicts, 85 percent of them Americans or Canadians, have passed through her consulting rooms.

In 1960 Lady Frankau and an associate, Dr. Patricia Stanwell, amazed the medical world by reporting in the British medical journal, *The Lancet*, that of 51 addicts treated by them during the three preceding years 32 had been "cleared of dependence on drugs." Challenging the claim, in a letter to *The Lancet*, Dr. Stungo pointed out that nobody had ever remotely approximated such results. His own experience with 200 addicts had forced him to the conclusion that addiction was incurable, that the best results possible were prolonged periods of nondependence.

"It is to be hoped that Lady Frankau will follow-up the 32 patients," Dr. Stungo wrote. "It would be interesting to know how many . . . relapsed in the few months after withdrawal, because unfortunately 9 cases out of 10 relapse within, roughly, six months. If a substantial proportion of their patients are still free of addiction I hope Lady Frankau and Dr. Stanwell will indicate to what particular aspects of treatment they attribute their success, for I could not find in their report reference to any techniques or therapy which have not already been adequately practised with conspicuous failure by other doctors."

Curious about Lady Frankau's methods, I got her permission to remain in her consulting room through an entire afternoon. A stocky, sturdy woman in a gray tweed suit, her white hair worn short, she sat erect and unsmiling behind a plain, neat desk.

"When they come to me, I ask them two questions," she said before the first patient appeared: "'Do you want to be relieved of dependence? Are you prepared to cooperate?' If it's yes to both, I accept them."

"Is it ever no?" I interjected.

Lady Frankau ignored the question and went on. "I begin by prescribing half what they say they've been using and telling them to come back next day. I may have to increase the dose a little. It depends how they manage. This is the preliminary stage of treatment. The aim is to arrive at the correct minimum dose on which they can work and lead a regular life. I insist they work. It's essential if they're ever going to have any self-respect. If they have no job, I try to place them. I tell them if they overuse or lose their prescription, I will replace it. That's to keep them out of the black market."

Lady Frankau considers her patients ready for the final stage of treatment when they begin to exhibit a sense of security. This stage she subdivides into two phases. In the first, she reduces their heroin intake by about half each day until it reaches a level so low that the second phase, complete withdrawal, will take no more than two weeks. Complete withdrawal, she feels, should be undertaken in a nursing home. An elaborate program of chemotherapy—tranquilizers, barbiturates, vitamins—is used to alleviate the physical

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pains of withdrawal, the mental tension, the sleeplessness and general debility.

"The weeks following withdrawal are critical," said Lady Frankau. "The addicts must be kept away from their old associations. They must go on working steadily. Then the chances of a permanent cure are good."

On the afternoon of my visit Lady Frankau saw eight patients. The first was a nightclub hostess, a tall, heavy-jawed woman in her late 20's. Like those who followed her, she showed no surprise, embarrassment or curiosity at my presence.

"Vera is doing nicely," Lady Frankau remarked, after introducing us. "I'll have her off in a few weeks." She consulted a ledger on her desk. "Let's see, what are you getting?"

"Ten and ten," Vera replied.

"Ten grains of heroin, ten grains of cocaine," Lady Frankau said for my benefit. "Are you ready to cut down?"

"But I was cut down last week." Lady Frankau turned to the ledger again and nodded.

"And, please, could I have some more sleep pills?" Lady Frankau wrote two prescriptions and, without a glance at either of us, Vera slipped out.

None of Lady Frankau's patients that afternoon spent more than five or ten minutes in her consulting room. One was a Negro jazz pianist, stabilized for almost two years on two grains of heroin. A star performer in a popular café, he was supporting a wife and two children in comfort. "It may take a while to clear him altogether," Lady Frankau noted, "but he can get along as he is indefinitely." Another was a boy of 20, stabilized on one grain a day. For eight months he had worked as cashier of a cooperative building society. "I let him have only heroin now, no cocaine, not when he's handling money."

The boy put in, "It's a good job and I don't want to abuse the boss."

"Exactly, and if you take cocaine, you'll lose your good sense."

Two young addicts whom Lady Frankau introduced to me as prize patients were an American beat poet, Lanny Roberts, and Gwen, his English wife. Lanny wore tooled leather boots. Gwen wore slacks, a jacket, a hat and boots all of the same green flowered material. "They're well along the road to a cure," said Lady Frankau. "I'll have them off heroin in two weeks. Perhaps you'd like to talk to them alone." She left the room.

They needed no urging to talk. "Our main goal," said Lanny, "is to clean up our dependence on heroin and spend the rest of our lives on marijuana. It's the only safe drug we ever found. Pot-smokers are happy, beautiful people. Gwen and I refuse to hide our use of drugs. That's why I can't take her to America."

Lanny had started by chewing peyote buttons after reading Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*. Then he had switched to marijuana, which, notwithstanding the Bureau of Narcotics classification, is neither narcotic nor addictive, but a hallucinogen. Physiologically harmless, it holds formidable dangers for psychotic personalities, leading them to crave stronger drug sensations. Nearly every junkie first smoked reefers. "I decided to devote my life to drugs," Lanny said. "There's so much to learn. I'm convinced that in ten years drugs will be integrated into society."

He had bummed his way around the world and had met Gwen in Greece. "I'd been studying at the Sorbonne," she recalled. "Some Paris artists initiated me into pot-smoking. I quit the university to roam Europe. Once you're on pot you find friends everywhere who'll feed you and take care of you."

Lanny broke in: "We decided to try heroin. We knew it was dangerous, but we didn't know specifically how dangerous. Some junkie friends in London gave us our first shots out of their scrips. I started with a sixth of a grain and Gwen half as much. That was last spring. By the fall I needed five grains a day and Gwen needed three. We went to a National Health doctor, but he told us he had too many junkies on his hands. Then we heard about Lady Frankau. She's been wonderful. She set her fee at ten percent of whatever we could earn. So far we've earned zero."

"I'm almost clear," Gwen said, "and soon we'll both be off the stuff—totally."

"Oh, I'll go back to heroin now and then," Lanny said airily, "but I'll never let myself get hooked again."

Gwen stood up. "Excuse us, please. We haven't had a fix since this morning. Come on, Lanny." She offered me her hand. "If you're interested, we could take you to a Lemar meeting tonight."

"Lemar?"

"The London Committee to Legalize Marijuana. The movement originated in New York."

The Lemar meeting that evening drove home to me the overwhelming difficulties facing any doctor who treats junkies. I saw how little provocation, how trifling a crisis, is required to make the addict personality fall apart and revert to drugs.

The main purpose of the meeting, which took place in the shabby, airless, one-room pad of a Lemar committeeman, was to raise funds for the cause. Lanny and a group of his fellow Lemarians read their own poetry, twanged guitars and extolled the pleasures of pot. About a hundred listeners, predominantly college-age boys and girls, all in denim shirts, tight pants and sandals, jammed the room, lolling on mattresses or the bare floor, but they proved unresponsive. Lanny's appeal for contributions fetched barely two pounds. His unintelligible poetry drew scant applause. And his jacket, which he had tossed aside in the fervor of his recitation, could not be found. So, on two occasions between nine and midnight, he retired to the bathroom and comforted himself with a massive shot of junk. . . . Next day Lady Frankau's prize patient had to be removed to a psychiatric clinic.

If the British system's sole aim were to eliminate

After a shot of heroin, an American addict slumps back in chair, fast asleep, with the empty syringe still held by flaccid fingers, and a lighted cigarette tucked over his ear.

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the sort of organized racketeering that plagues the United States, it would be a smashing success. No *Cosa Nostra* would consider it worthwhile to smuggle dope into a country where it is legally manufactured and dispensed at little or no cost to the addict. Significantly, the only semblance of a British drug racket involves marijuana, one drug which Britain prohibits.

The higher aim of any approach to addiction, however, is to salvage human wreckage, and at that level the outlook remains as bleak in Britain as elsewhere. Many doctors agree that the addict, free to return to the same associations every day, stands a slim chance of salvation.

The crying need, these doctors insist, is for clinics specially designed to treat addicts psychiatrically as well as somatically, a process that may take many months; to provide them, meanwhile, with vocational training; to help them find employment, once they are independent of drugs; and to encourage them to return at regular intervals for follow-up consultations. Only the clinics would have the authority to administer narcotics.

Dr. Peter Chapple, secretary of the London Committee for the Study of Addiction, and senior psychiatrist at West Park Mental Hospital, proposes a sweeping innovation. "When a person leaves this hospital, he can only go back to his old environment, mixing with the same groups as before. We ought to have houses in the country, associated with farms, where addicts can go when they leave. They would have to stay there for at least one or two years under care. An addict is in danger of returning to drugs for the rest of his life. Heroin cuts you off from all cares. A 'cured' addict whose wife is nasty, or whose girl friend walks out on him, knows where to find the answer. He rushes back to addiction."

Nowhere in Britain, however, is there a clinic devoted exclusively to the rehabilitation of drug addicts. The Ministry of Health has always maintained—mistakenly, it now appears—that the number of addicts was too small to warrant the cost of such a program, and that the psychiatric wards of general hospitals could meet whatever inpatient treatment addicts might require.

Thus, the main weight of the narcotics problem falls upon the shoulders of a few physicians, hardly any of them specialists in the study of addiction. Through ignorance or apathy, they allow drugs to be distributed in staggering excess of actual requirements. Some addicts who fail to wangle all the dope they want out of their regular doctor will try three or four others and often succeed in getting a prescription from each. The law imposes no penalty for overprescribing. In this way, one addict, a young girl, received on the same day 66 grains of heroin plus 60 capsules of barbiturates.

"The black market in these drugs is fed by overprescribing doctors," Dr. A. W. Hawes, a general practitioner, reported in a letter to *The Observer*, commenting on the views of a Dr. Abraham Marcus. "I may be one of these myself, although I do my best not to be. . . . Dr. Marcus speaks of the need to 'ensure that an addict gets no more of a drug than he needs for himself.' In my experience there is no such limit. . . . I have tried it in quite a number of cases and it always breaks down. The addict never has enough. He rather resembles the alcoholic, for whom one drink is too many and a thousand not enough."

British policy toward drug addiction has followed the recommendations made in 1961 by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir (now Lord) Russell Brain, former president of the Royal College of Physicians. Those recommendations embodied a triple fallacy, namely (1) that the incidence of addiction was almost negligible, (2) that it was unlikely to increase, (3) that this happy state of affairs was attributable to virtues inherent in the British approach to the problem.

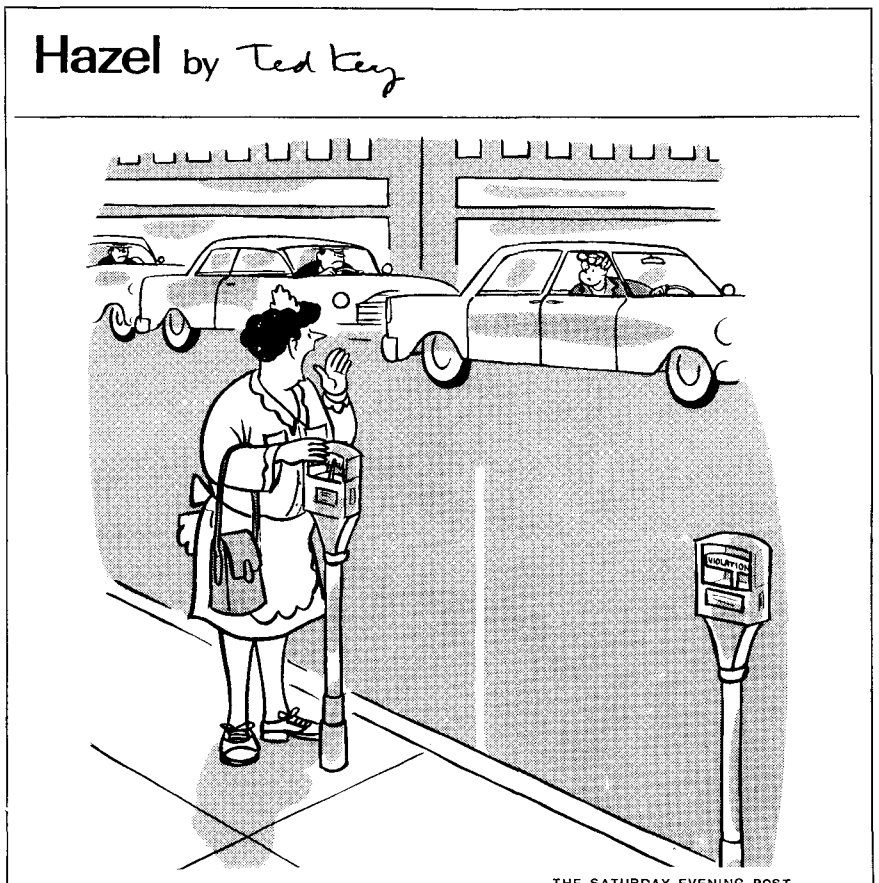
According to the Home Office statistics, based mainly on pharmacists' records, the total number of addicts has never exceeded a few hundred. But outside the Home Office and the Brain committee, practically nobody with expert knowledge of the subject shares in this optimistic view.

Estimates of the actual total vary widely. *The Lancet* reported last July: "It is thought to be currently of the order of two thousand." Even the official Home Office figures show a marked rate of increase in heroin addicts—from 68 in 1959 to 132 in 1961, the year the Brain committee foresaw no significant increase, to 342 in 1964. What the committee presumably failed to grasp is the communicability of drug addiction. Every junkie is a potential carrier, constantly seeking to infect others. As one of them told me, "You don't like to feel different all the time, beyond the pale. So you try to turn somebody else on."

The assumption that the low rate of addiction in Britain reflects the excellence of the British system was shaken four years ago by the findings of two investigators from New York. Dr. Granville W. Larimore of the Department of Health and Dr. Henry Brill of the Department of Mental Hygiene undertook an on-the-site study lasting a month. The very opposite of the assumption was true, they concluded—the low addiction rate did not result from the system; the system developed because of the low addiction rate. But what then explained the latter? In a report to Governor Rockefeller the doctors wrote: "A [British] psychiatrist . . . probably stated it as well as anyone when he said the answer lay within the British people themselves, or, as he put it succinctly, 'in the nature of the beast.' The English have a definite abhorrence of narcotic drugs, which has become incorporated into their mores and culture. . . ."

But the nature of the beast has undergone a change since the war. "Perversion and addiction," observes a London sociologist, "were once the prerogatives of the upper class. Today there are members of every class who want to share the forbidden fruits. The average junkie is now middle class." He is also much younger. Addiction has spread fastest and farthest in the 18–25 group.

Last November the Brain committee submitted a second report to the Ministry of Health. It reaffirms its faith in the medical as against the punitive approach to addicts, but in almost every other respect it reversed its finding of 1961. Acknowledging "a disturbing rise in the incidence of addiction to heroin and cocaine," it blamed the misjudgment of a few overprescribing doctors and proposed the following reforms: referral of all addicts to a central authority; the establishment of special treatment centers; compulsory detention when necessary; confining the power to prescribe narcotics to the treatment-center staff, with heavy penalties for any outside doctors who prescribe them. All of these recommendations will probably be adopted within the next year or two, and when they are, the American doctors and jurists who share the British view that addicts are sick people, not criminals, will eagerly study the results.



"Twenty minutes left on this one!!"

Oddly enough, an approximation of a treatment center—within certain limits, a model of its kind—has existed in England since 1879. Spelthorne Saint Mary at Thorpe, Surrey, not far from London, is a branch house of the Anglican Community of Saint Mary the Virgin, staffed by both nuns and secular nurses, under the direction of Sister Superior Patricia. From the inception of the order, its main work has been the rehabilitation of women alcoholics and drug addicts.

At full capacity the graceful, Georgian mansion, standing amid 22 acres of lawn and gardens, can shelter 60 patients. Roughly a third will be drug addicts, the rest alcoholics, referred by either doctors or probation officers. A private room costs eight guineas ($23.52) a week, a shared room six guineas. Usually the National Health Service pays half and the patient's borough council the balance. Sister Patricia and Dr. Max Glatt who treats the addicts through group therapy, agree that they should stay at least six months. They are free to leave at any time, but few do until officially discharged.

The nuns of Spelthorne surround each patient with a great deal of individual care and affection. "Drug addicts during withdrawal are like butterflies on a pin," Sister Patricia told me. "We take them off drugs so gently, using various substitutes—apomorphine for one—that at the end they may not realize they are off. Even so they suffer appallingly, because they have been stripped of their lifeline. We try never to let them feel lonely. We talk to them constantly, walk with them, read with them. There is religious help for those who want it—we accept patients of every creed and race. It's a boarding-school life, really. They're not capable of assuming full responsibility. We have to teach them all over again how to eat, work, sleep and live."

Spelthorne offers a wide choice of vocational training—needlework, basketry, leather tooling, painting, weaving, gardening, poultry raising, farming, beekeeping. For recreation, there are tennis courts, a croquet lawn, theatricals, bridge tournaments.

"Gradually you begin to see a personality change," Sister Patricia continued. "The husband of one patient was complaining to me last week, 'I don't recognize her anymore. You've done something to her.' I assured him that we had done nothing. 'This is the way she is without drugs.' If we can get them through the first six months, then out to work for the next six months, they've got a good chance."

Since 1955 Spelthorne Saint Mary has admitted 135 drug addicts, 16 of them hooked on heroin or morphine, the rest on other drugs. Of the former group six are known to be still independent of drugs; of the latter, 43. The length of independence ranges from one to 10 years. Sister Patricia counted seven former patients who have not relapsed after 10 years.

I noticed that she never used the word *cured*. "At what point," I asked her, "do you feel you can safely say an addict has been cured?"

She sighed. "When he's dead." □

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THE GREAT UNDASHING LOVER OF OUR TIME

Marcello Mastroianni lives his roles and plays himself, whoever that may be.

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

Backstage at Rome's Sistina Theater, Marcello Mastroianni sat puffing on strong Italian cigarettes, inhaling fumes from a sort of chrome croup kettle and peering anxiously at his face in the dressing-room mirror. In the strong lights his skin looked rubbed raw by years of makeup. The bashful Latin smile, disclosing attractive bent-in teeth, was engaging when he turned to talk, but the smoldering dark eyes were more wary than warm. His dressing room was fitted out as though it were part of the show—a musical comedy called *Ciao Rudi* about the life of Rudolph Valentino—a sultry chamber with red walls, leopard-covered divans, Tiffany-style lamps, red-glass decanters, and a huge blown-up photograph of himself as Valentino dressed as the Sheik. The room swarmed with makeup men, hairdressers, and assorted bearers, messengers and acolytes who pressed in on the star so that at one point he had to drag the telephone into the bathroom for privacy. Yet he seemed curiously remote and isolated, and rather melancholy.

In fact, as Mastroianni played the role last spring, the passionate, masterful screen lover Valentino is revealed as a bewildered, gray figure swept along by his own legend. There were moments in the musical when he seemed to bring reenactment to the borderline of reincarnation; no less an authority than Gloria Swanson declared after the opening that she "got goose pimples, so much did it seem that Rudolph was alive again." One reason Mastroianni could make the part convincing is that he feels he is in the same fix himself. As he remarked to a reporter when he began to study the role: "If people tell you you're a great lover how can you make love with this heavy baggage on your back?"

Mastroianni seemed predestined to star in *Ciao Rudi*. He is irresistible to women, attractive to men and a smash at the box office. In Argentina they don't bother with the titles of his films because his name alone is enough to sell out the house. In the U.S.A. he has made it safe to show foreign films at the drive-ins, and even the Russians are planning a one-week film festival in his honor. But there are certain differences between the idol of the 'Twenties and the Casanova of Our Time (as an Italian TV program called Mastroianni) which may tell something about our

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A gallery of Mastroianni roles (from left): The wandering journalist in LA DOLCE VITA, *with Anita Ekberg; the reluctant lady-killer in* CASANOVA '70; *the clownish philanderer in* YESTERDAY,

time. Mastroianni has made himself world famous as a film lover by his brilliant portrayals of impotence, passivity, and lack of conviction. The characters he plays are vulnerable, world-weary, faintly ludicrous. They are always ambiguous people, like Marcello Mastroianni.

"Things were better when they were worse," is a Roman saying he likes to quote, and certainly this Casanova had simpler problems when he was plain Marcello Vincenzo Domenico Mastroianni of Fontana Liri. He was born there 41 years ago, and though he left it when he was four, and it is only 65 miles southeast of Rome, he still thinks of himself as sharing the laziness and "erotic preoccupations" of the southern Italians. Now that he has mastered the secret signals and steamy ingrown subtleties of the Italian film world, he speaks nostalgically of returning to his boyhood, "to win back a little of my innocence."

Back in Fontana Liri, farmers from neighboring villages with names like Strangolagalli (Strangle-rooster) bring goat cheeses, broccoli and peanuts strung on a string to market in the main square, and the men suffer no modern confusions about their role in life. They lounge like sultans around the Bar Sport while their women stagger home with the family groceries on their heads.

Marcello Mastroianni was the elder of two sons of a cabinetmaker (his brother Ruggero, 36, is now a successful film editor whose name often leads the credits of Mastroianni films). Young Marcello went to trade school after his family moved to Rome, and his only professional training is as a surveyor and construction supervisor, a talent he finally put to use by being his own contractor for the elaborate renovation of a villa he bought on the Via Appia Antica.

His surveying talents were drafted during the war to draw maps for Mussolini's retreating armies. "The important thing about maps," he explains ironically, "is that they must be up to date. I was still being assigned to draw Sicily when the Americans had gotten to Florence." After the Italian armistice the Germans threatened to send him to a labor camp, but he and a friend escaped and spent the rest of the war living in a garret in Venice—supporting themselves by painting postcard views of local landmarks.

His first brush with show business came in 1945, when he worked for British Eagle-Lion film company—as a bookkeeper, earning $40 a month. He was living in Rome with his family, and he started to work as an extra at Cinecittà because he needed the money. He turned up fleetingly in one early Italian escapist film, painted brown, in the part of an Indian pariah, for which, as a friend says, "in his state of hunger he was ideally suited." Although he now has to watch his diet and is constantly in and out of sauna baths to melt off fat, he still has a complex about his skinny legs and refuses to have them shown in a film.

He is remembered as a solitary, reticent figure who took pleasure in performing for cultural groups and theater clubs (where, if the part called for respectable clothes, he had to rent them).

He made his stage debut in 1948 in a comedy called *Angelica*, which starred Giulietta Masina, the wife of director Federico Fellini. This was Fellini's first glimpse of him, and the director recalls now that "He did not make any impression on me at all. I did not have the feeling he was a movie actor. I found in his face no expression. A normal face—the face of a little boy."

Another person who saw him in that play was Flora Carabella, who was studying at the Academy of Dramatic Art. She too thought he had "the fat face of a little boy"—but she asked friends to introduce them. She was the daughter of a distinguished musician and lived in solid bourgeois comfort in a four-story apartment built by her grandmother. The starving Mastroianni had to borrow his uncle's coat to take her out, and one friend insists that the courtship got its real start around Flora Carabella's well-stocked icebox. When they were married in 1950, her father gave them the top-floor apartment where they have lived ever since.

Flora Carabella is herself a fine actress, although she gave up the stage when she married. She has great style and boundless energy, and thinks nothing of driving to Milan or Naples to see a new play. She wears out relays of friends because she hates to go to bed before five in the morning. A friend claims that one night, finding herself accidentally home before the usual hour, "she just turned on the music and danced on her furs."

Their marriage has been stimulatingly complex. "Having quarreled for years, they have the greatest admiration and esteem for each other," one friend says. "They are marvelous friends. He would never leave her." "He has to know she is there at home," says another. "It's his one bourgeois trait."

Mastroianni freely tells people that "It must leave a bitter taste for a woman to live with an actor." If you asked Flora what "Marriage Italian Style" is like in real life, she just reminds you that in Italy there is no divorce. "We lead separate lives. We are good for a couple of hours together, but not more. A man and woman who have strong characters should not be together too much."

His daughter Barbara, 14, is the only member of the family who rated a silver-framed picture, staring out through blond bangs, in his Sistina Theater dressing room. One family friend says the girl regards both Mastroianni and his wife as slightly daft but charming and "has decided to float through life, figuring it's not her fault to have landed with such parents." Barbara hasn't been meeting the press since she confided to a reporter that she thought her father was too old to be dancing the tango and too lazy to be a Casanova. "Wait till one of your friends is in love with me," Mastroianni protested. "*Then* you'll see."

The resultant household is an agreeable Italian Mad Tea Party, unburdened by the demands of togetherness. Although they share the same roof, they are on different schedules, and chance encounters in the hall seem to come as a pleasant surprise. "*Ciao*, Flora," he said airily when she appeared the morning I was there. The way he said it, it sounded like, "Imagine finding *you* here!"

There are two dogs in full-time residence—a large, shaggy gray one named Rudi, and a tan spaniel named Bacone, who sings. Bacone has sung two duets with his master on television—on the most recent occasion attired as a small sheik. Flora made a sort of singing-dog noise to show what she meant about his voice, and sure enough he started up a howling baritone from the corner of the sofa. When that stopped, he began wandering around the room with his ear in his mouth. It is a hard fight for center-stage at the Mastroiannis'.

In the first seven years after his marriage Mastroianni was in several plays (including Italian versions of *Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*) and in countless movies. He has lost track of how many, but there were more than 64. His own roles grew more important, but the movies did not. He was always the honest peasant, the simple, virtuous young man. The role of taxi driver became a sub-specialty. He played it seven times. There was even a costumed adventure in technicolor, *La Principessa delle Canarie*, which was such a turkey he is still ashamed to see it. ("It took three months to shoot, and every bit of it was a terrible experience, but I needed the money.")

The moment that polarized all his wandering chemicals, and started him in a new direction as an actor and as a person, came when he played the undefinable and complex journalist in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. It was a role he knew he desperately

Fellini found him 'too healthy to express what I had in mind.'

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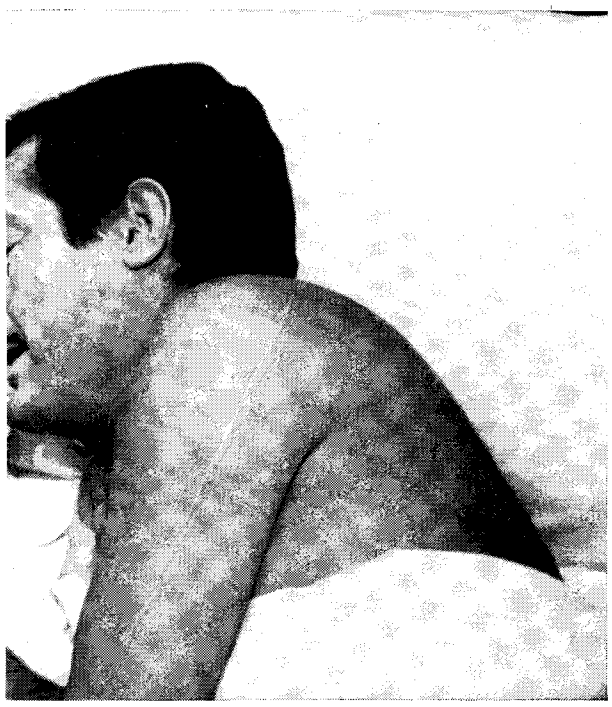

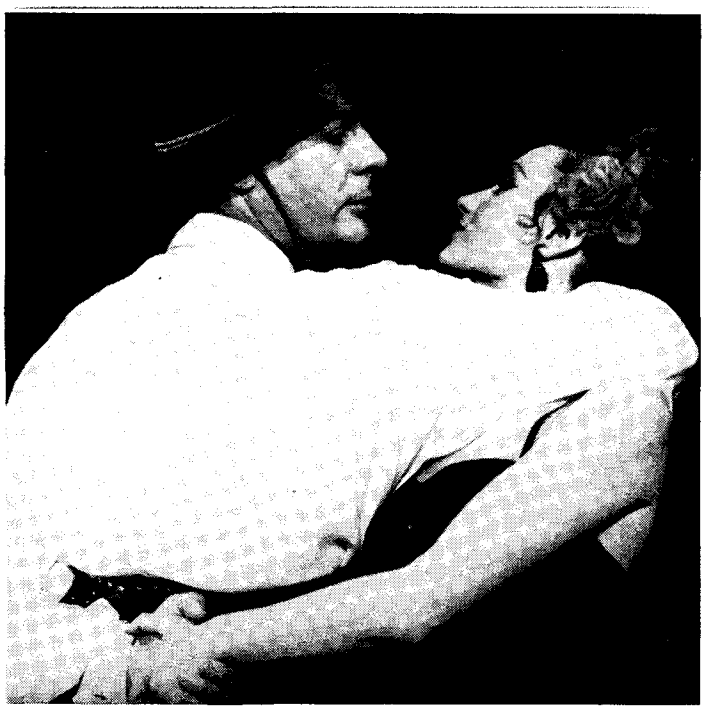

TODAY AND TOMORROW, with **Sophia Loren;** *the idealistic* **labor** *leader in THE ORGANIZER;* **Rudolph** *Valentino in* **CIAO RUDI,** *with one of the musical's 13 "leading ladies."*

wanted, but which he very nearly didn't get.

"When I made *La Dolce Vita* I thought of him, but I was not sure," Fellini now says. "I thought I needed a face—less honest. Finally I decided to do it with him, not because I was convinced, but because he was *simpatico* when we started talking about the picture."

For Fellini it meant breaking his contract with producer Dino De Laurentiis, who wanted Paul Newman. Then he had to set about undermining that honest face. "I made many tests," Fellini says. "I tried to make his face less honest, to convince him he was not so good as he thinks. I obliged him to grow thinner. I put false eyelashes on him. He was a little ashamed. Finally I found the right eyelashes that made him look more—ambiguous. He had short hair, like the simple people he had been playing. I obliged him to grow his hair longer."

The thinner, longer-haired man with the weary ambiguity began to take shape on the screen and off. "Fellini is a mirror," says one man who watched the process. "He enlarges your mentality. He should be paid by the government to cure people."

While they were cutting *La Dolce Vita*, Mastroianni shifted from passivity to impotence with *Bel Antonio*, the story of a handsome young man who could only make love to the women he was indifferent to. From that he fell into the part of the Sicilian Baron Ferdinando Cefalù in Pietro Germi's *Divorce—Italian Style* as though it had been invented for him. "I picked him for the part almost from the moment of writing the script," Germi says. "Neither he nor I is Sicilian, but between us we composed a real Sicilian." For Mastroianni it was a chance to play one of those southern Italians he is convinced he already is. He tells people that he identifies with the Russian Oblomov, the central character in Ivan Goncharov's novel, who, as Mastroianni describes him, "never finishes anything, even in love, because he knows it won't measure up to the ideal he is searching for."

In the middle of shooting *Divorce*, Germi fell ill, and while the film was suspended, Mastroianni did *La Notte* for Antonioni. Once he had established himself as a blurred, drifting nonperson, the movies couldn't get enough of him.

But he faced a continuing problem of looking ravaged enough to suit Fellini. Even the fantastic success of *La Dolce Vita* didn't convince Fellini he was enough of a wreck for *8½*. "I thought I needed someone more anguished, crazy, destroyed than he was. He is always too healthy to express what I had in mind.

"It was a particular and difficult picture. I had not a completely real script. I talked to him about it, but not exactly. He never asked, never wanted to know. He just came every morning with a big confidence, without preconception. So delicate as not to put me embarrassing questions. Not a stupid passivity; an intelligent passivity."

Mastroianni looks back on the experience with pleasure. "I'm used to working that way. It's not acting, it's a game. If you know someone well enough, and know the role well enough, you don't need a script. One even invents lines that have nothing to do with the story to obtain the effect. There was an English actress in *La Dolce Vita* who just didn't animate. So we decided to say horrible things to her, terrible, obscene things—it would come out in the dubbing. She was shocked, but we got the expression from her that we wanted."

Fellini's influence was so strong that some people argue it's hard to tell where Fellini stops and Mastroianni begins, although these days they seldom cross paths. "I discovered that he was not only a very good actor," Fellini says. "He was completely abandoned, like a wax."

His friends can no more define his talent than he can himself. "He has a desire to live lots of lives," says one. "While he makes a film, and the person he plays interests him, he touches something. Even his philosophy of life changes, begins to take the cast of the personality he is playing."

On the movie sets he is known for his quiet professionalism. One writer concluded some years ago that Mastroianni "performs with the absorption of a master plumber fixing a main drain, and with the same expression of faint disgust." "He was like a man who thought 'This is my job'—not some great destiny," says Pamela Tiffin, the first American actress to work with him.

His rare fits of temperament are in the grand manner. Once, after a long hot day of inaction, waiting, costumed and made up in his dressing room on the set of *The 10th Victim*, he roused himself from his torpor and just quietly threw everything out the window. Chairs, tables, bed, lamps—even the sink, which he wrenched off the wall. In *Ciao Rudi*, one cataclysmic night, when his old friend and film partner Sophia Loren was out front, everything went wrong. His shirt buttons fell off during the tango. In the nightclub scene his black tie snapped off. A spotlight fell off a beam and crashed on the stage, and when he took his place on one of the conveyor belts, he crashed through a mirror, cutting his hands. When Sophia came backstage afterward, he sulked in his dressing room and refused to speak to her. "I was like a woman, hysterical. And it was very expensive for me. She was leaving for London the next day, and I had to send her an enormous bunch of flowers."

Now that he collects more than half a million dollars a picture ("*Madonna mia!*" he cries innocently. "Is it *that* much?") Mastroianni has become a corporation. With Pietro Notarianni, a producer friend, he formed his own company, Master Films, which has signed an agreement with Joseph E. Levine's Embassy Pictures Corp. to have Mastroianni star in at least three films in the next two years. He started on the first one in June—a fantasy called *Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand* in which he plays a dreamy Italian Walter Mitty. If Mastroianni has his way, they will make a movie of *Ciao Rudi*.

His brother, his lawyer, Notarianni and one or two other friends try to keep his Alice in Wonderland finances in some order, while he assumes an air of childlike unconcern—and spends many of his waking hours at a succession of telephones, talking business. "My lawyer is a sculptor," he says. "He's a good sculptor, but when he makes contracts it's terrible." Giovannini and Pietro Garinei, who wrote *Ciao Rudi*, report that when he signed up to do the show, and put up half of the 500,000 lire it cost to open it, it was the quickest contract they ever signed. Joseph E. Levine, who wasn't born yesterday, says, "He knows exactly what he wants—and is in a position to get it."

No longer forced to rent his clothes, he is wildly extravagant without visible effect. He still regards dressing well as a game of disguise. "It amuses me." He wears bankers'-gray suits with vests and conservative ties—and always looks as though he is about to roll up his jacket sleeves. For all occasions he affects yellowish suède shoes with thick crepe soles which he says he buys from a friend.

And of course there are the cars. They come and go like Kleenex. The most recent, a silver gray Bentley, with leather upholstery by Hermes of Paris, lasted about two days. It drove too much like the Maserati.

And the houses. Two years ago he bought the villa in the Tuscan hills near Lucca, surrounded by a walled formal garden and beyond that by vineyards, olive groves and cypresses. He rents another big villa on a hillside by the sea below Leghorn, and claims this place is always so full of his friends that when he finally struggles up there from the hot movie sets of Rome he has to sleep in the hall.

Above all there is The Villa, a fantastic piece of Roman real estate nestling against the ancient bricks of the city's outer wall at the Porta San Sebastiano. This is catacomb territory, and the bones of many an ancient Christian were turned up in excavating the swimming pool which curves around the base of the house, which in turn is part of an old aqueduct (the bones were reburied in a quiet corner of the garden). The family moved in just a few weeks ago after two years of construction supervised on an almost-day-to-day basis by Mastroianni himself.

Despite interferences by the Italian antiquities authorities ("I had wanted to do something modern—all glass and steel, but with their stupid

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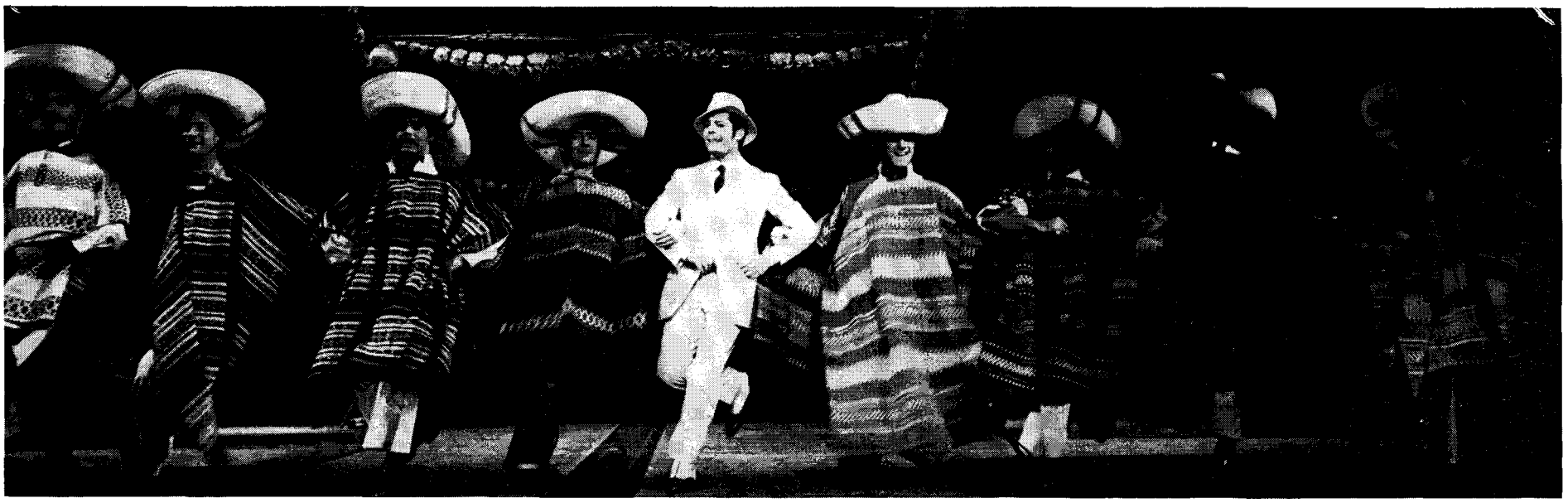
Social commitments seem to frighten him. He takes his refuge in 'ci ritelefoniamo'—



Mastroianni as Valentino joins chorus members in a Latin-American number, synchronizing lip movements with prerecorded songs. He hopes to make a movie of CIAO RUDI.

MASTROIANNI

regulations there had to be these walls"), the villa is strongly Mastroianni Japanese and full of fantasies that give him pleasure. At odd turnings there are vistas of the old Roman wall through plate-glass windows, and a wall of vines behind glass which, he says, "I can light up at night, and it becomes wonderfully mysterious."

"The villa is all Marcello," Flora says. "He loves all that is walls, construction." There was some talk that madame was to have a say about the closets, "to know where my furs would go, and where to find the sheets." But she says the master ordained that too.

But *he* says, flinging open the door to Flora's bathroom: "That's how *she* wanted it, with that brown wood and lots of mirrors. But I think it's not a woman's bathroom. And it doesn't go with the bedroom. And I think it would be absolutely terrifying to see yourself in all those mirrors—something to commit suicide over."

Everyone agrees that now the villa is finished, he will lose interest in it.

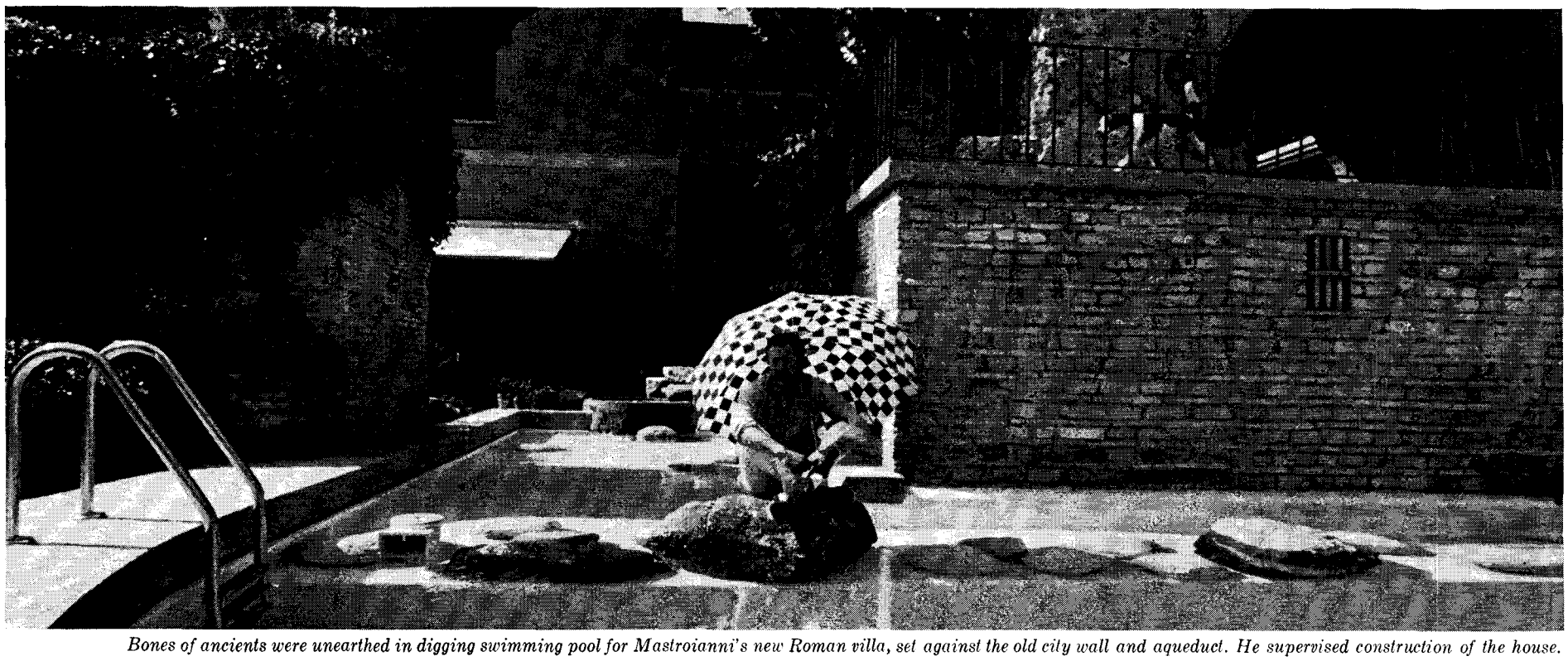
Having achieved fame and fortune as a nonhero on the screen, Mastroianni is a nonstar when he is loose in the streets. He is perpetually startled to be recognized. And in Rome, where he circulates with a black fedora pulled low over his eyes, dark glasses and his coat collar nearly covering his nose, he looks more like a plainclothesman on the narcotics beat. "He is pure enough to still be embarrassed," as Pamela Tiffin puts it. She recalls when they were shooting in a Rome street such a crowd gathered that she ran into a bar to hide. "And there was Marcello, hiding in there too."

He loathes interviews with the press, and wriggles out of them with Machiavellian skill. It is as though when he is not playing a part he feels stripped of his skin, and he gives the impression that you have committed a terrible trespass to come upon him in such a state. "But why do you want to talk to me?" he protested the first time I met him in his Sistina dressing room. He was wrapped in a bathrobe, like a boxer between fights. His eyes, framed in grotesque Valentino makeup, looked red-rimmed and baleful, like a treed raccoon. His stubbornly curly black hair was pasted flat under a hairnet. His voice was hoarse from the long performance. "An actor is nobody," he persisted. "He is only a succession of the people he plays."

When he is cornered, he disarms his captors with a sort of vulnerable charm, and lays bare his soul in such a startling torrent of intimate disclosure that it is only later, if you hold it all up to the light, that you realize he has been dispensing great protective fistfuls of cloud. A lady journalist who tracked him down for the Rome *Daily American* some months ago remarked at the end of her piece that "the impression given is that of a man who uses seeming frankness to avoid being frank."

So this reticent man, fiercely secretive about his private life even among his friends, is in the public prints in a rich selection of confessions which he has apparently bestowed so often that they now overlap each other like the synoptic Gospels.

There is the Fling With the Airline Stewardess: ("We spent five marvelous days together, I even flew on her routes with her, Düsseldorf to Munich. . . . She was a first rose, very tender. I got back to Italy five days late to start a new picture, but I did not care. It was worth it.") There is his Inability to Love: ("I have never been able to really love anyone. I could never really give anything real, nothing profound, to any woman I cared for. . . . Yet women are so terribly important for me. They charge my life with inner fire, and



Bones of ancients were unearthed in digging swimming pool for Mastroianni's new Roman villa, set against the old city wall and aqueduct. He supervised construction of the house.

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let's retelephone each other.'

they are always in the center of my imagination. But I recognize it strictly as a game of fantasy. They serve me until it suits me. I love them in order to help me attain an emotional climate for a role, or for an ideal to play to.") Or How Italian Women Smell Better: ("I believe I'd be able to tell an Italian from any other woman, even in the dark, just by her natural fragrance.") Whereas American Women Are Too Well Brought Up: ("With perfume and the hair always just so and the rose-colored skin. What perfection—and what a bore.") And there is the Real Mastroianni: ("I did those two Fellini films not as an actor but as a man. I took part because I needed, as a man, to realize myself, actually, but rather more that I am *looking* for myself in the roles."

Fan magazines duly link his name with various leading ladies, but more than one friend claims that "he is too tired to have affairs with women."

The truth about him seems to vary with the wind. A bearded American-about-Rome, who claims to know him well (which is how you identify the people who don't), claims that "When he plays parlor games, something like Truth or Consequences—he is always truthful. He is fearless." "Marcello," his wife says, with a serene wave of a superbly manicured hand, "builds such a complicated structure of lies that he doesn't know any more whether something is true or not."

While he has "learned the pleasure of a group of friends," as one of them puts it, he is still solitary, possessed by no one. The most casual commitment like an appointment for 11 o'clock the next morning seems to frighten him, and he takes refuge behind the old Roman dodge of "Ci ritelefoniamo"—we'll retelephone each other. Even when you are with him, it is only an intermittent connection, as he is constantly excusing himself to "retelephone" someone else.

The side he reveals to his few friends is almost an extension of his roles in his films—the harassed victim of a perpetually conspiring fate. To strangers he is full of charming self-deprecation. "Some people don't think my voice is too bad," he confided at the cocktail party to launch a record of his *Ciao Rudi* songs. "But my friends are mortified." (In fact, he spent three months learning to sing and dance for the show, and it took three whiskeys to start his first song rehearsal.)

The same instinct for the perfect gesture which makes the facial tic of Baron Cefalu in *Divorce—Italian Style,* or raises myopia to an art form in *The Organizer,* often bursts spontaneously from him in real life. Joseph E. Levine will never forget the day in New York when he gave the actor a gold watch. "Ah, Teeffany!" Mastroianni exclaimed when he saw the label. When he opened the box and saw what was inside, Levine says, his eyes suddenly filled with tears. He never said another word. He just snatched the watch he was wearing off his wrist and threw it in the wastebasket.

He certainly never bothers with the script. The last time I saw him in Rome, he agreed to drive me to see his villa. Having dodged the Roman kamikazes as a pedestrian, I looked forward to the ride of my life, scattering priests, umbrellas, small children, dogs, cats, packages, old ladies and *carabinieri* to the winds. And with the dream of countless swooning women at the controls, I hoped we'd pass somebody I knew.

He came out of his apartment with that black narcotics inspector hat jammed over his eyes, motioned me away from the big gray Maserati leaning against the curb like a flexed muscle and into a small box-shaped machine built along the lines of an oversized lawnmower. It was painted the colors of a Rome taxi, and its wheels were suitable for a child's tricycle. His town car. We set off down the street like a couple of aging commuters catching a mid-morning local. And we hadn't gone five blocks before the car ran out of gas. □

At work on new film SHOOT LOUD, LOUDER . . . *Mastroianni confronts mirrored images in Rome dressing room.*

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Editorials

Stokely Carmichael

What is 'black power'?

James Meredith

Floyd McKissick

There has been a lot of ruckus in recent weeks about the term "black power," which the Negro militants of CORE and S.N.C.C. have adopted as their slogan and program. Negro moderates and white officials have been quick to attack the militants, accusing them of a self-defeating "racism." "Black power means . . . separatism," declared Roy Wilkins of the N.A.A.C.P., ". . . wicked fanaticism . . . ranging race against race . . . in the end only black death." When pressed, the militants sound quite vague about their own slogan. "Black power is not hatred," said Floyd McKissick of CORE. "It is a means to bring the black American into the covenant of brotherhood." A somewhat clearer definition appears on page 23 of this issue from James H. Meredith, who never uses the term "black power," but outlines the main points of its supporters—that Negroes should organize to get their political and social rights, that they should demand those rights as rights, not gifts, and that they should be prepared to resist the use of force against them.

These points sound reasonable enough, and to the extent that they are reasonable, they are already being worked on and achieved. Negroes *are* finally being registered to vote, by the tens of thousands; large numbers of jobs are opening to them for the first time. Their wants and needs and demands are taking up an altogether disproportionate share of governmental time and money. Progress is being made at a greater rate than anyone would have thought possible a decade ago.

Still, on a problem of such dimensions, no amount of progress is ever enough progress. Thus, to a certain extent, the cry for "black power" represents a cry of despair, implying that racial injustice would somehow vanish if the civil-rights movement were more militant. To this same extent, no definition really defines the term, for the militancy of the slogan is its own definition.

Thus even while McKissick and his allies can explain that "black power" is relatively painless, the words acquire a wholly different sense when S.N.C.C.'s Stokely Carmichael begins chanting them and a crowd of Negroes begins chanting them back. In a way, all chanted slogans are ugly and dangerous, for all of them are a form of self-intoxication, an end to judgment and an appeal to mass action. In any riot that echoes to the battle cry of "black power," Roy Wilkins's prophecy will be tragically fulfilled, and the men who began the chanting will have much to answer for.

The good old days

Christy Mathewson

There is so much charm and humor and exuberance in the recollections of the old baseball players interviewed by Lawrence Ritter on page 36 of this issue that one is tempted to accept their fond view that everything was better in the good old days. It's true that none of these old-time heroes hit as many home runs in a season as Roger Maris, or stole as many bases as Maury Wills, or pitched as many no-hitters as Sandy Koufax, but there was an innocent, indolent joy to the game a half century ago, and perhaps to the country as a whole.

But was there really? America at the start of the century was not just a land of Gibson girls and amiable chatter at the barbershop but also of grasping monopolies, jingoistic imperialism, strike-busting and Jim Crow. When we look at some of the key statistics, it is astonishing how far we have come since those good old days. A half century ago, for example, the mother died in giving birth once in every 138 births; now it happens once in every 3,125. In 1910, more than one baby in every nine died before reaching the age of one; now the rate is one in 40. In 1910, only 17 percent of school-age children graduated from high school; now the figure is more than 60 percent. Prices were lower then, but the average wage in 1910 was 20 cents an hour, less than a tenth of what it is today. Nor, in that world without self-starting cars or washing machines or refrigerators, were we all so blissfully happy. In 1914, when you could buy narcotics at any drugstore, one American in every 400 was an addict—10 times the rate today. And the rate of suicide was 15.3 per 100,000 people—half again as large as it is today.

The good old days, in short, are good only when the surviving heroes recall them with a benevolent memory that revels in the triumphs and makes light of the miseries. By any standard except that of nostalgia, most of us live richer and pleasanter lives than past generations even dreamed of.

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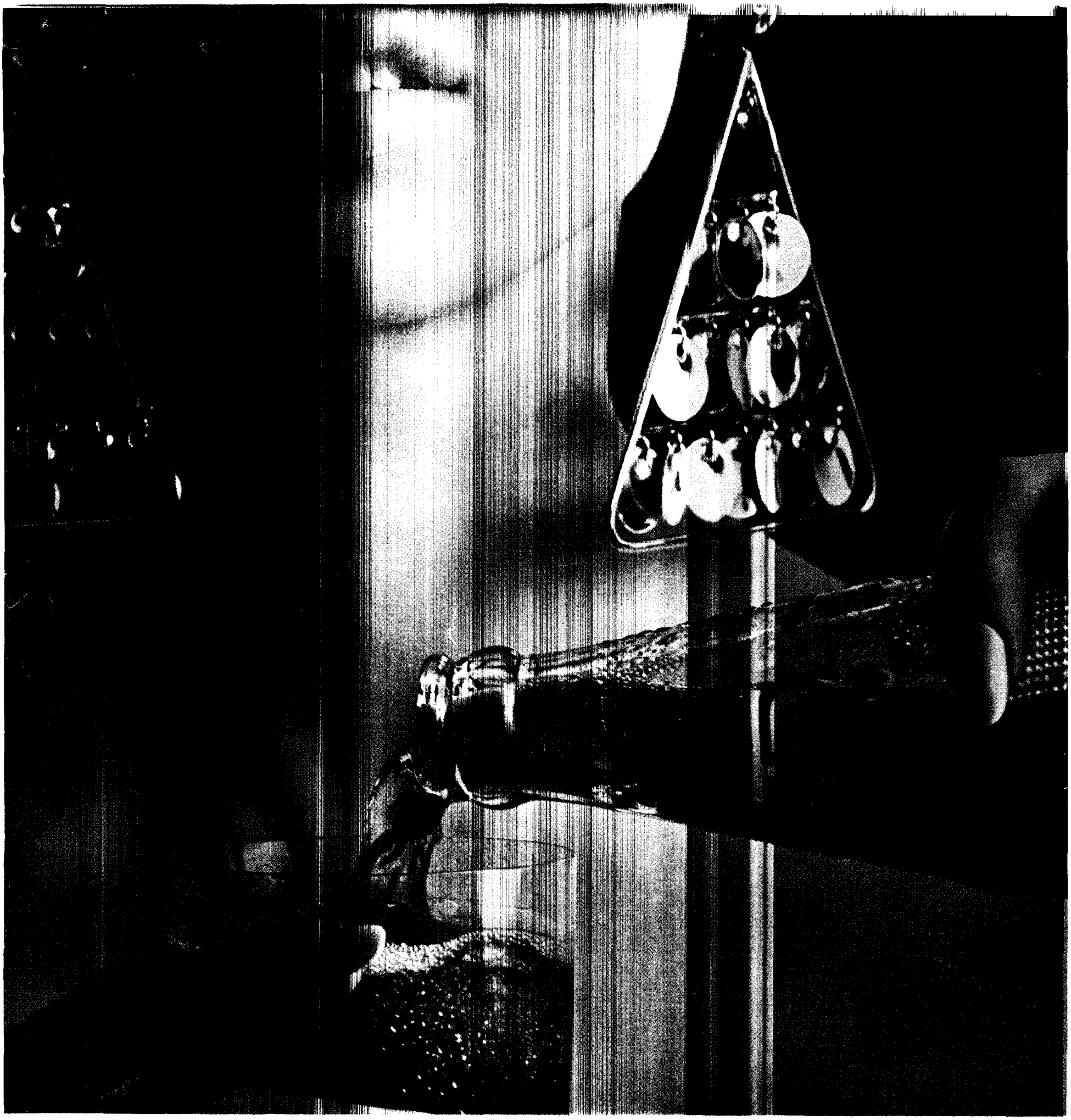

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